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MAD
IND



WE BINGE-MOCK

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—THINGS—**

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(We could keep going but you get the idea!)



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MAD

Departments

On their deathbed, no one wishes they'd spent more time at work... but plenty of people at work wish they were on their deathbed instead!



NUMBER 548
DECEMBER 2017

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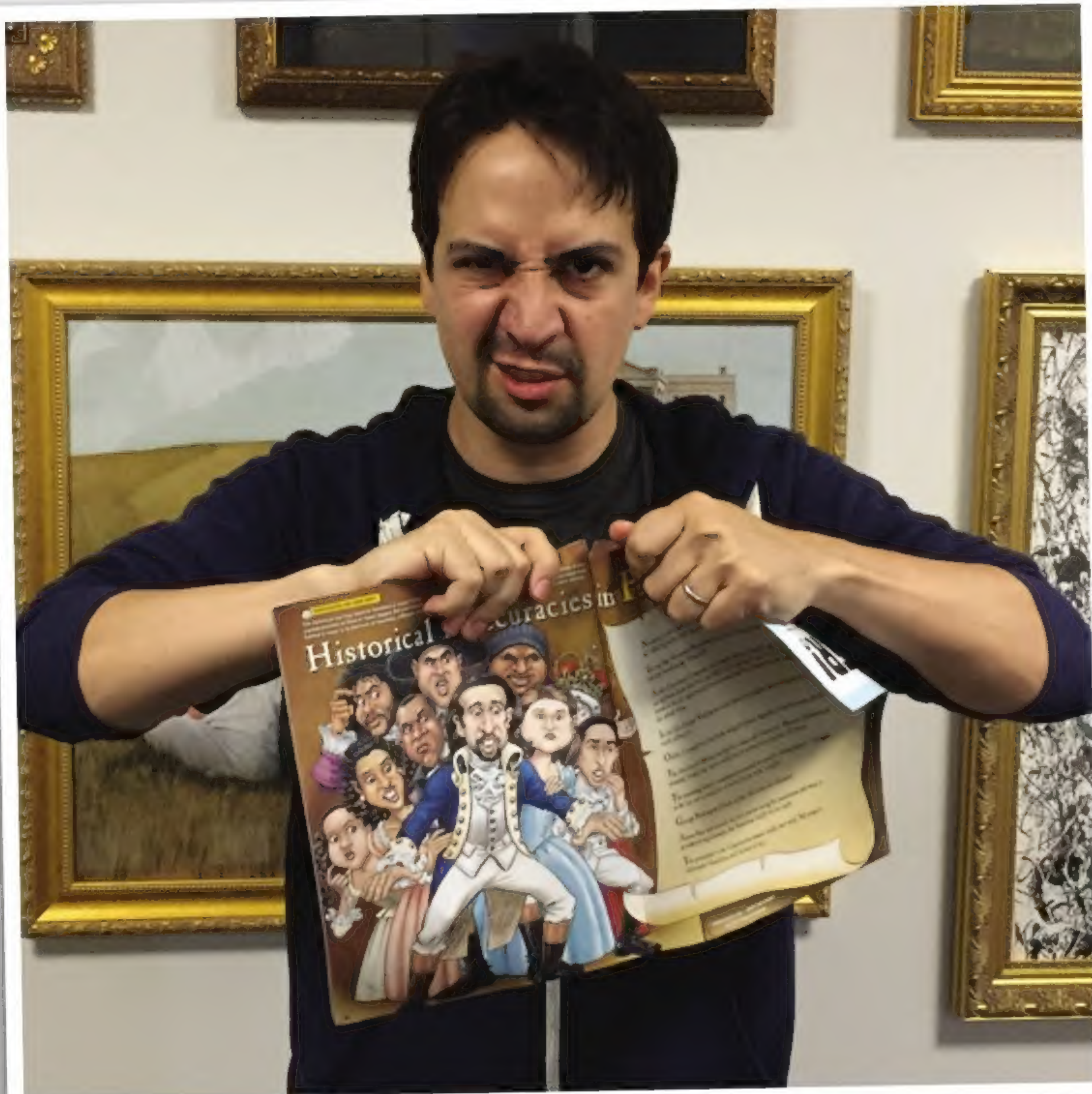
COVER ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND

Letters and Tomatoes

CELEBRITY SNAP: OFFICE EDITION!



We never know who will be dropping by the MAD offices! Maybe it will be the FedEx guy, or maybe it will be the creator and star of *Hamilton*, Lin-Manuel Miranda! Sure, it was kind of disappointing, but the FedEx guy wound up coming later that day, so it all worked out in the end!



Lin-Manuel Miranda being fairly kind to our spoof!



(Left to right) Sam Viviano, Bern Mendoza, Dick DeBartolo, Lin-Manuel Miranda, Joe Raiola, Patty Dwyer, John Ficarra and Ryan Flanders

LETTERS MOVE ON

I heard that you could get a letter printed in MAD Magazine. I like the sound of that, so I gave it a shot. Here it is:



Emrys Mayell • Richmond, CA
Junk Mayell — Our response is on the right. Thanks for taking part in this Q&A! —Ed.



HOUSE IT GOING?

I am a 78-year-old subscriber — I have been reading MAD since I was 16. I have saved almost all the issues (my parents gave away about a dozen copies when I was in college, for which I never forgave them). I am now preparing to sell my home and move to Florida. Do you have a suggestion as to what I should do with the past issues?

Joseph Cohen • Holliston, MA

Cohen Nowhere Fast — Oooof — that's a tough question! As you probably know, having issues of MAD in your residence all but guarantees you'll fail any home inspection. The removal and disposal of MADs is a costly and complicated process — like getting rid of asbestos. But at least at SOME point, asbestos served a purpose (which is more than anyone's ever said for MAD). If we were you, we'd take a break, reread those back issues and get comfy, because you're not selling that house anytime soon, snowbird! —Ed.

PROOF OF NO-LIFE

Times must be tough. Your giveaways have ended and now, obviously, there have been staff cuts, since no one seems to be proofreading (on page 48 of MAD #546, the words "that" and "realize" are transposed). I would like to offer my services — send me the galley and I will go over it meticulously before each issue goes to print. You will not only be doing a great service to your readers, but I will finally be able to tell my parents that being an English major was not a waste of time!

Heidi Munroe • Townsend, MA

Heidi Sense Tingling — "Galley"? "Issue"? "Goes to print"? Well, you certainly talk the talk! You make some good points, though — maybe we could use some more help. Here's your first editorial test: see if you can tell which words are transposed: Us bite! As a future editor, please address all further letters to yourself! —Ed.

DIECAST ASPERSIONS

Hot Wheels has been around for decades, delighting fans of all ages. And MAD has...been around for decades. So, it's only natural that the two would team up on a set of five cars, featuring the Black and White Spies, Alfred E. Neuman and two Don Martin designs! Go ahead and buy them!



AUTO BE ASHAMED

I'm a big fan of MAD. I really like Spy vs. Spy, so I did my van in the Spy vs. Spy theme. People love seeing it at car shows — I hope you like it too. Keep those issues coming.

Donald Scott • Norwalk, CA



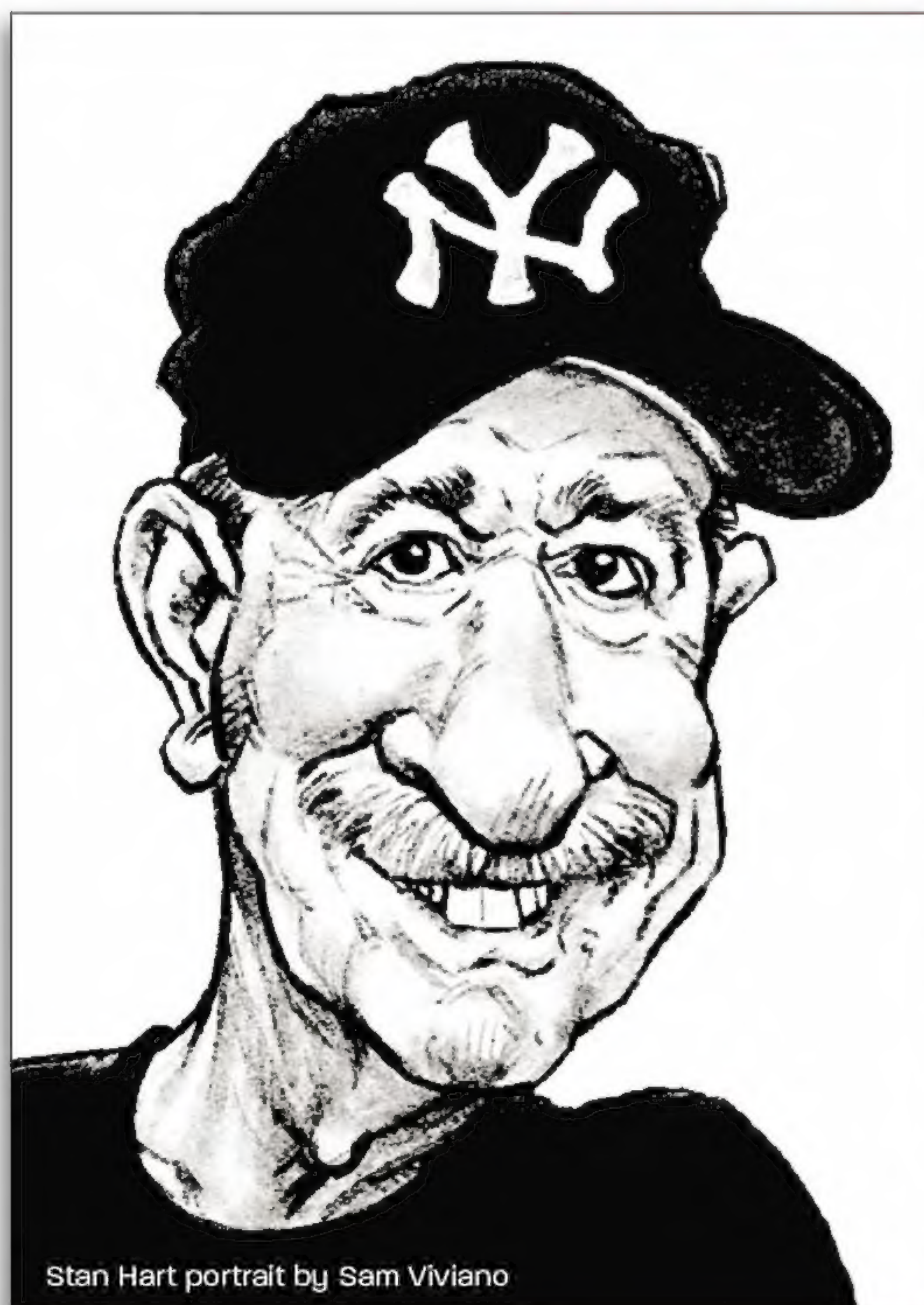
Han Scott First — This is even more impressive than Al Jaffee's "Fold-In" car, which requires a head-on collision to reveal the Fold-In's answer! Honestly, though, this is the greatest feat of van-decoration we've ever seen (and, we should mention, Associate Editor Jacob Lambert has a dragon fighting a Viking airbrushed onto the side of his 2004 Dodge Caravan)! Well done — we're sure it's even worth the obscene gestures from pedestrians and frequent police stops! —Ed.

CELEBRITY SNAP

Ian Scott McGregor of Brooklyn, NY sent in this pic of *Orange is the New Black's* Annie Golden posing with the very issue we spoofed her show in! Appropriately enough, we're speechless!



REMEMBERING STAN HART (1928 - 2017)



Stan Hart portrait by Sam Viviano

Writing satire requires more than talent as a jokester, it needs a sharp eye to spot the frailty and flaws of the subject, and the wit to convert it into clever commentary. And no one did it better than Stan Hart. Whether exposing the absurdity of a movie such as *Dirty Dancing* ("Dorky Dancing," MAD #278) or a sitcom like *Roseanne* ("Grossanne," MAD #287), Stan's ability to humorously explore the eternal miscommunication between relationships struck familiar chords with MAD readers everywhere. Stan's expertise was equally evident when the satire hit close to home, as in his various MAD "Academy Awards" articles targeting parents, teachers, doctors and more.

A full-time member of Topps Gum's "special projects" department, Stan soon became a regular MAD contributor and a fan favorite for his movie and TV satires. When a producer for an off-Broadway theater approached MAD Publisher Bill Gaines with his desire to produce a MAD show, Bill asked Stan and Larry Siegel (already a writing team for TV projects) to provide the sketches. The result surprised all — *The MAD Show* had a successful two-year run, coupled with an original cast recording.

Having success as MAD writers and now *The Mad Show* as credits, the writing team left New York City to become Emmy-winning writers for the *Carol Burnett Show*. After a few years, Stan left the show to pursue solo interests. Along with writing films and TV specials, he achieved a lifelong dream when his sentimental comedy, *Some of My Best Friends*, opened on Broadway in a production directed by Hal Prince. "It wasn't a hit," Stan would acknowledge later, "but to get a chance at the plate was something I'll never forget."

Throughout his long and varied career, Stan Hart continued to write MAD articles and paperbacks. More than just a working relationship, we remained close, personal friends. Respected by his peers and readers alike, he will always be remembered as one of the cornerstones of MAD's golden years.

— Nick Meglin, Former MAD Editor

Letters and Tomatoes



MAD AT SDCC

If you were at San Diego Comic-Con, you probably went out of your way to avoid MAD – smart move! Here's what you missed!



Part of MAD's display, featuring upcoming mistakes and disasters!



Peter Kuper's Spy vs. Spy/Batman Black & White statue from DC Collectibles (on sale March 2018!)



The Usual Gang of Idiots at SDCC 2017 — Top row: John Ficarra, Sam Viviano, Ryan Flanders and Kenny Keil. Bottom row: Sergio Aragonés, Tom Richmond and Peter Kuper. Photo by Bruce Guthrie.

ALFRED LOOKALIKE

Vera Zakem of San Francisco, CA sent in this picture of her son, Matan. Why would she do this to her own flesh and blood? Because a mother's love is complicated and manifests itself in confusing and embarrassing ways, that's why! Someday when you have kids of your own you'll understand! —Ed.



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MAD MAD #549 is on sale December 12th!

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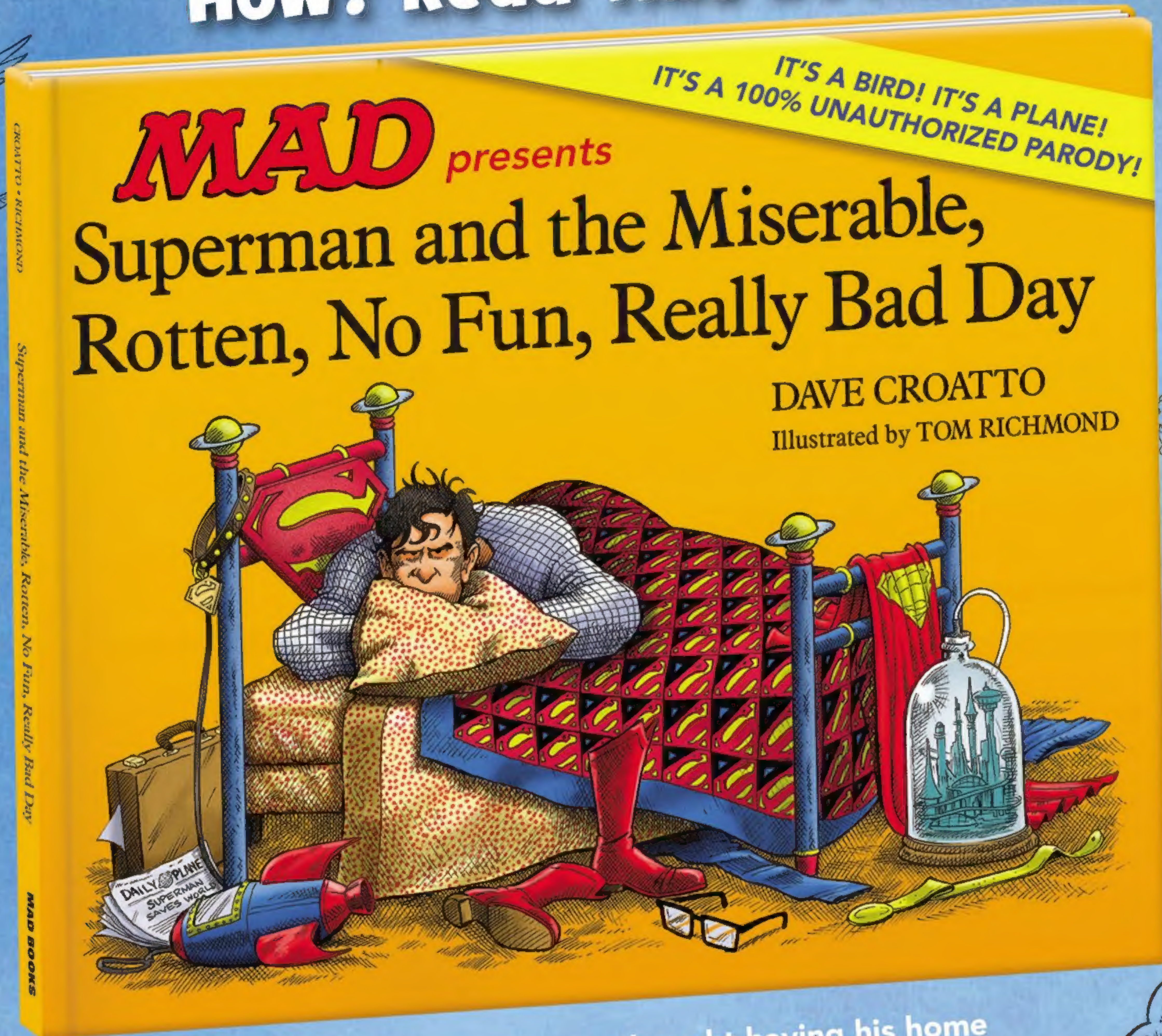
MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope! MAD doesn't read faxed submissions!

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**HAVE A FABULOUS,
WONDERFUL, GREAT DAY!**

How? Read this book!



As bad days go, Superman never thought having his home planet explode into bits could be topped...until now!

Here's the story of a day so terrible, so ghastly, so just-not-good that while The Man of Steel could survive it, he's not sure he wants to! On this miserable, rotten, no fun, really bad day, Superman faces rampaging super villains, angry editors, boring chores, a cranky Justice League and, worst of all, bad pizza!

**ON SALE
OCT. 17!**
(Make a day of it!)

THE TRUMPALINI

The Fast Five

WAYS TO CONVINCE TRUMP CLIMATE CHANGE IS REAL

- 1 Explain that, while it may not affect him in his lifetime, it will affect Barron, and Barron's children — and then explain who Barron is
- 2 Put the central air in Trump Tower on "low," but tell him it's on "high"
- 3 Tell him that it'll cause widespread extinctions long before Donald Jr. gets a chance to kill everything himself
- 4 Have climate-change believers donate more money to his re-election campaign than climate-change deniers
- 5 Warn him that higher, drier temperatures would make his hair a target for wildfires



The Boy Scout Law Rewritten by Donald Trump

A SCOUT IS:
UNTRUSTWORTHY
DISLOYAL
UNHELPFUL
CRASS
OBSTRUCTIVE
THIN-SKINNED
MISOGYNISTIC
BACK-STABBING
IGNORANT
NARCISSISTIC
SOCIOPATHIC
AND VULGAR

Things Trump and Putin Agreed/Disagreed About at Their G20 Meeting



Whether *Morning Joe* co-host Mika Brzezinski is hot or not.....**DISAGREED**

If Trump uses more WWE footage to make memes, he cannot show any in which he dominates Nikolai Volkoff.....**AGREED**

Which Property Brother is cuter.....**DISAGREED**

Russian prostitutes are among the best in the world!.....**AGREED**

Whether physical or emotional intimidation is a more effective negotiating tactic.....**DISAGREED**

At the end of every FOX News interview, Trump must tug his left earlobe as a secret signal of affection for Putin.....**AGREED**

That it will be harder in 2020 to hack and swing the election in Trump's favor, but still doable.....**AGREED**

Artist: Anton Emdin

"MITCH MCCONNELL HAD A BILL" (Sung to the tune of "Old MacDonald Had a Farm")

Mitch McConnell screamed for years / "Repeal O-bama-care!"

But he had no replacement plan

And he did not care!

So he bullsh*t here / And he bullsh*t there

Here a lie, there a lie

It's okay if you die,

Mitch McConnell

screamed for years

"Repeal O-bama-care!"

Mitch McConnell wrote a bill,

That he could not pass;

And when his bill went up

in flames

He looked like an ass!

With a lost vote here

And a lost vote there,

Here a loss, there a loss

Pissing off his Trump boss,

Mitch McConnell had a bill,

That he could not pass!



PAGES

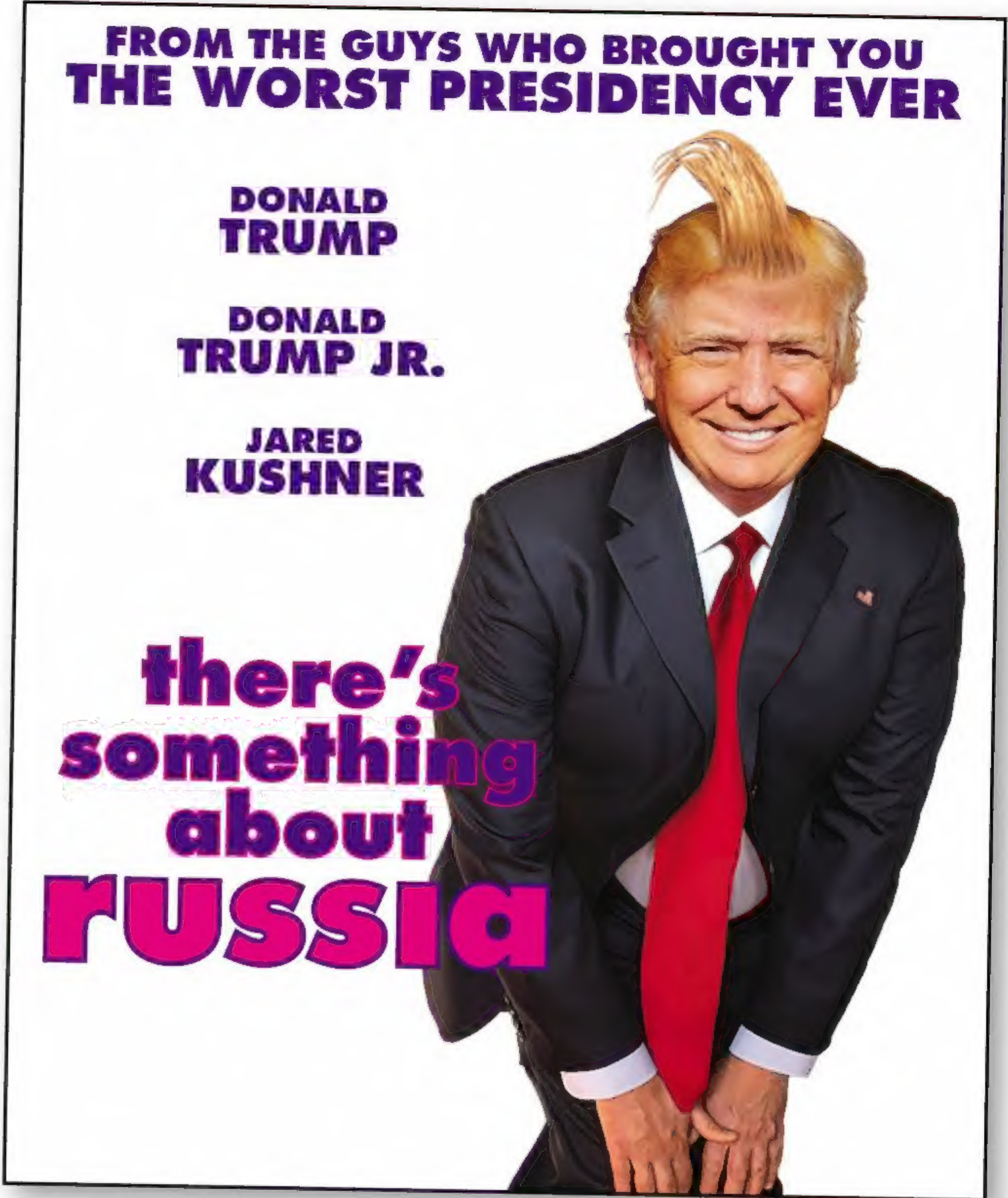
The Startling Similarities and Differences Between **PRESIDENT TRUMP AND CAPTAIN UNDERPANTS**



- | | TRUMP | CAPTAIN |
|--|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| • Clearly has nothing to hide..... | <input type="radio"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| • His incompetence is part of his charm..... | <input type="radio"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| • Seems to have a split personality..... | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| • Is currently being blackmailed by Russia..... | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | <input type="radio"/> |
| • Is a bizarre cartoon character who looks like he was created by manic eight-year-olds..... | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| • Could save the world..... | <input type="radio"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |

Artist: Sarah Chalek

A Movie We'd Like to See

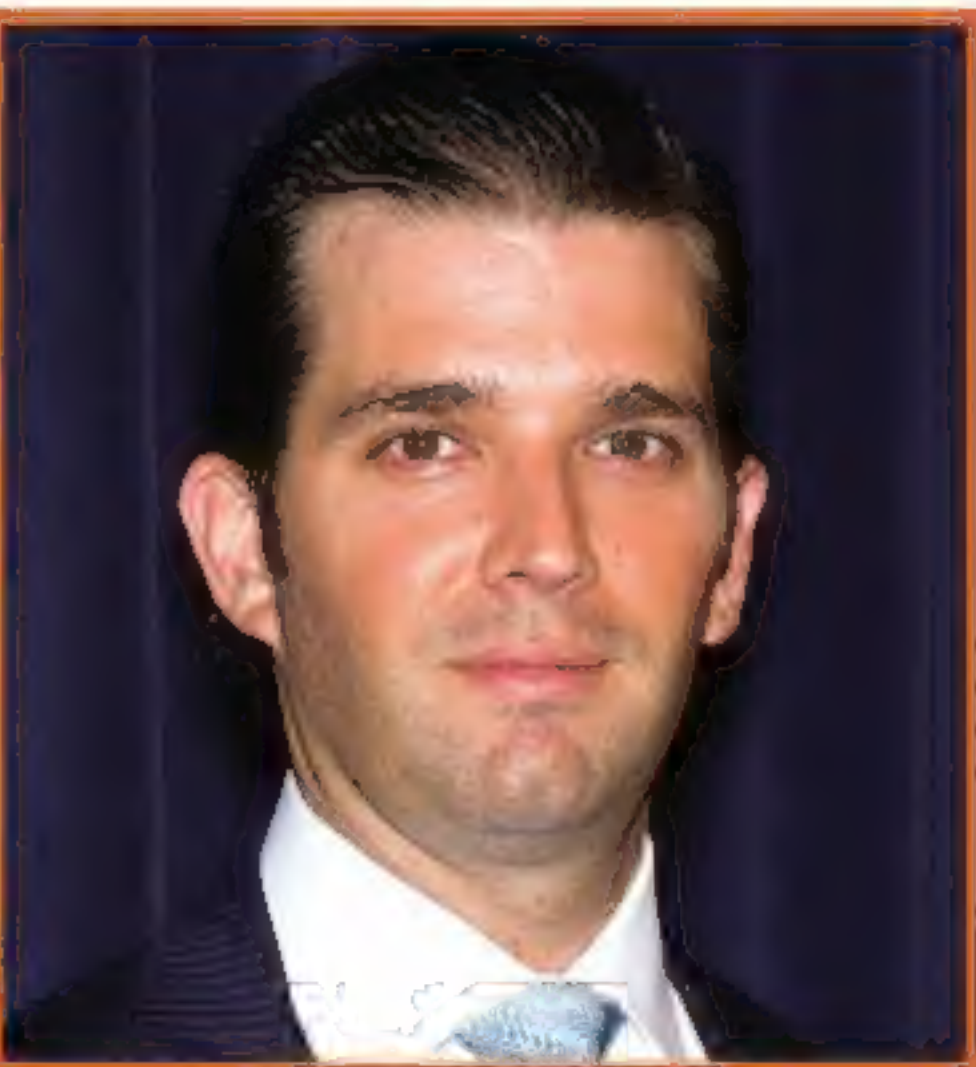


Artist: Mike Loew

HOW DOES DONALD TRUMP JR. STACK UP AGAINST OTHER FAMOUS JUNIORS?



DALE EARNHARDT JR.
Has twice won the Daytona 500



DONALD TRUMP JR.
Thanks to chauffeurs, doesn't know how to drive

WINNER: EARNHARDT!



KEN GRIFFEY JR.
Was called "The Kid"



DONALD TRUMP JR.
Is called "That a**hole's kid"

WINNER: GRIFFEY!



FLOYD MAYWEATHER JR.
Went toe-to-toe with Conor McGregor



DONALD TRUMP JR.
Got into a Twitter spat with Chelsea Handler

WINNER: MAYWEATHER!



CAL RIPKEN JR.
Holds the record for consecutive games played



DONALD TRUMP JR.
Never worked a day in his life

WINNER: RIPKEN!



JUNIOR MINTS
Coated in a layer of delicious milk chocolate



DONALD TRUMP JR.
Coated in a thin sheen of rich-brat sweat and arrogance

WINNER: MINTS!



MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.
Orated the immortal words, "I have a dream"



DONALD TRUMP JR.
Emailed the incriminating words, "If it's what you say I love it"

WINNER: KING!

THE FUNDALINI

The Eerie Eight

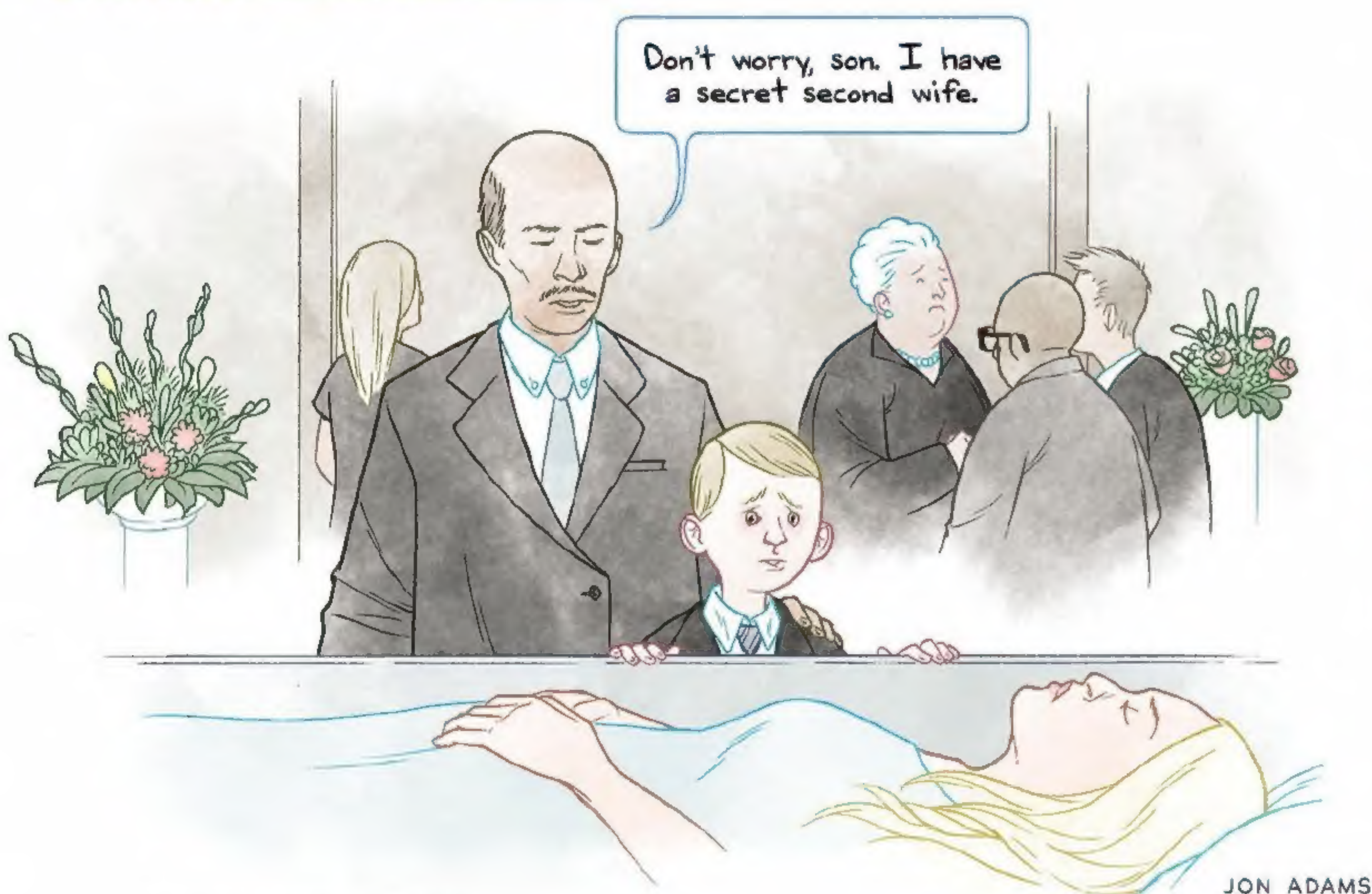
HOW WILL BEING OWNED BY AMAZON CHANGE WHOLE FOODS?

- 1 A creepy bald guy will now be walking the aisles, asking you if you're finding everything okay
- 2 There will be recycling bins for glass bottles, plastic bags and unwanted Fire Phones
- 3 You'll be able to buy soy cheese "as seen on *The Man in the High Castle*"
- 4 You'll feel good that you're supporting local farms, small dairies and the world's most ghoulish online conglomerate
- 5 Beginning in 2019: kale by drone
- 6 For some reason, you'll need a mobile app just to buy limes
- 7 All female checkout clerks will be named Alexa
- 8 Shopping there won't make you feel like *quite* so much of a holier-than-thou douchebag



Artist: Ed Steckley

Adams' Bomb



Writer and Artist: Jon Adams

New Democratic Party Slogans Better than "A Better Deal"

**YES WE CAN...
LOSE AGAIN!**

**CHANGE
YOU CAN'T
BELIEVE IN!**

**SKY HIGH TAXES & MORE ONEROUS
GOVERNMENT REGULATIONS
FOR YOU!**

SPORTS MASCOTS SHENANIGANS YET TO BE EXPOSED



ORBIT

When posing for photos with fans, talks at length about how 9/11 was an "inside job"



STEELY MCBEAM

Refuses to pay child support for his estranged twins, Tanner and Clarissa McBeam



PHILLIE PHANATIC

Since 2001, has left a floater in the visitors' clubhouse for every single MLB team



GRIZZ

Over the course of a triple-overtime game, filled both legs of bear suit with feces



BERNIE BREWER

Often bets against own team in mid-inning sausage races



MR. REDLEGS

Un-indicted co-conspirator in the Bernie Madoff Ponzi scheme



SAN DIEGO CHICKEN
Cockfighting



THE PRESIDENTS
Colluding with Russian Mascots

Results of a Recent Paranormal Beliefs Survey

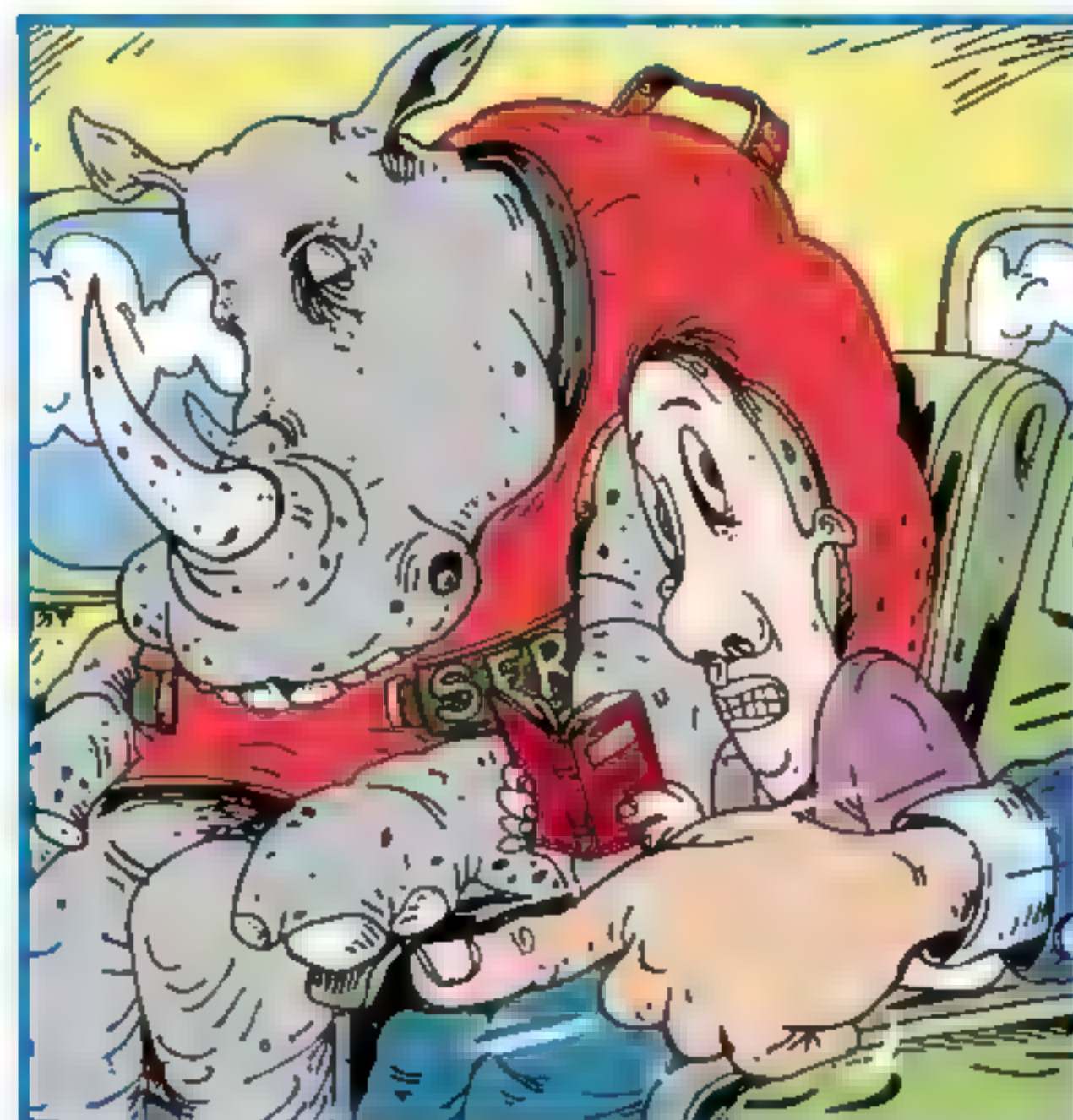
- 57% of Americans believe in Bigfoot and 36% believe in ghosts, but only 21% believe in Bigfoot ghosts.
- 42% of respondents believe that psychic power is real, yet none of them could correctly guess the next survey question.
- 19% of people surveyed admitted to buying an old lamp at a garage sale specifically to see if there was a genie inside.
- 74% of people have had the dream where they're tap-dancing on a rooftop, naked except for a gorilla mask, but only 11% of those dreams turned out to be prophetic.
- 19% of Ouija board users have received mysterious messages from Professor Plum in the conservatory.

Writer: Jeff Kruse

AIRLINE CONTROVERSIES YOU MAY HAVE MISSED



Violently ill passenger charged \$10 for air sickness bag



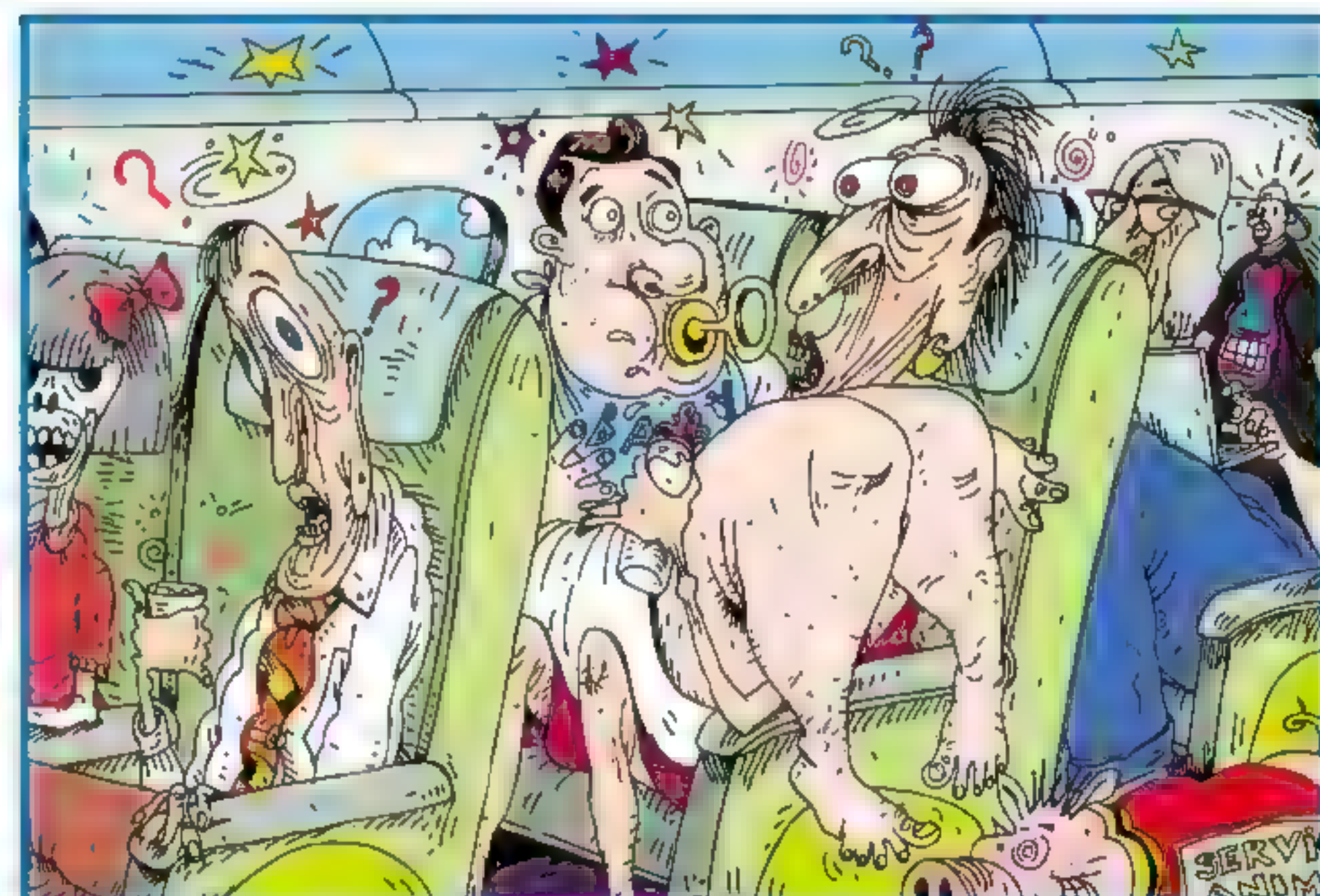
Man not allowed to have therapy rhino in seat beside him



Flight attendant tells "Aristocrats" joke during oxygen mask demonstration



Stewardess running up and down the aisle, screaming, "Dear God, does anyone know how to fix a fuselage?"



Pilot flew directly into time portal without first informing passengers

Writer: Jeff Kruse Artist: Kevin Pope

WAYS TO CELEBRATE NATIONAL HOT DOG DAY

Prep for the ensuing National Explosive Diarrhea Day

Skip the emergency cholesterol check your doctor has been begging you to get

Spend some quality time with your children, Nathan and Sabrett

Rejoice at the fact that your awful diet has been validated by a meaningless, industry-promoted "holiday"



Artist: Rich Powell

Call everyone "Frank"

Observe a moment of silence for all those torn asunder in the Hot Dog Wars of 1822

If you see a pig, give it a blanket

Remind people that, coincidentally, it's also National Rat Hair Day

Eat a hamburger, just to piss off the establishment

A Walk in the Parkhurst

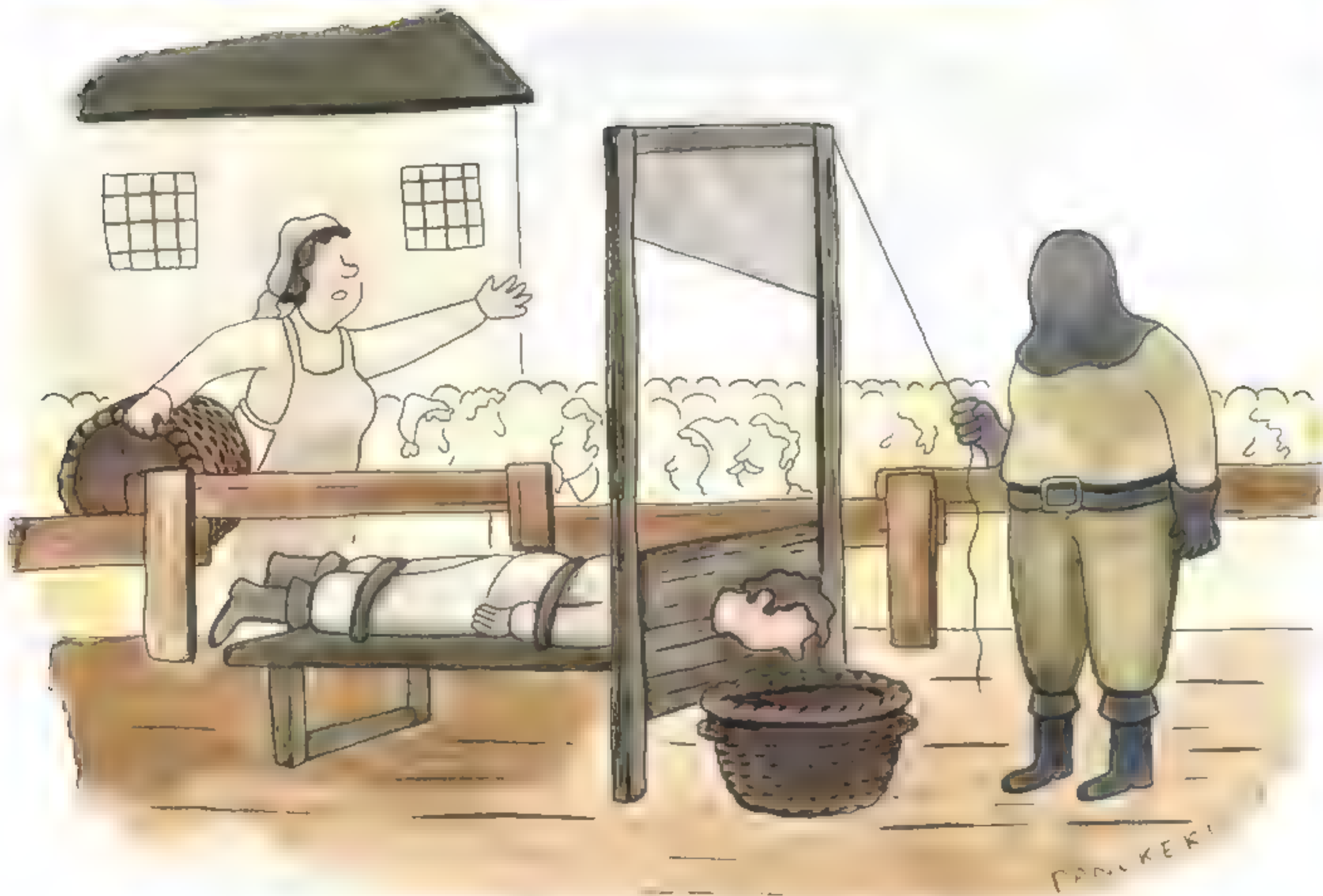


"Whoever said 'it's the journey, not the destination,' clearly never ended up with the squirrel in their mouth."

Writer and Artist: Teresa Burns Parkhurst

THE FUNDALINI PAGES

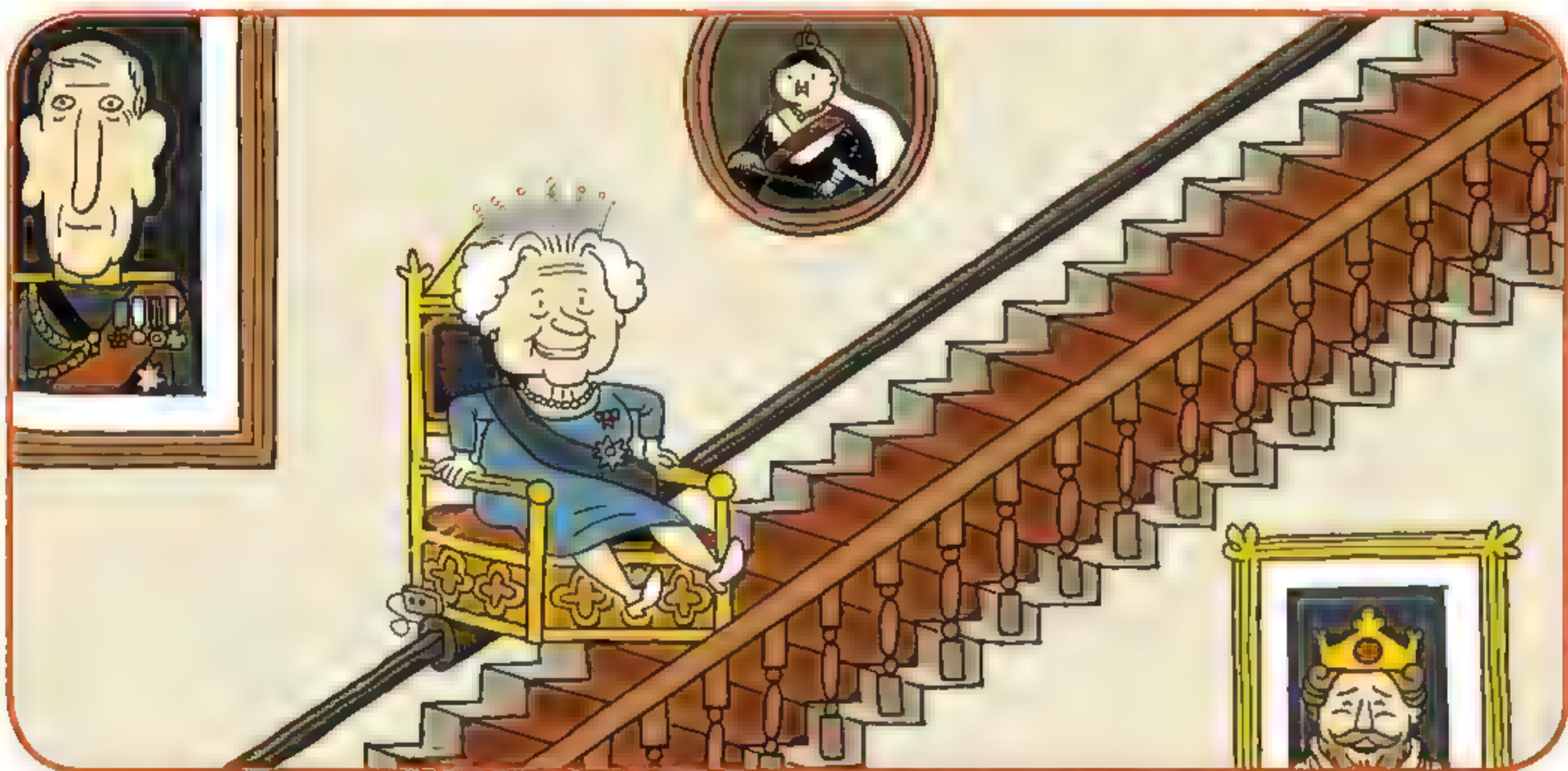
A Bit of Hanky-Panckeri



"Wait, Henry — don't use the good basket!"

Writer and Artist: Drew Panckeri

REASONS WHY QUEEN ELIZABETH NEEDS A RAISE



To cover the cost of making the throne stair-climber compatible



She's been putting off dredging the moat for years



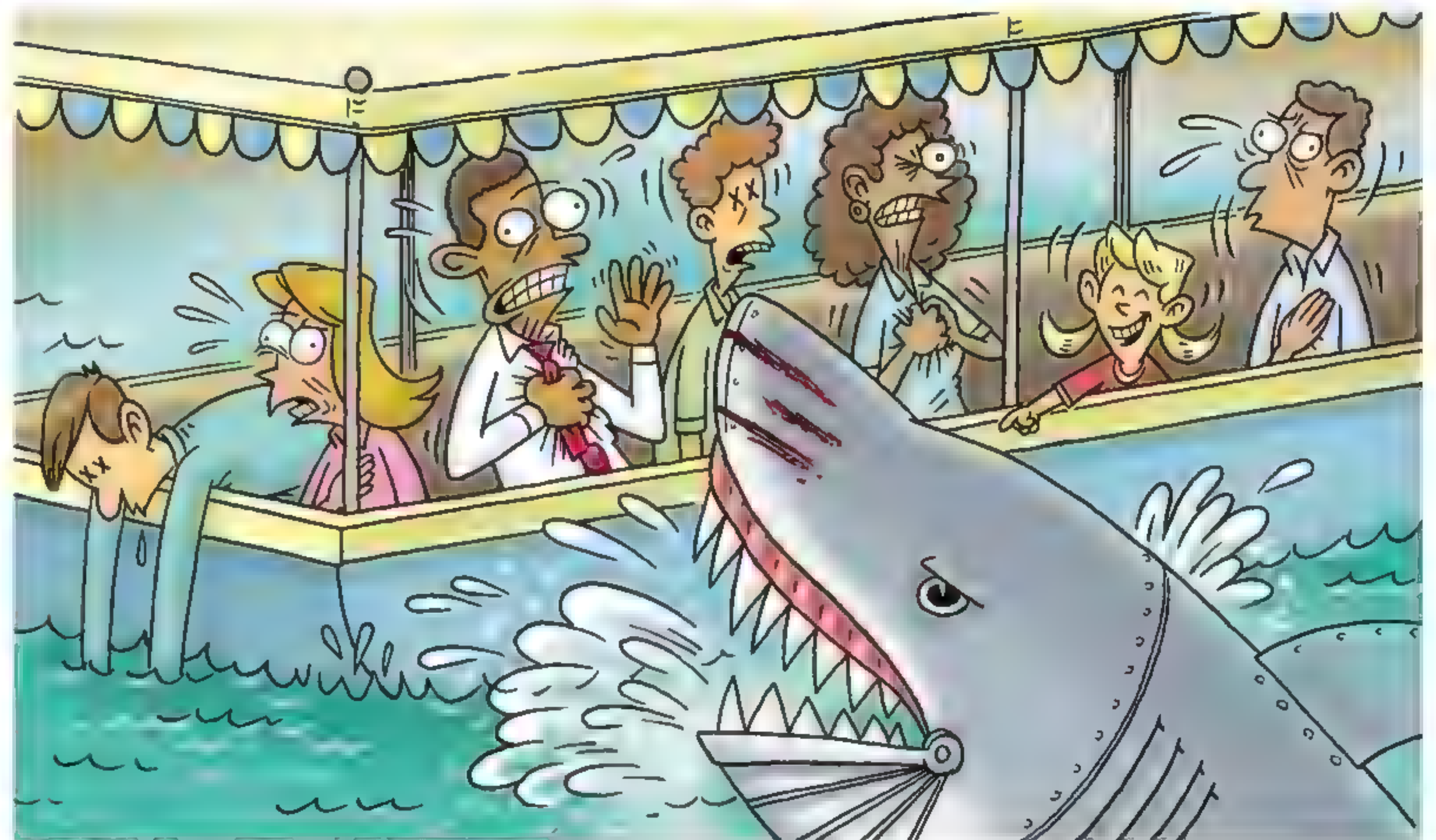
57 toilets in the palace means 57 Squatty Pottys

Artist: John Martz

The Fast Five

FACTOIDS YOU'LL NEVER HEAR DURING "SHARK WEEK"

- 1 The rarest shark breed, *brunchicus minimus*, survives solely on blintzes that have been discarded by cruise ships
- 2 San Jose's NHL franchise was named not after the fish, but for Northern California's many loan sharks
- 3 The great white shark has an undeserved reputation as a mindless, merciless killing machine, when in fact it's a *very thoughtful*, merciless killing machine
- 4 Sharks rarely attack unless provoked, so avoid discussing politics and religion with them
- 5 The mechanical shark ride at Universal Studios has caused more heart attacks than actual great whites, though only half as many deaths



Writer: Jeff Kruse Artist: John Kerschbaum

Kuper Market



"There's *got* to be a German word for that."

Writer and Artist: Peter Kuper

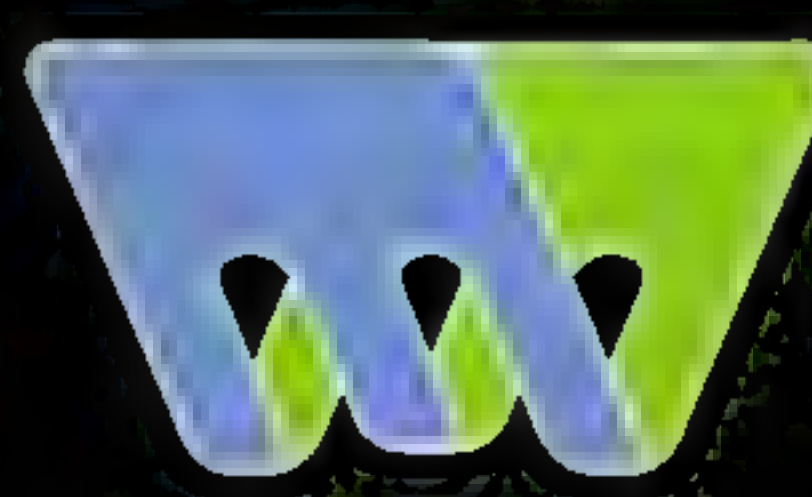
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EIGHTIES IS ENOUGH DEPT.

It's a story about a boy who goes missing, until he gets found. The first suspects you see are the ones who did it. Both of the love stories go nowhere. And the one character who can stop the monster takes her sweet time getting around to it, because if she did her badass routine in the first episode, it also would've been the last episode. The mystery is: where's the mystery? Take away the "spooky" filler, the enigmatic underwriting, and the dozens of in-your-face visual "allusions," and what's left of this popular Netflix show is ...

I'm Chief Dim Copper. After my marriage fell apart, I went on a day-to-day drinking binge. It'll be nine years next Thursday! I have plenty to drink about. Stalks, Indiana is not a large town. The dating scene here is so grim I've been frisking and cuffing myself!

If I ever sober up, this monster mystery could be my greatest investigation ever. It's either this, or my hunt for whoever removes all the leaves from the trees every October and dumps them on the ground! Last year, I came THISCLOSE to catching the bastard!

I'm Joyless Spiders. My son Wimp's sudden disappearance is just the *latest* bad news for our family. Do you know how hurtful it is to be considered the "white trash" in a town that just got paved roads *last week*? Most people in town think I'm crazy. Crazy? ME, crazy? Crazy, ME? THEY'RE the ones who are ones who are crazy ones! They're all jealous because THEIR Christmas lights refuse to talk to them!

I'm Mike Weenie. These three guys are my best and *only* friends, Mucus, Wimp and Disgustin! Our four-way bond isn't just meaningful, it's convenient. The school bullies pound me on Mondays, Mucus on Tuesdays, Wimp on Wednesdays and Disgustin on Thursdays. I don't know what happens on Fridays...probably due to the concussions!

STRAN TH



UNSECURED
TUNNEL
TO
SECRET
LAB

I'm Dr. Murky Terror, director of the top secret Neurological Investigative Center for Espionage, Killing, Interdimensional Terror and Torturing the Young, or NICEKITTY! This is my greatest experiment: E.T.leven! She's the only one who can mind-travel to the eerie realm called the "Downside-Up," and psionically link with the monster there. They're so in sync, she can even finish the monster's sentences. Which isn't that impressive, since it only has two sentences: "RRARRR," and "RRRAARRRR." But she's a girl of few words herself. Aren't you, sweetie?

Uh huh.

I'm Mr. Cluck, the audio-visual teacher. I teach these kids about today's cutting edge technology such as betamax VCRs, Super 8 cameras, ham radio, floppy disks, dot matrix printers, beepers, 8-track players and typewriter repair. These are the skills they'll use for the rest of their lives!

People see me, Namby-Pamby Weenie, and they think I'm just a prim goody two-shoes. But I have a dangerous side, too. When I took my college ACT test, I wasn't always careful about entirely filling in the answer sheet bubbles. Also, I used a number THREE pencil!

I'm Namby-Pamby's gloomy third wheel, Carb. I'm not entertained by this show's relentless spot-the-reference fan service. Somehow we overlook AIDS, Ethiopian famine, President Reagan and John Lennon and the Pope being shot, crack babies, and the Iran hostage crisis. Drink in *that* huggable '80s nostalgia!

ANGELY IN

WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND

I am NOT thrilled by Psychic Smurfette joining our clique. At least with these three losers, I could delude myself into thinking I was the cool one of the group. Now I'm not even the one with short hair! I'm skeptical about girls traveling solo in the woods, ever since I read "Little Red Riding Hood"! Who'd think that being one of the six black people living in a 500-mile radius could lead to trust issues?

Unlike Mr. Cranky over here, I'm an optimist! I KNOW we're going to defeat the monster by using the greatest power of all — friendship. But just in case, I'm bringing a gun! Eight years ago, my parents gave me this magnetic compass. And someday I will use it to hunt for two other people who've disappeared. My parents! The compass says N-S-E-W. I'm pretty sure that stands for E.T.'s daily diet: Ninety-Seven Eggo Waffles!

Look at me now, while you still can! I'm about to ride my bicycle and get grabbed by a carnivorous monstrosity. But it's still safer than walking past the Catholic church! Oh, wait, this is the 1980s, and (cough) "nobody knew." After my disappearance, 50 friends and neighbors are going to search for me. But what hurts is that 80 of my neighbors will search for my bicycle!



I'm Skeeve Hairsrealtall. At first glance, I'm the rich, smarmy a-hole you see in all 1980s teen movies. Also at second, third, sixth and tenth glance! But I'm really a gentleman. I always hold a door open for a lady. Fine, so it's the stall door whenever I follow Namby-Pamby into the girls' room! Courtesy counts!

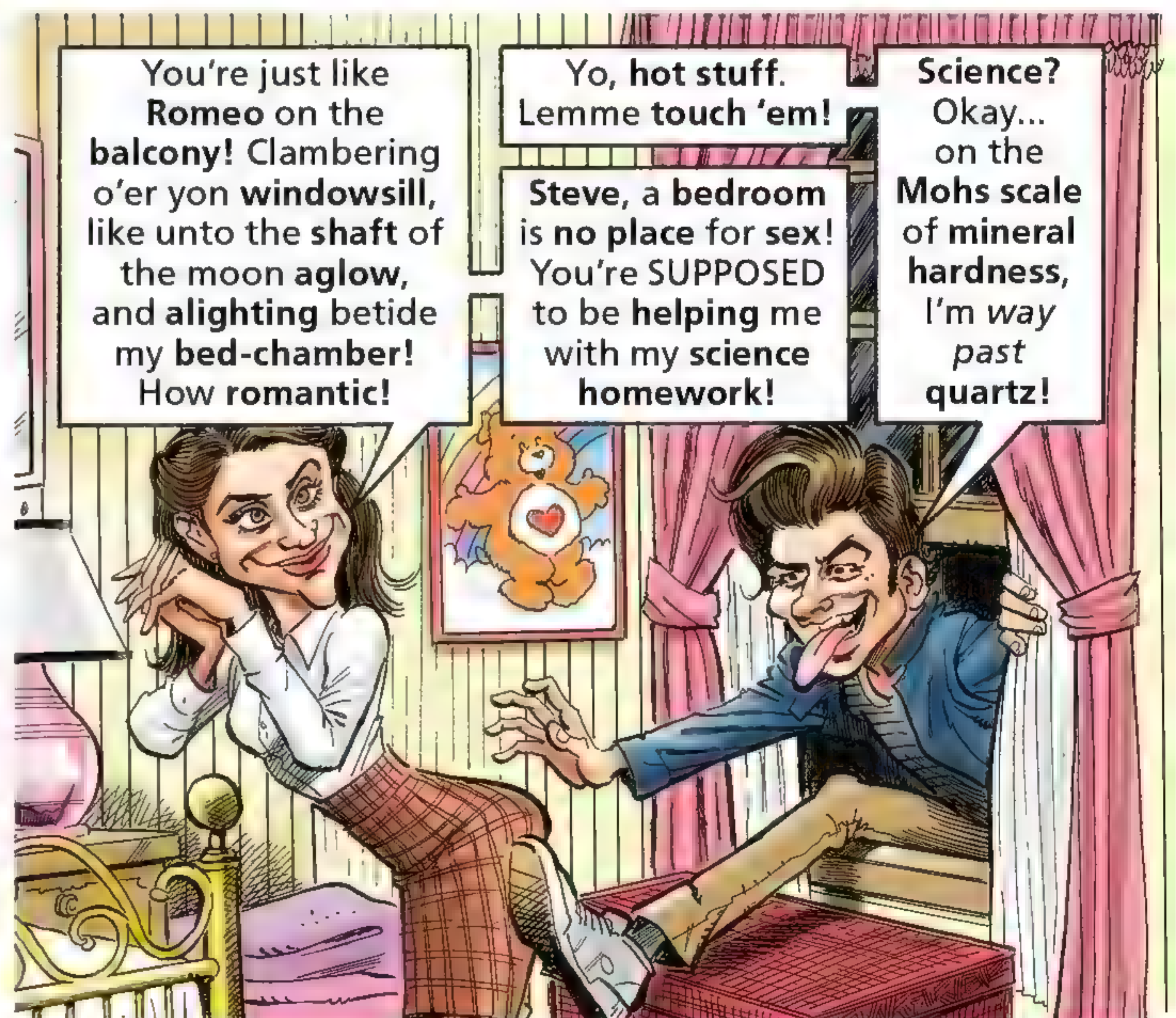
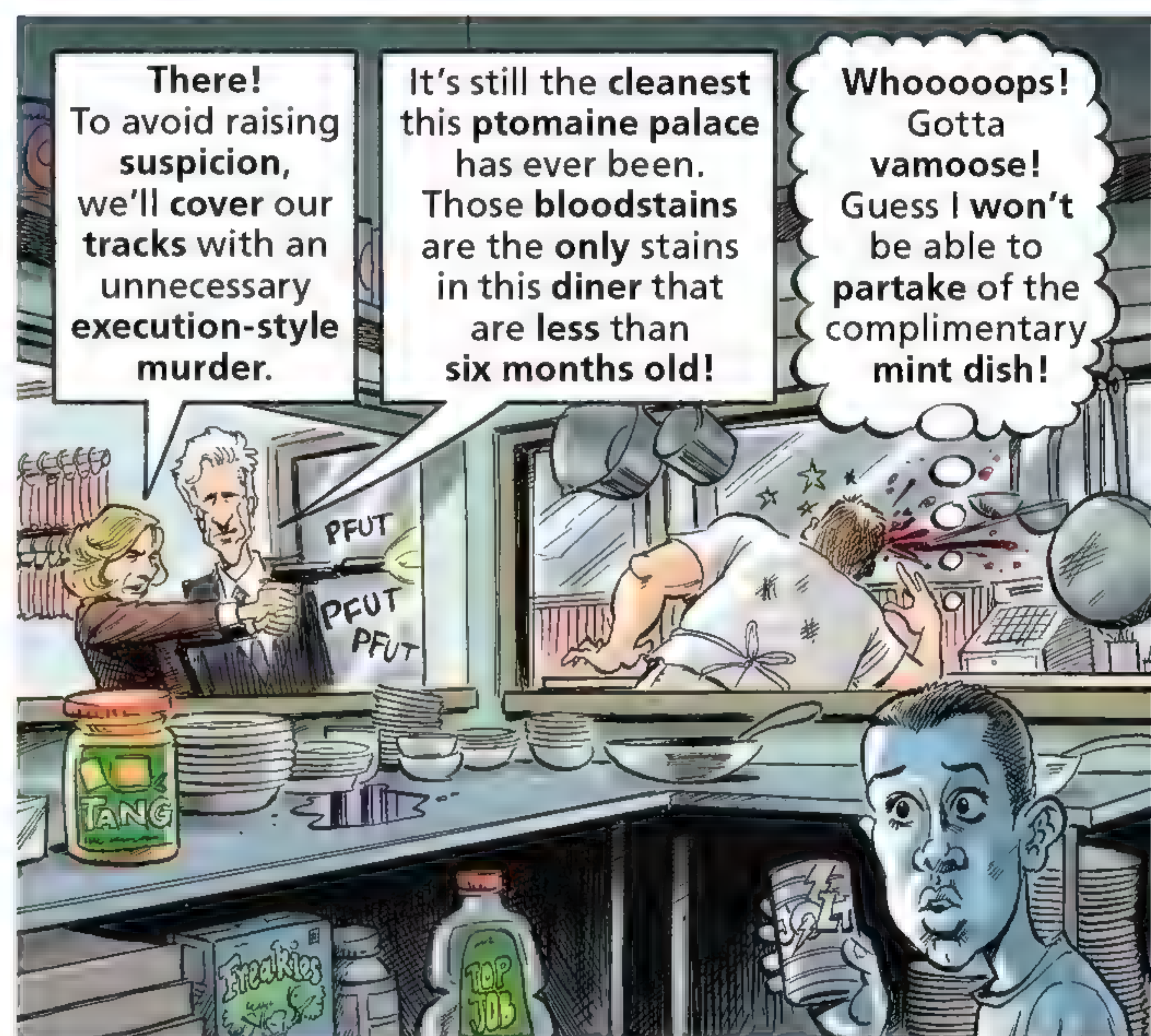
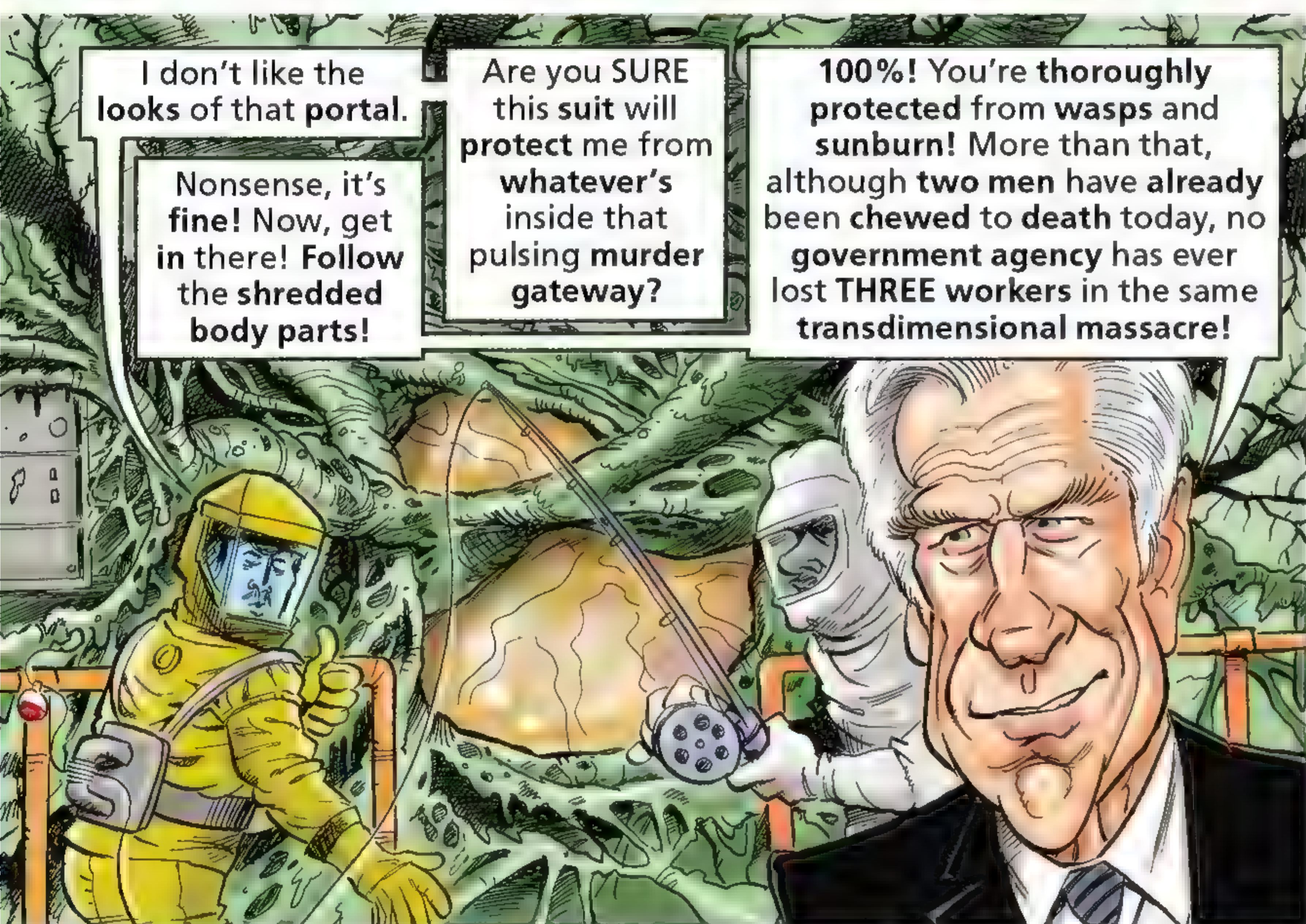
Er, uh, slouch, brood, I'm Wan-and-thin Spiders. I obsess over Steve's girlfriend Namby-Pamby. Look at me! I'm the reason they invented neighborhood watch lists! I'm a bedraggled loner, sullen stalker and Peeping Tom. I'm proud to say that I've taken the photographs of every girl in the senior class. I'm less proud to admit that I did so from inside the heating vent of the girls' locker room!

Some folks call me the monster. Some call me "Demogorgon." On my tax form, I put down "Miles Ackerman." I'm one of the four most freakish, slimy creatures of the 1980s, along with the Predator, the Alien and Jermaine Jackson! After the government opened a portal to earth, I started eating people. Kind of makes you wonder what I ate before I had a food source! To keep you from thinking about that, please enjoy the constant seizure-inducing light flickering!

The show's creators say this isn't a ripoff, but an "homage" to the films of their childhood. Yeah, like how BB-8 is an "homage" to R2D2!

E...T...phone...lawyer!

ALLING
DEWEY
CHEAT
WE





Now that you've brought her to your house, what next?

After you guys leave, I'm going to do what me or any of my friends would do with a confused, underdressed young girl in a secluded basement. Play role-playing board games and feed her waffles, of course! I wonder what's behind that faraway look in her eyes...

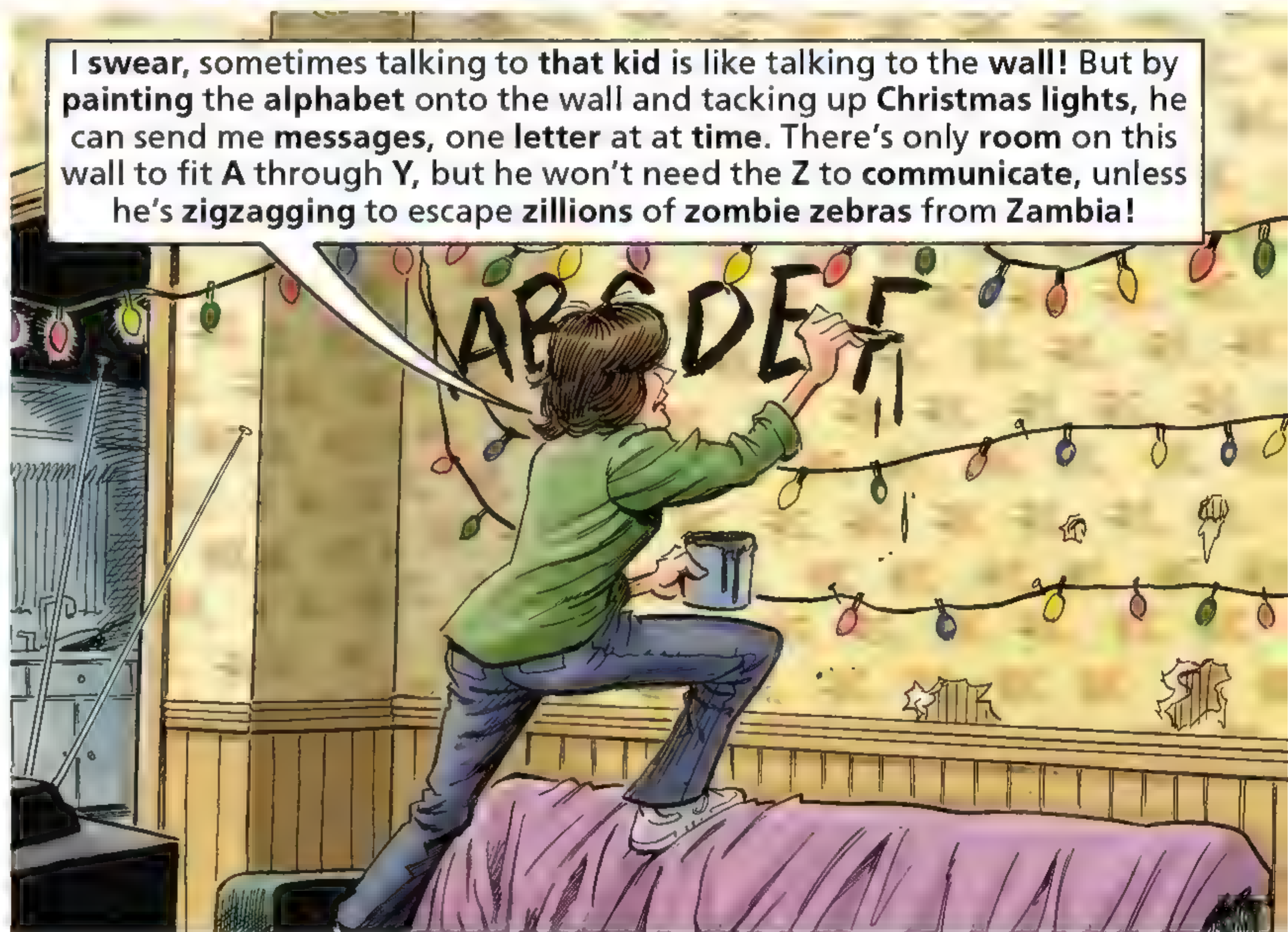


E.T.leven, I love you. I'm here to protect you and care for you as if you were my own daughter. And after you spend an hour gasping for air in the monster torture tank, honey bunny, the analysts are going to need some lung scrapings!



Wimp! Speak to me, Wimp! I'd recognize the sound of your muted crackle anywhere!

Ack! Talk about reversing the charges!



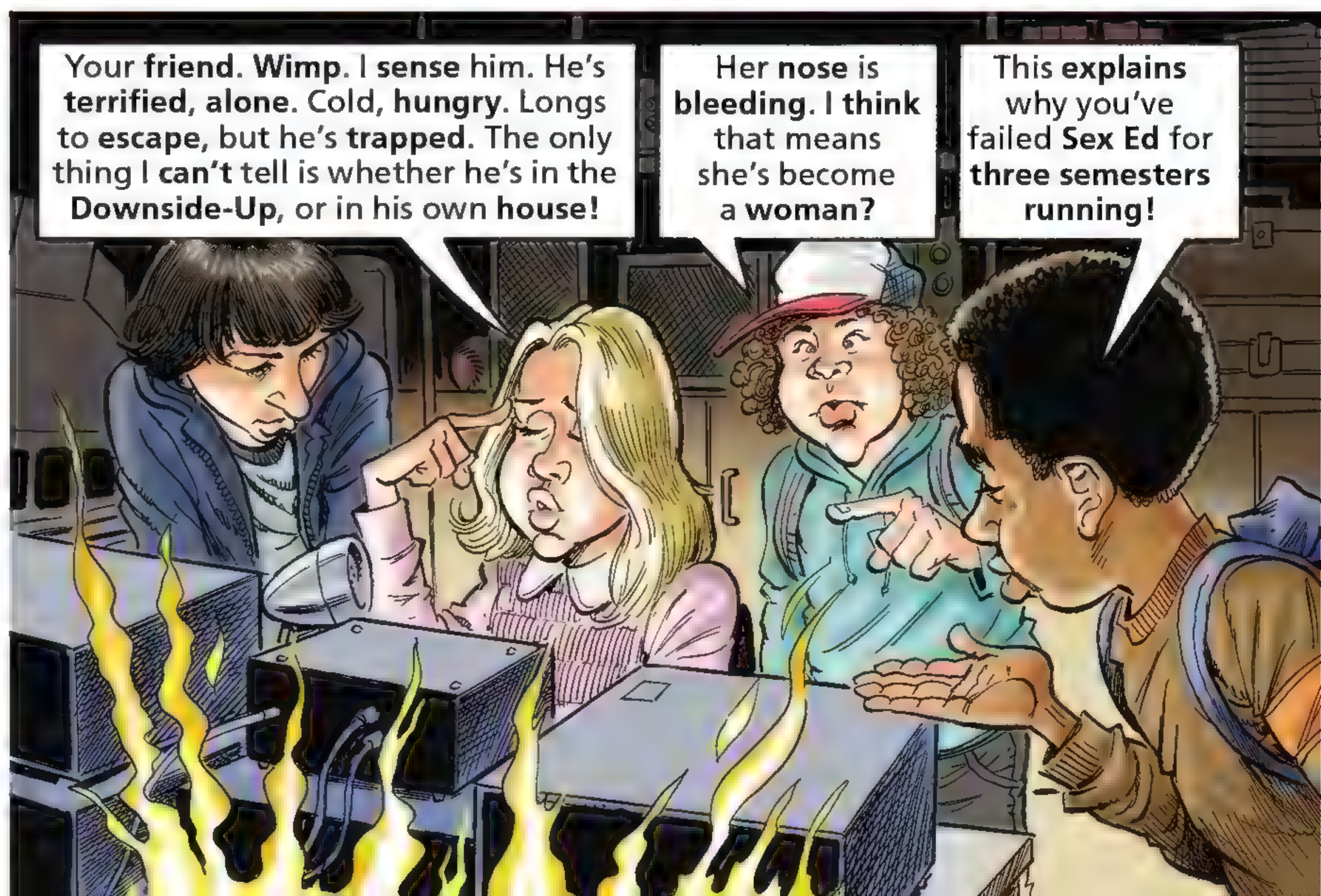
I swear, sometimes talking to that kid is like talking to the wall! But by painting the alphabet onto the wall and tacking up Christmas lights, he can send me messages, one letter at a time. There's only room on this wall to fit A through Y, but he won't need the Z to communicate, unless he's zigzagging to escape zillions of zombie zebras from Zambia!



Some friend Namby-Pamby turned out to be! She drags me to this pool party, then ditches me and runs upstairs to lose her virginity to Skeeve. For her, chlorine must be an aphrodisiac!

Wait here by the pool, Carb. We'll be back in 15 minutes.

Make that two minutes!



Your friend. Wimp. I sense him. He's terrified, alone. Cold, hungry. Longs to escape, but he's trapped. The only thing I can't tell is whether he's in the Downside-Up, or in his own house!

Her nose is bleeding. I think that means she's become a woman?

This explains why you've failed Sex Ed for three semesters running!



We mourn the death of Wimp Spiders. With his tragic loss, all of the school's wusses, spazzes and nerdtacular dweebs have officially moved up one notch!

Haw! Get a load of Sinead O'Connor!

That's not until the 1990s!

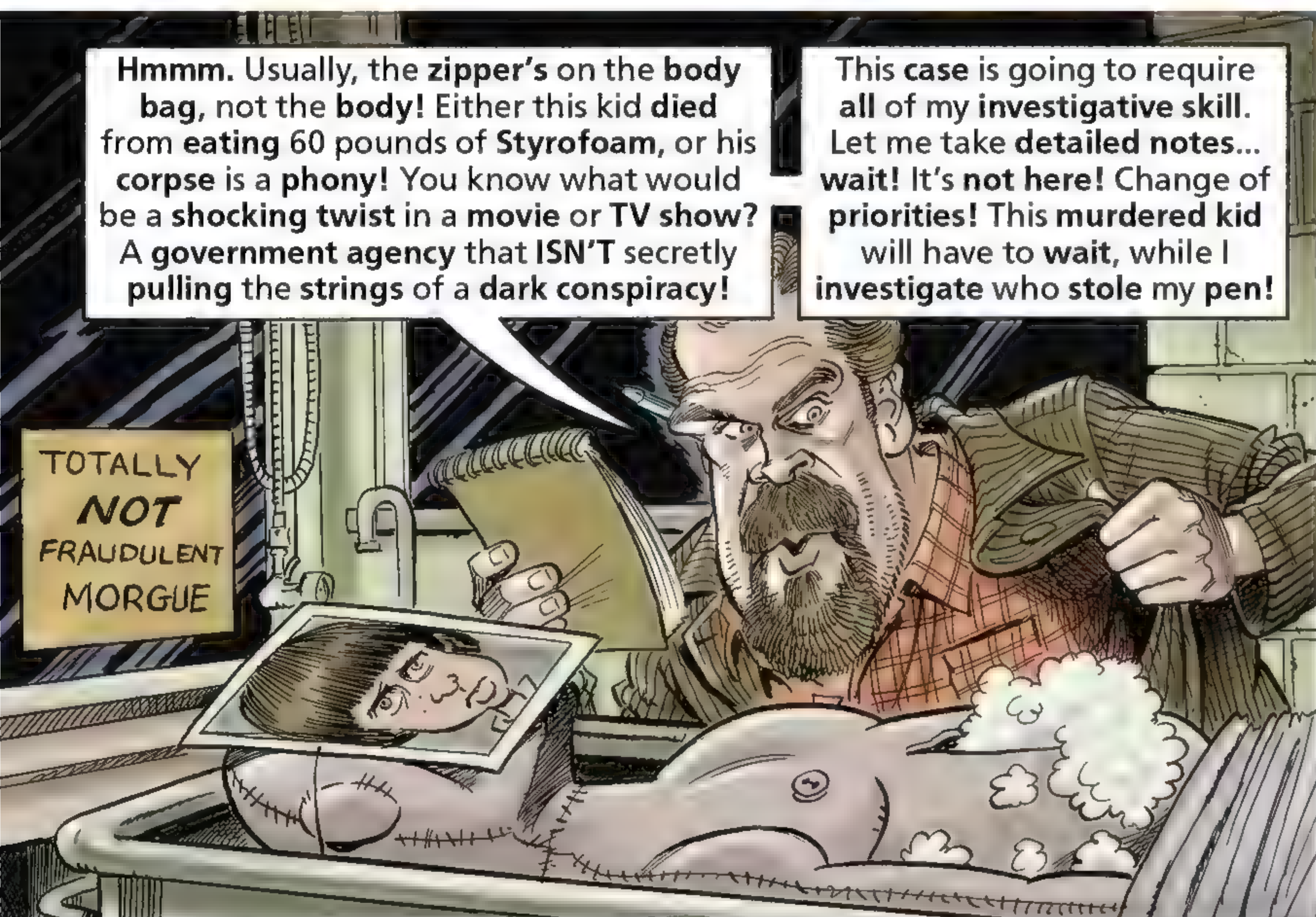
Oh, sorry. Uhhh, hey, Kojak!

That was the 70s!

Man, ripping off the 80s is complicated!



A lot of this show's viewers can relate to becoming totally inert while peeing their pants. Netflix binge watching will do that to you!



Hmmm. Usually, the zipper's on the body bag, not the body! Either this kid died from eating 60 pounds of Styrofoam, or his corpse is a phony! You know what would be a shocking twist in a movie or TV show? A government agency that ISN'T secretly pulling the strings of a dark conspiracy!

This case is going to require all of my investigative skill. Let me take detailed notes... wait! It's not here! Change of priorities! This murdered kid will have to wait, while I investigate who stole my pen!



Your brother's in there and he's alive! That is, assuming I haven't bashed his head in with one of my axe swings!

Stop it, Mom! If Wimp is in there, he's safe! He's surrounded by protective asbestos! But if you keep making holes, the resale value of our house will be cut in half, to \$100!



Two children have vanished, so we flipped a coin and decided to investigate one of them. Have you noticed anything unusual, Mr. and Mrs. Weenie?

What, you're asking US? We're the ones who failed to realize our daughter has multiple guys climbing in and out of her window! And we're clueless about the psychic bald kid starting fires in our basement!




It's up to us to hunt down the monster who grabbed my brother!

The nine-foot-tall creature you photographed has demonic powers, feasts on human blood, and has razor-sharp talons. Do you have something heavy we can fight it with? Like 20 or 25 pounds?


Yes. My mobile phone!





Let me explain how the theoretical "Downside-Up" dimension might work. I'll just use this new mint copy of *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* #1. It'll never be worth anything! Pretend this comic is our universe. If you bend it like this, and make a hole, you create a doorway. One catch. You'd need a ballpoint pen the size of Nebraska! The Downside-Up is just one of 4,095,170,224,671 possible parallel universes. I'm just hoping against hope that maybe, conceivably, my mustache might be considered a turn-on in one of them!


It still makes more logical sense than when our Economics teacher tried to explain Reaganomics!



I'm a little nervous about crawling through this secret entrance to reach a gloomy, terrible place where hope is dead and human life has no value.

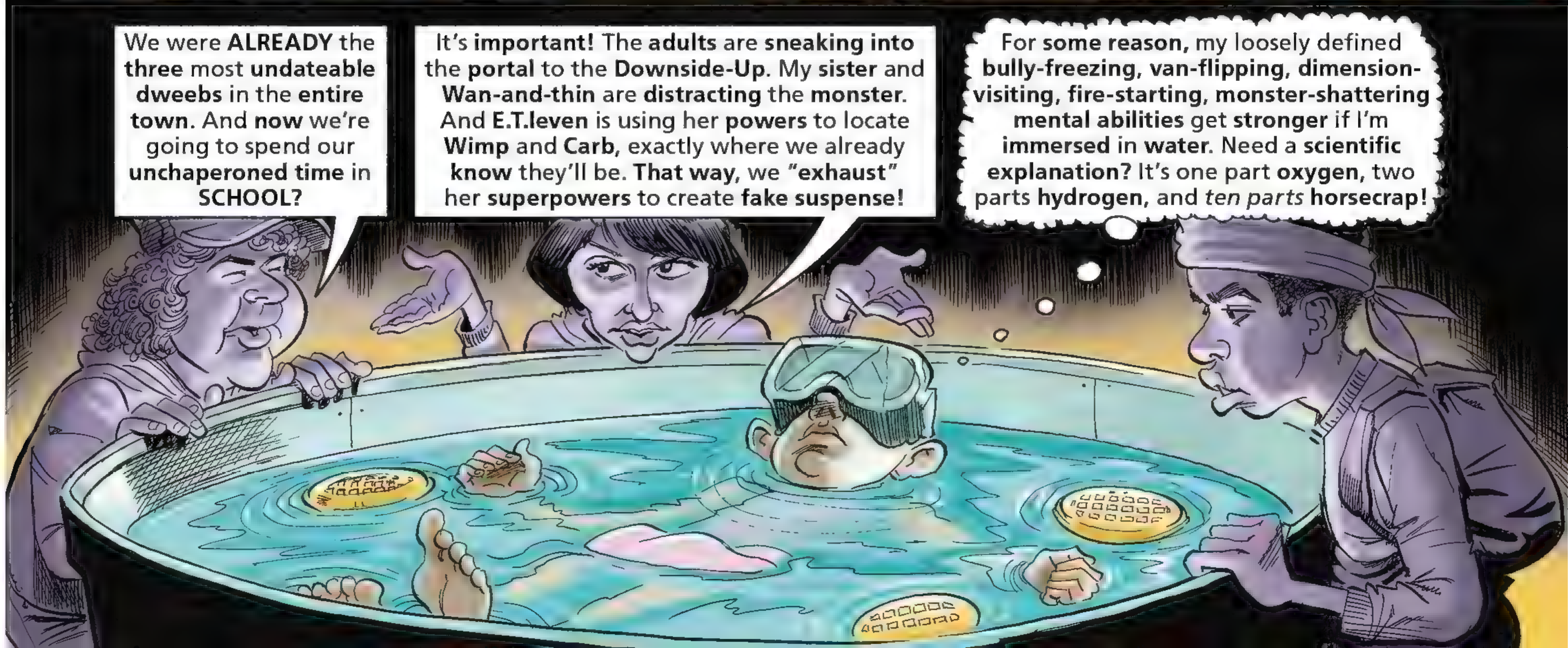
That's a coincidence. We say the same thing about your town!

If you think the Downside-Up is horrible, try being permanently trapped in the Friend Zone!



Puff! Puff! It took me two hours to hike out and find you losers here! How the hell are you floating up here after jumping off the cliff? Did that bald girl use her psychic powers to save you?

No, I just landed on the pile of corpses. This is a depressing town, and the suicide rate is well over 90 percent!



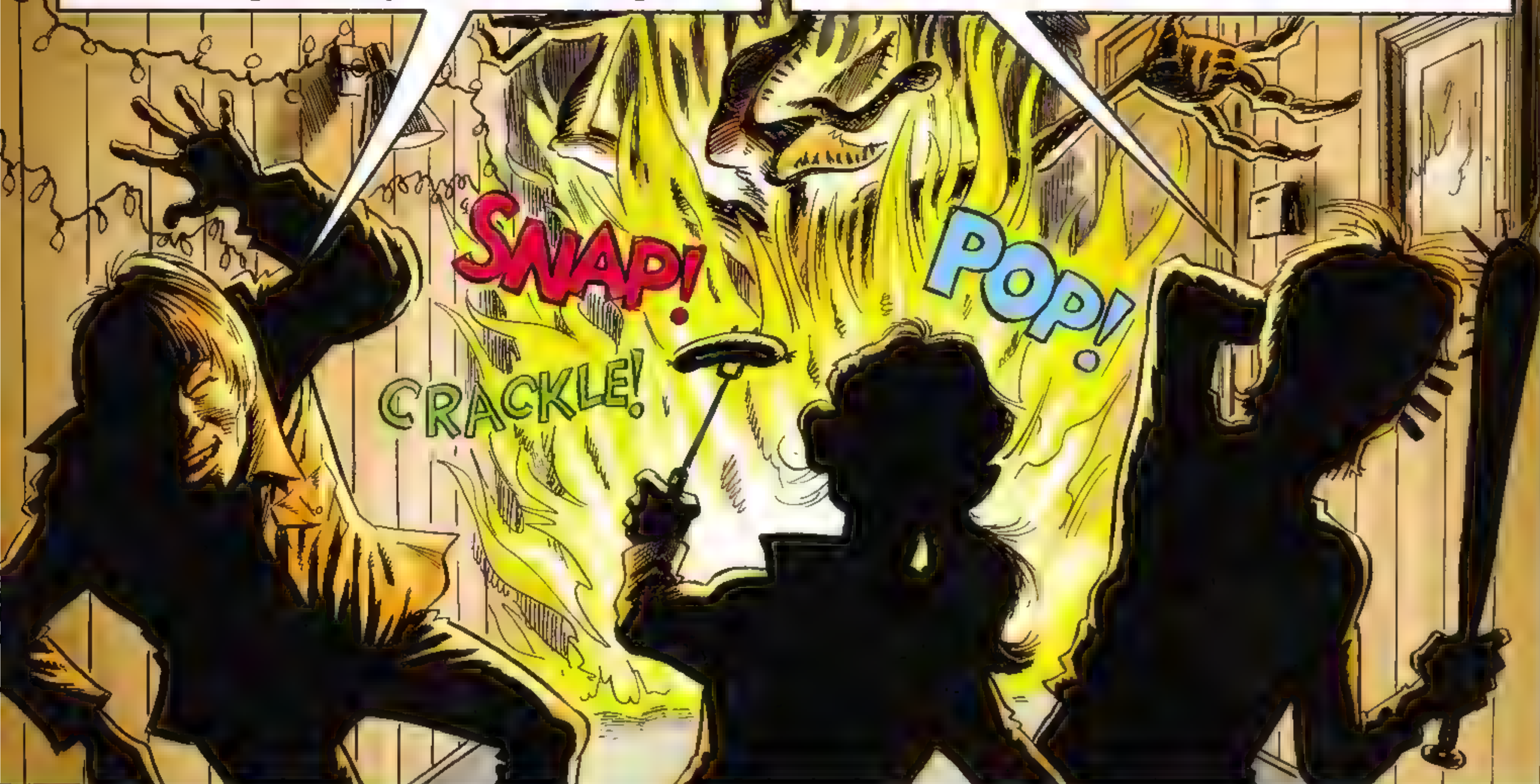
We were **ALREADY** the three most undateable dweebs in the entire town. And now we're going to spend our unchaperoned time in **SCHOOL**?

It's important! The adults are sneaking into the portal to the Downside-Up. My sister and Wan-and-thin are distracting the monster. And E.T.iven is using her powers to locate Wimp and Carb, exactly where we already know they'll be. That way, we "exhaust" her superpowers to create fake suspense!

For some reason, my loosely defined bully-freezing, van-flipping, dimension-visiting, fire-starting, monster-shattering mental abilities get stronger if I'm immersed in water. Need a scientific explanation? It's one part oxygen, two parts hydrogen, and ten parts horsecrap!

Ha HA! It **WORKED!** We tricked the **unkillable, ravenous hellbeast** into coming into the **house!** Where I live! Er... whose **ingenious plan** was this, again?

We've shot him full of bullets, we've **bludgeoned** his skull, and we've set him on fire. Now it's time to finish the job. **Quick!** Get a can of **Coke** and a bag of **Pop Rocks!**



I needed this. To make me more **accepting** of my imminent death.

Smooch! Bam! Now, in one emotion-imprinting instant, I've **united** the fear of **separation**, a yen for **unattainable relationships**, AND a **fetish** for **bald chicks!** Some **psychiatrist** out there is about to make **\$200,000!**



If this really were an '80s movie, **E.T.** even would **pin** you against the **chalkboard** and say, "**You're erased.**" Or "**Class dismissed.**" But for a scene where a **90-pound girl** kills an **eight-foot armored monstrosity** by winning a **staring contest**, it's better if we treat it realistically!

Kill me? Oh, good. I was afraid you were going to make me **pee myself!**

No one will ever believe this happened! Unless, of course, they happen to notice that the entire room is coated with **monster chunks** and **girl guts!**



This is like being on the inside of one of **Keith Richards' lungs.** But it's still nicer than my apartment.

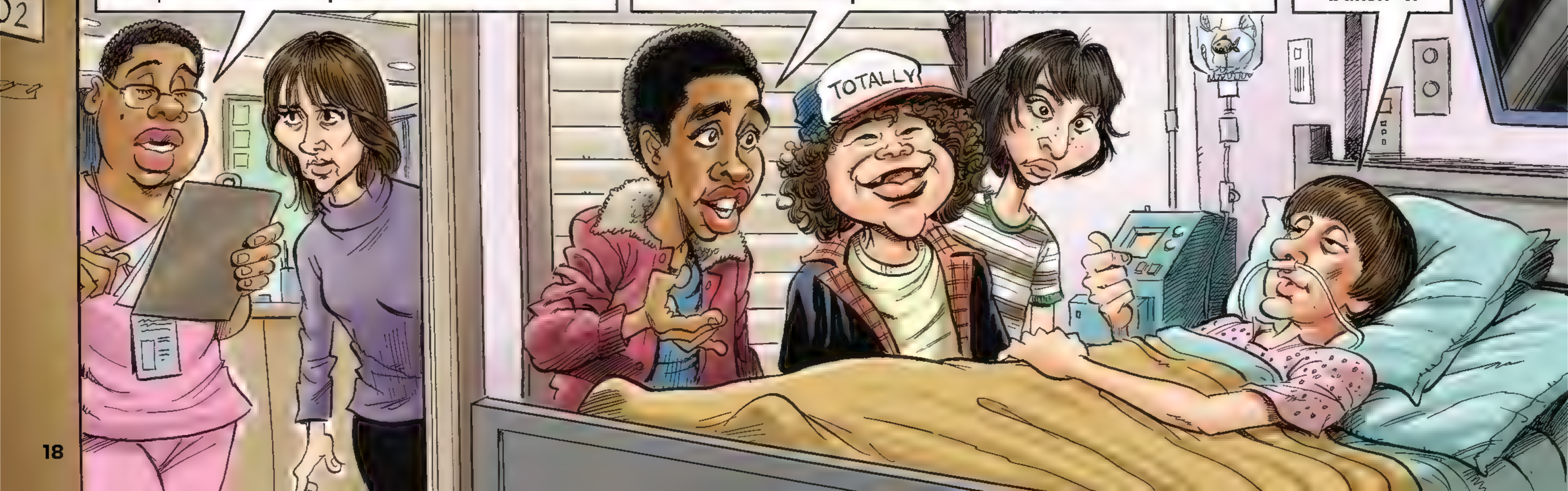
Speak to me, **Wimp!** *Speak to me!* Oh sure, the kid talks to **Christmas lights** and **walls**, but to his **mother's face**, suddenly he's got nothing to say!



Your son has made a **remarkable recovery.** A little **dehydration**, a few **scratches** and **bruises**, and a **yard-long devil slug** that **impregnated** his **larynx.** But until he's fully healthy, it's best to only offer cryptic, underexplained hints that set up "**unanswered questions**" for **Season Two!**

You missed **everything!** There were **ten murders**, and **Mike** **kissed** a girl, and they held a **fake funeral** for your **fake body**, and a **monster** broke into your house, and the **U.S. Army** invaded the **school**, and there was an **electromagnetic tear** in the **space-time continuum** that created **multiple doorways** to a **downside-up dimension** of **indescribable horror!**

Hold it. You're telling me **Mike** **kissed** a girl? **Total bullsh*t!**





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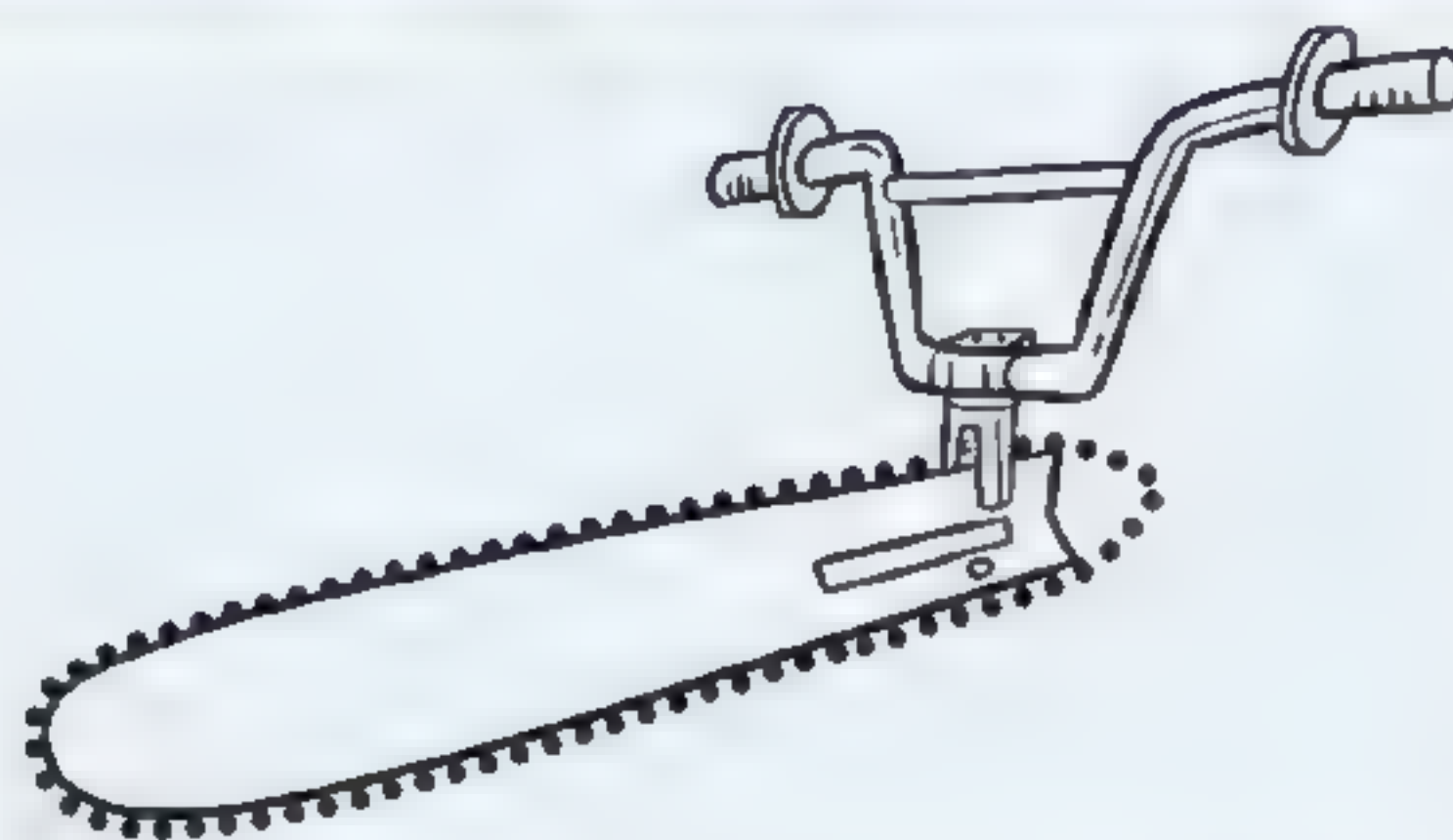
All Duller blades are just two bucks per blade, plus two bucks per handle, plus two bucks per box, plus two bucks for packing, plus two bucks for handling, plus two bucks for shipping, plus two bucks for billing, plus two bucks each for the two guys in our warehouse named Buck.

HOW IT WORKS

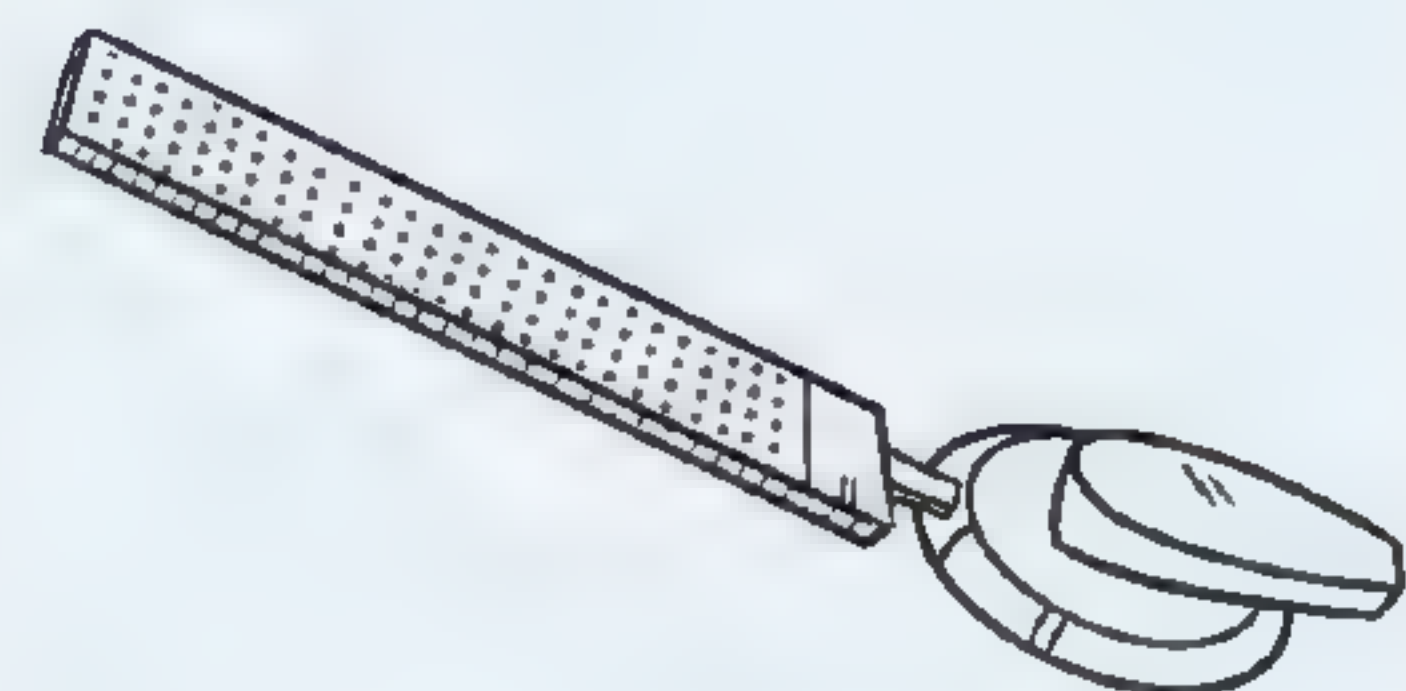
MIX AND MATCH ANY BLADE/HANDLE COMBINATION



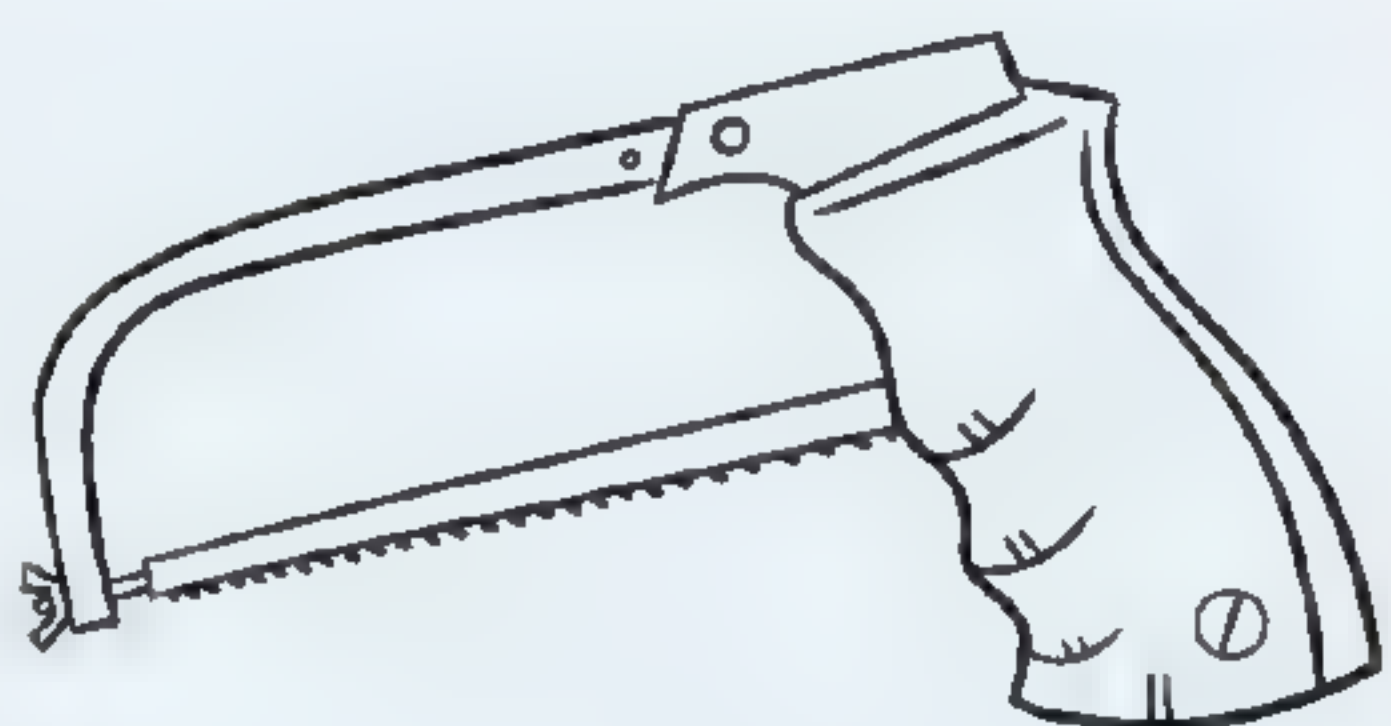
Triple Razor Blade/Marble Handle



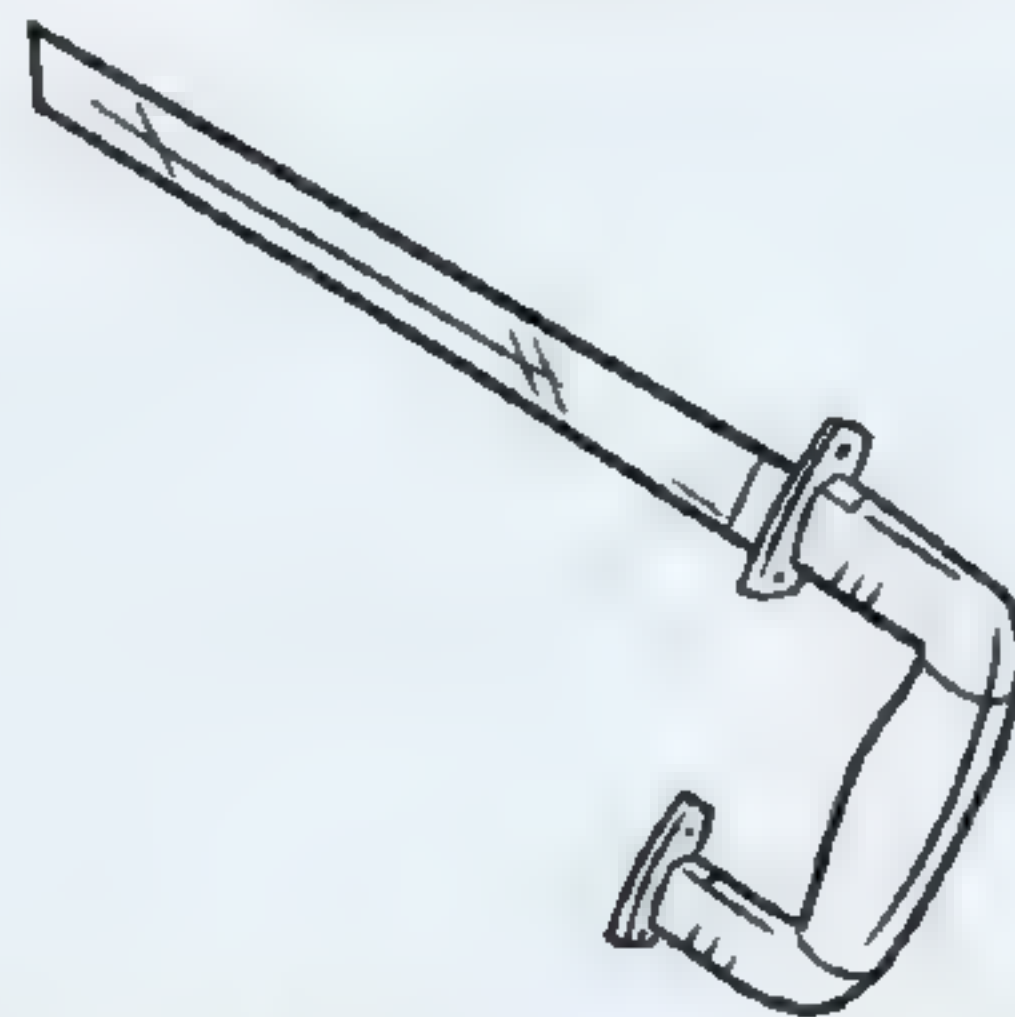
Chainsaw Blade/Bicycle Handle



Rasp Blade/Toilet Handle



Hacksaw Blade/Pistol Grip Handle

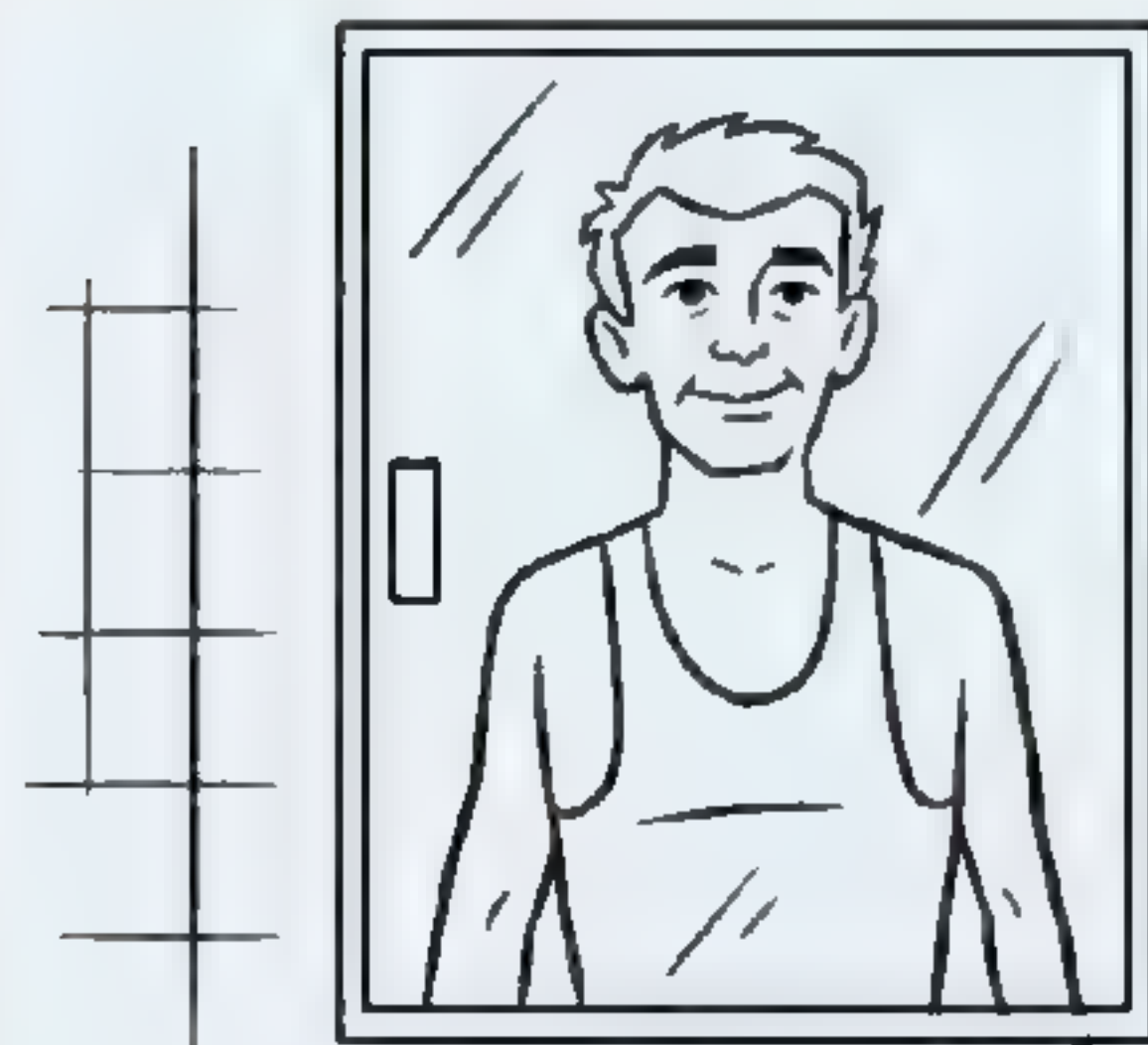


Samurai Blade/Suitcase Handle



Plastic Butter Knife Blade/
Umbrella Handle

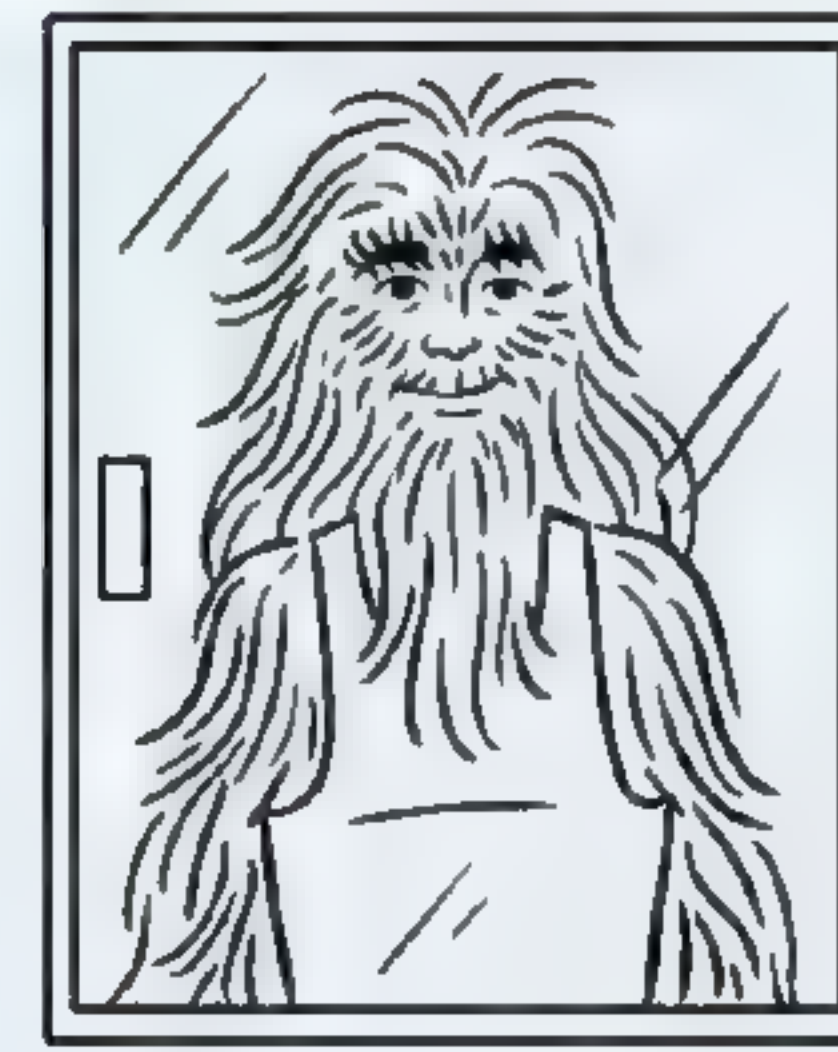
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"You just missed him."



"You could have at least opened the drapes."



P.C. DOES IT DEPT.

Since 1996, P. C. Vey's work has frequently appeared in the pages of MAD. Most of his contributions have been single-panel cartoons, one per issue. Well, that's all about to change! Here are...

10 To By P.



"You realize that once the restraining order comes through, we can no longer hold hands."



"No, no! Over here."



"You're mighty lucky. Most people in your condition don't make it to the E.R."



"Ever since I shot that guy and took you hostage, the media hasn't given me fair play."



"He didn't make it, but I did get his last pleas for help on tape."

ONS C. Vey

WRITER AND ARTIST: P.C. VEY



"When I was your age, I had already jumped."



"How do you feel about working with new chemicals that will eventually kill you?"



"Hey, come on! You're not the only one on the island."

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Discontinued Baby Shampoos

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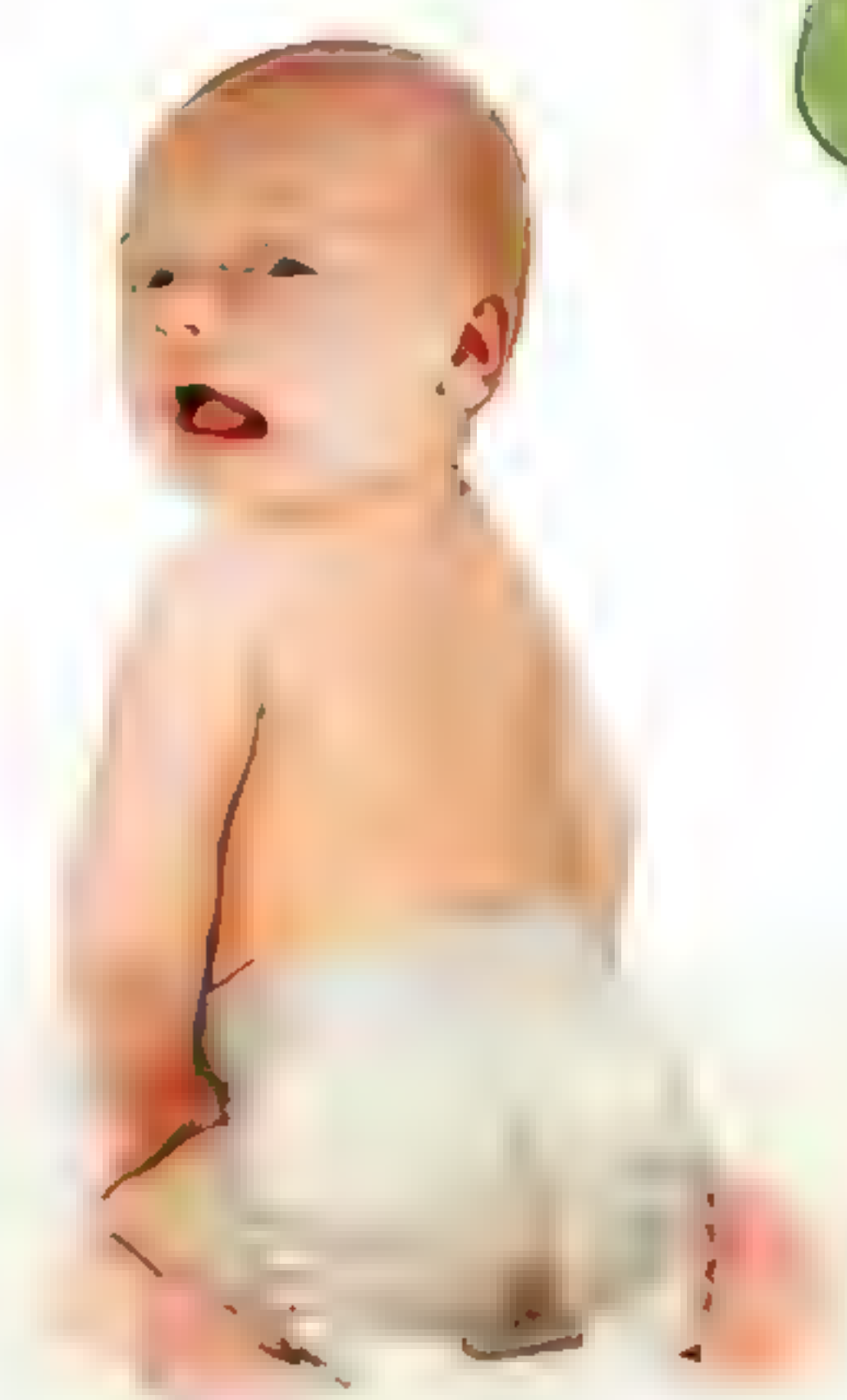
Board Games

Why anyone would want to play board games with a toddler is a mystery, but many parents do. \$19.99 each. No returns, obviously.



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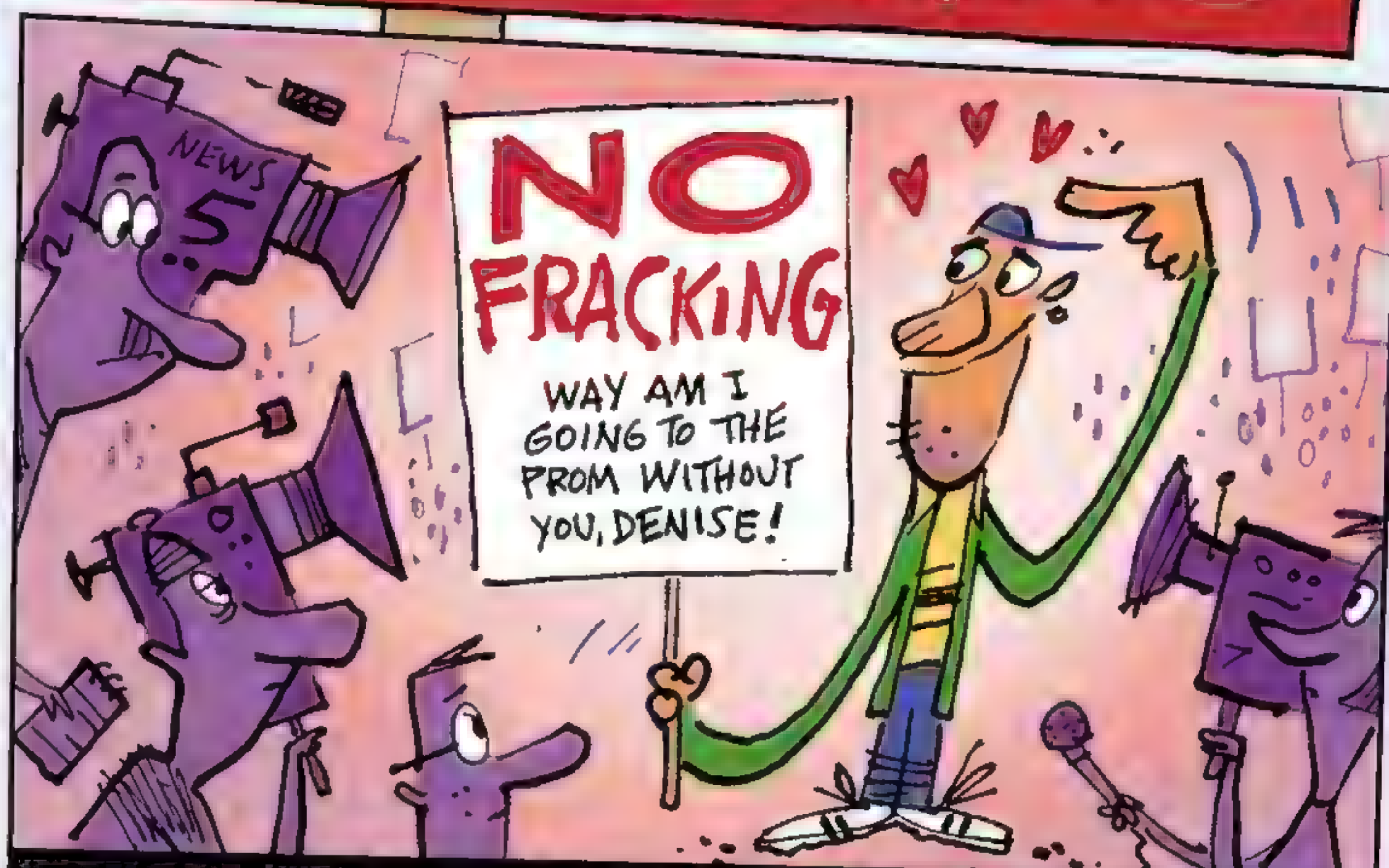
For a variety of reasons, there is a lot of protesting going on right now. Maybe you're one of the protestors — in which case, you need to make a sign! Or maybe you HATE protestors — in which case, the best way to let them know is by making a sign! Either way, we're here to help!

MAD'S TIPS FOR MAKING

PROTEST SIGNS



If attending multiple protests, be sure to keep all your signs well-organized so you don't show up with the wrong one



Now is neither the time nor the place for your clever "promposals"



A sandwich board is a great way to get your message out, while keeping your hands free for eating sandwiches



Always, always spell-check



If you're going to use a famous quote, be aware that the ones you see on Facebook have a tendency to be misattributed



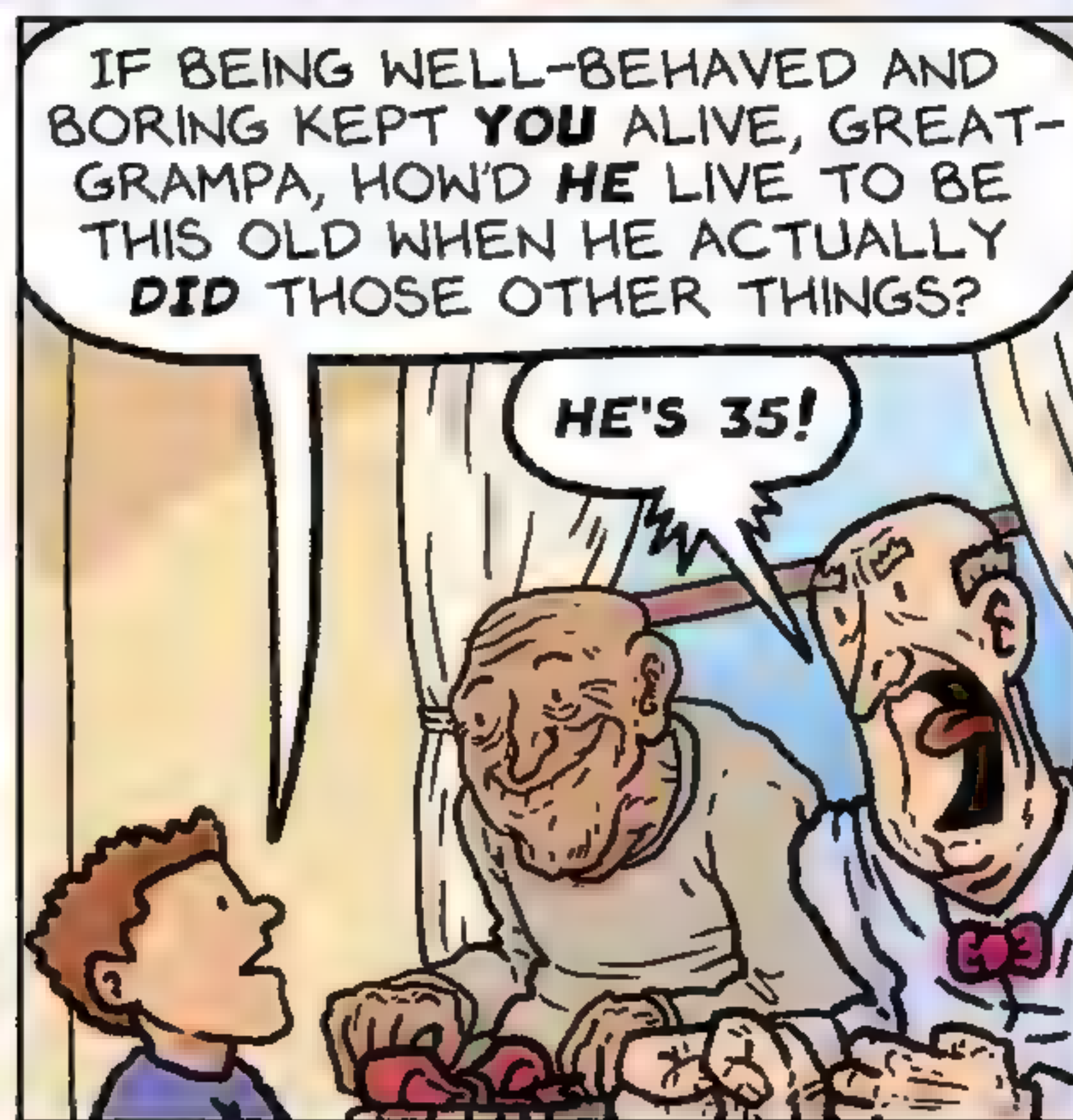
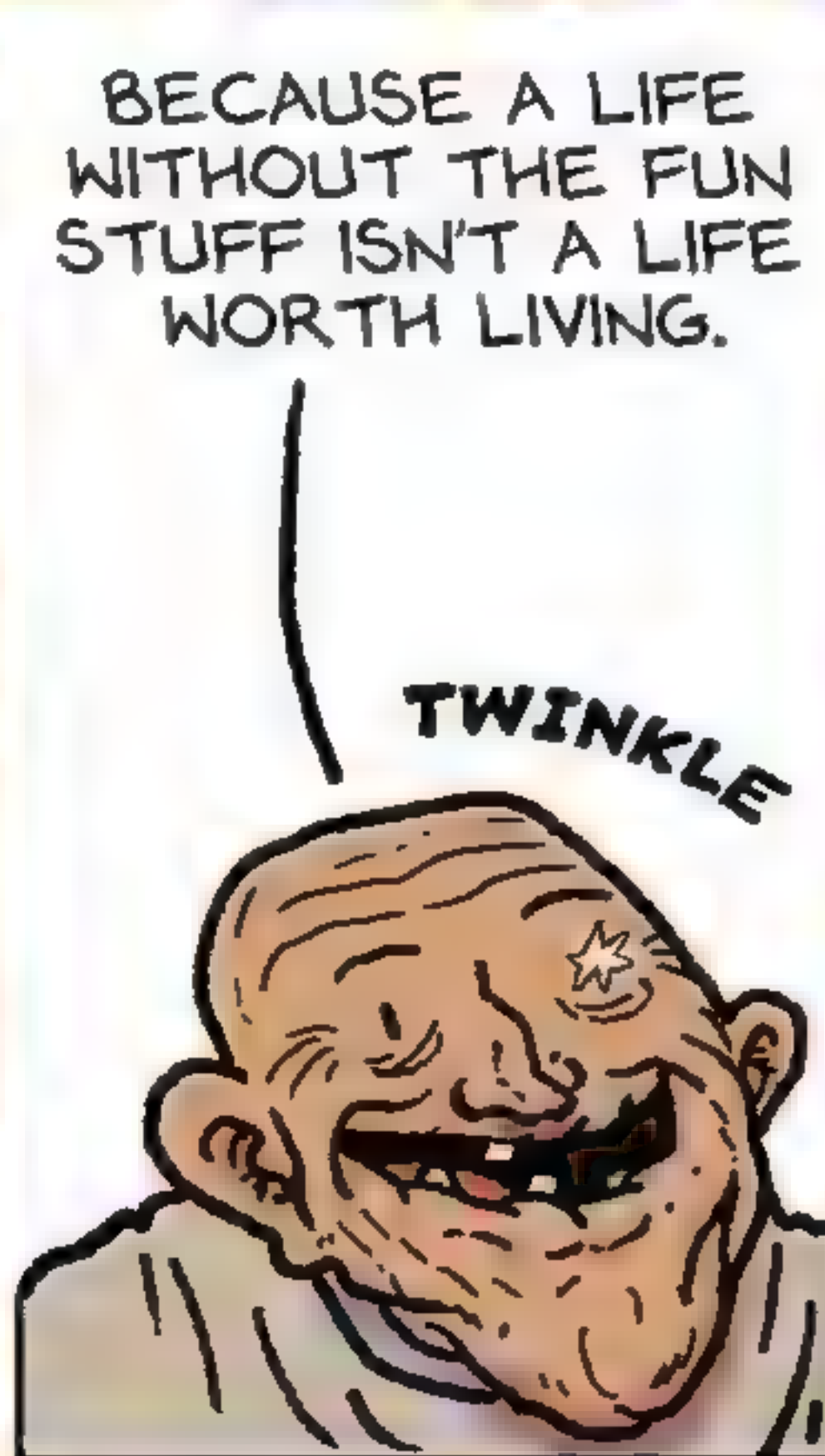
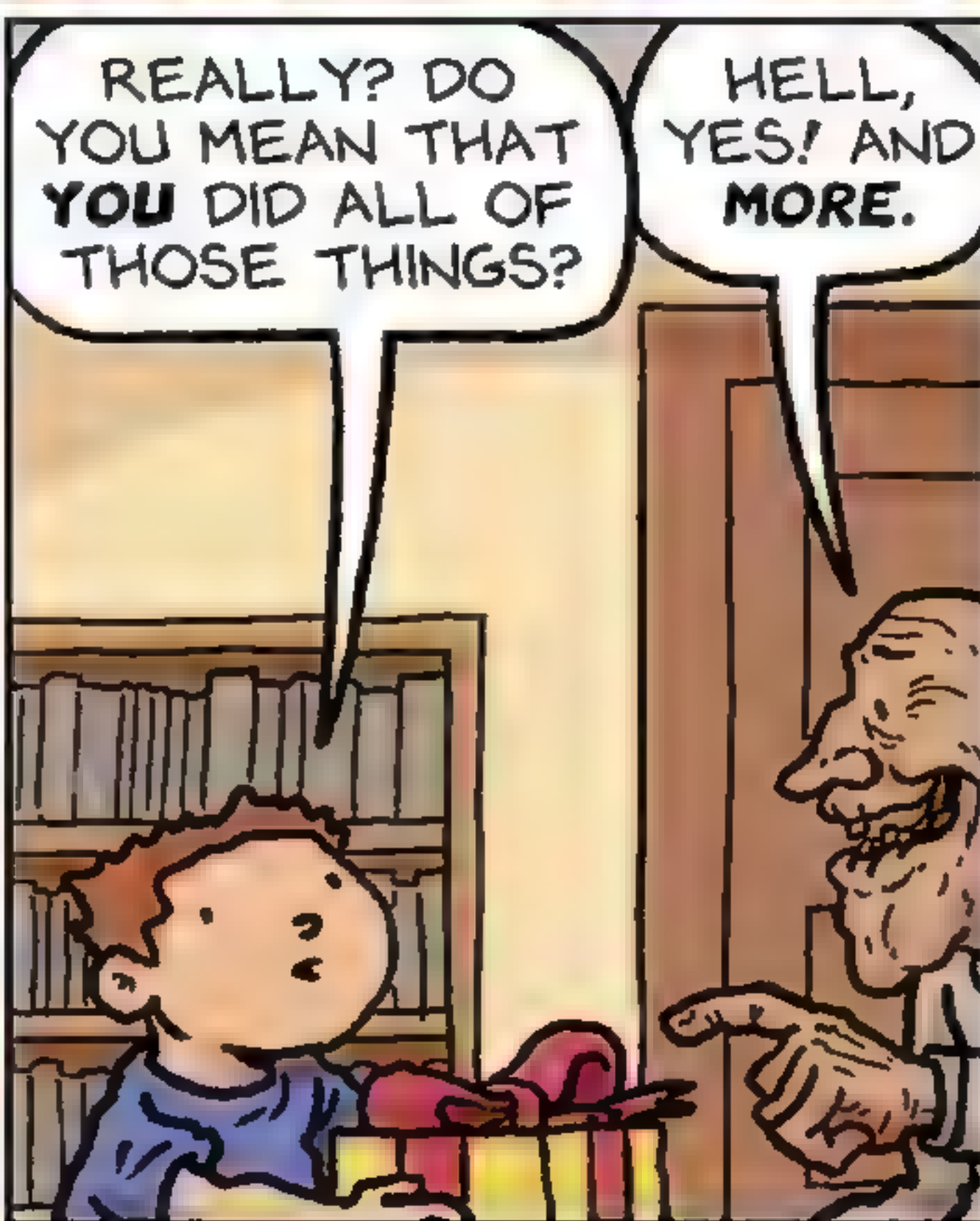
And lastly, don't forget to keep receipts of all your sign-making expenses. That way, George Soros can reimburse you later.



THE STRIP CLUB



DAKOTA MCFADZEAN

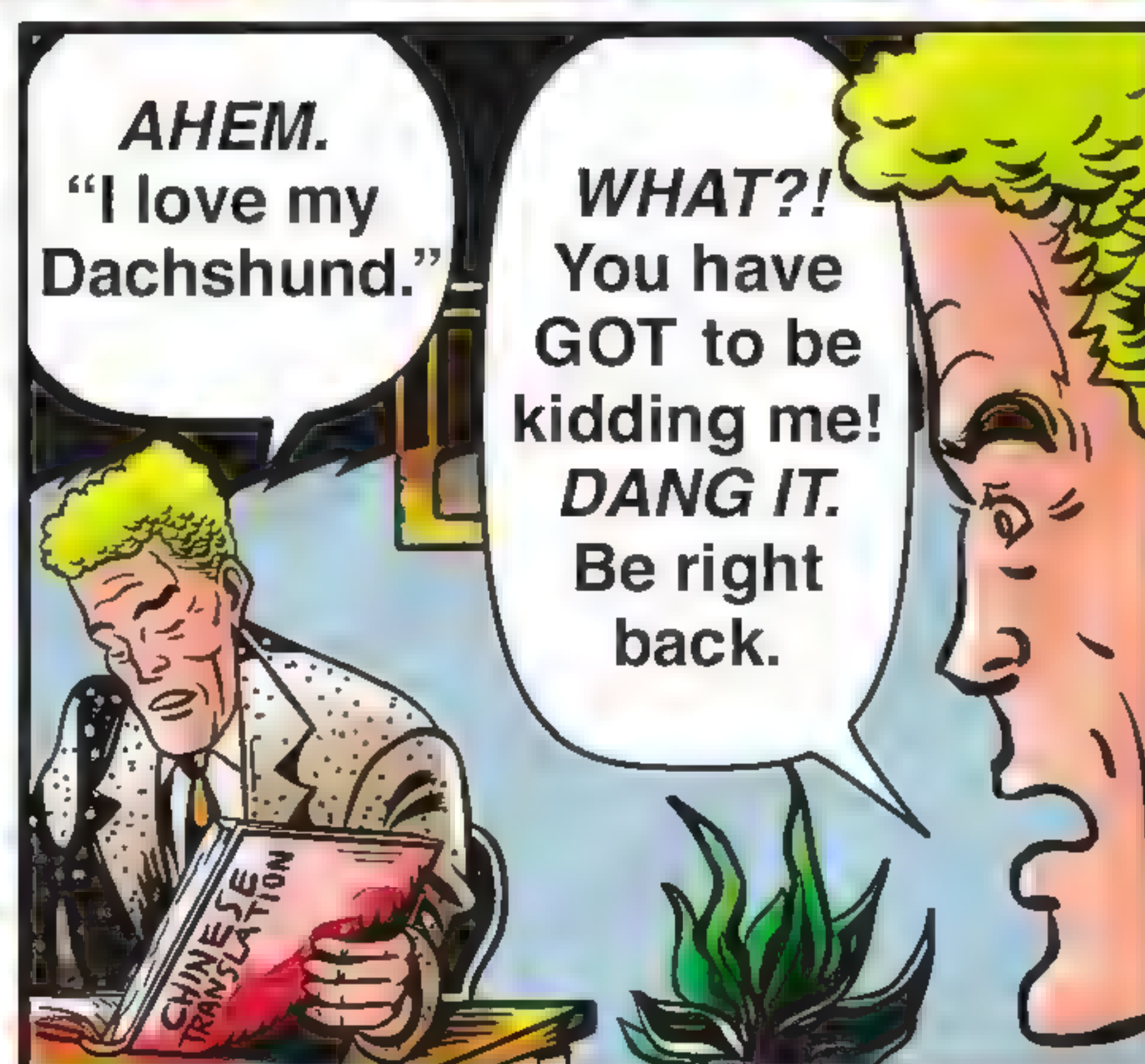
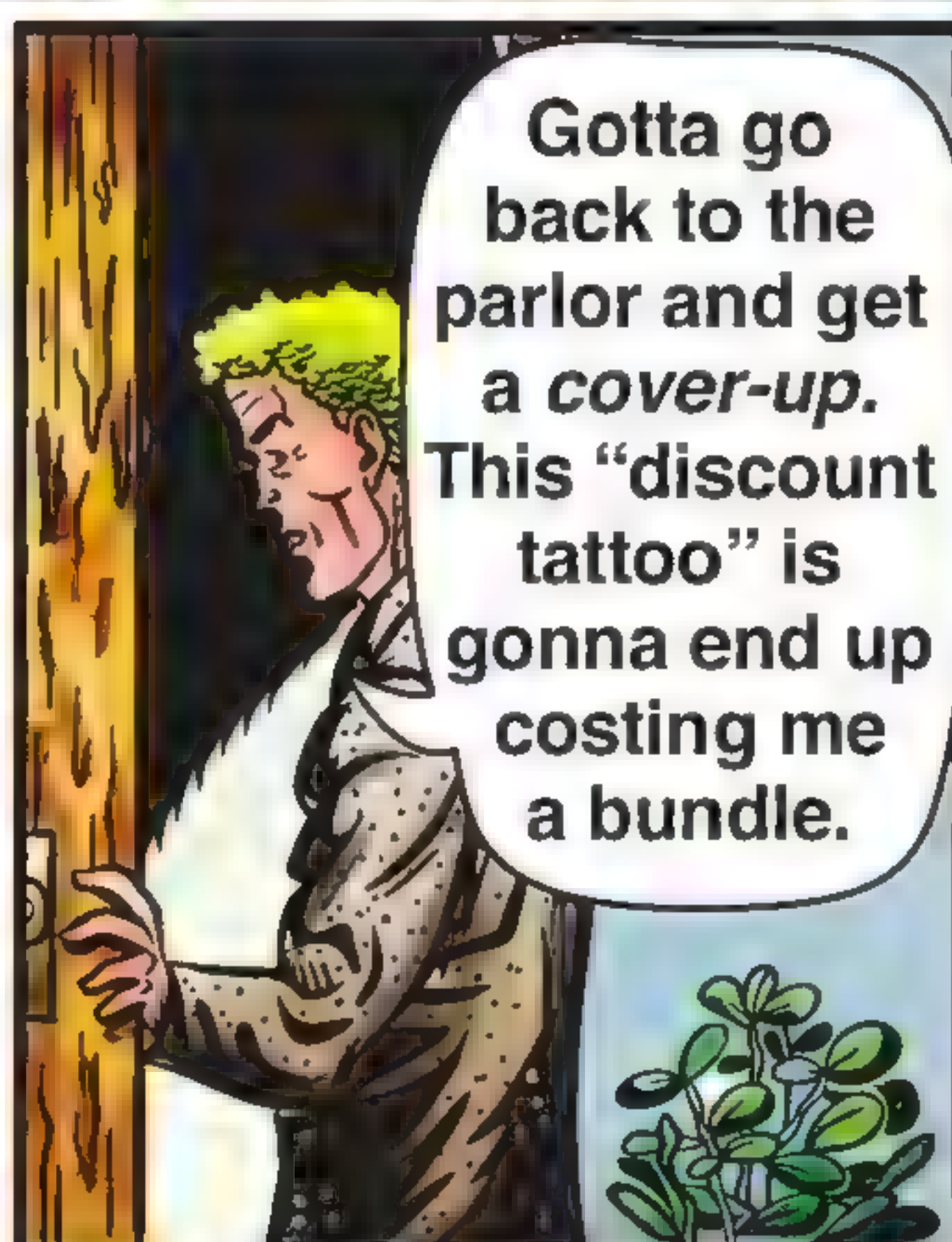


CHRISTOPHER BALDWIN



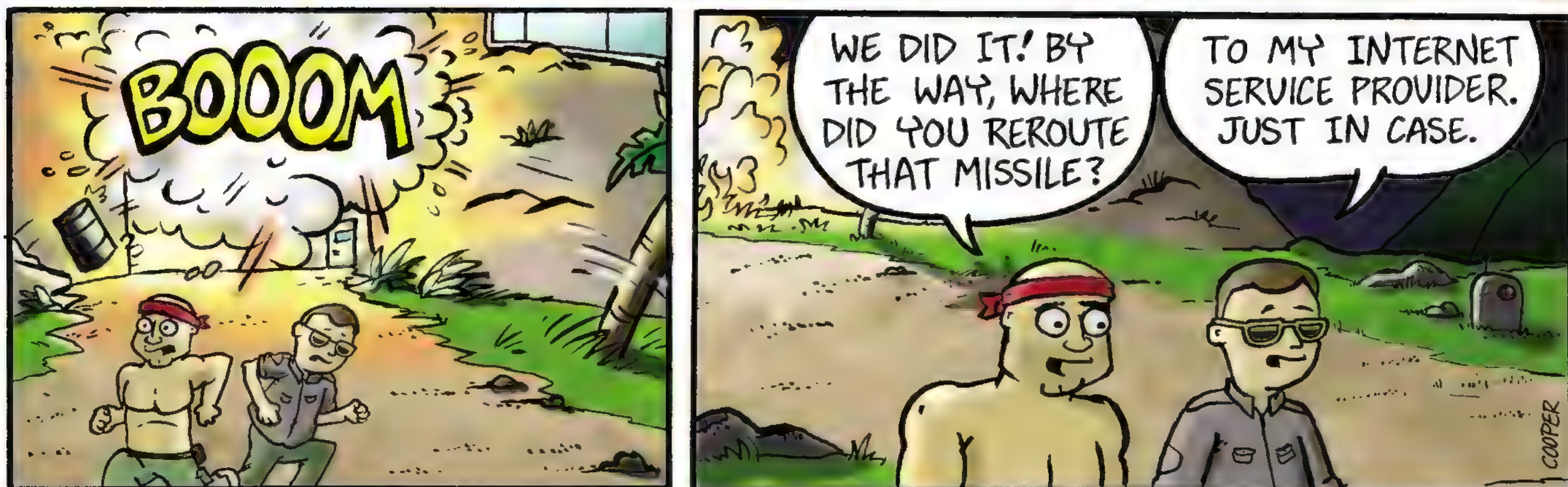
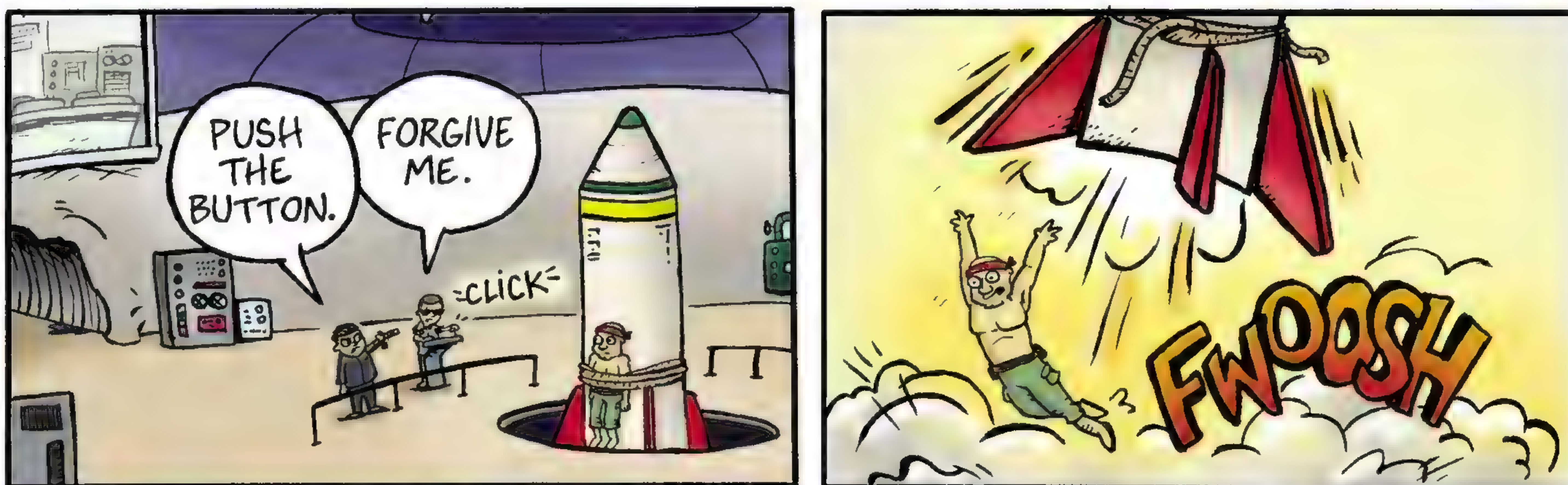
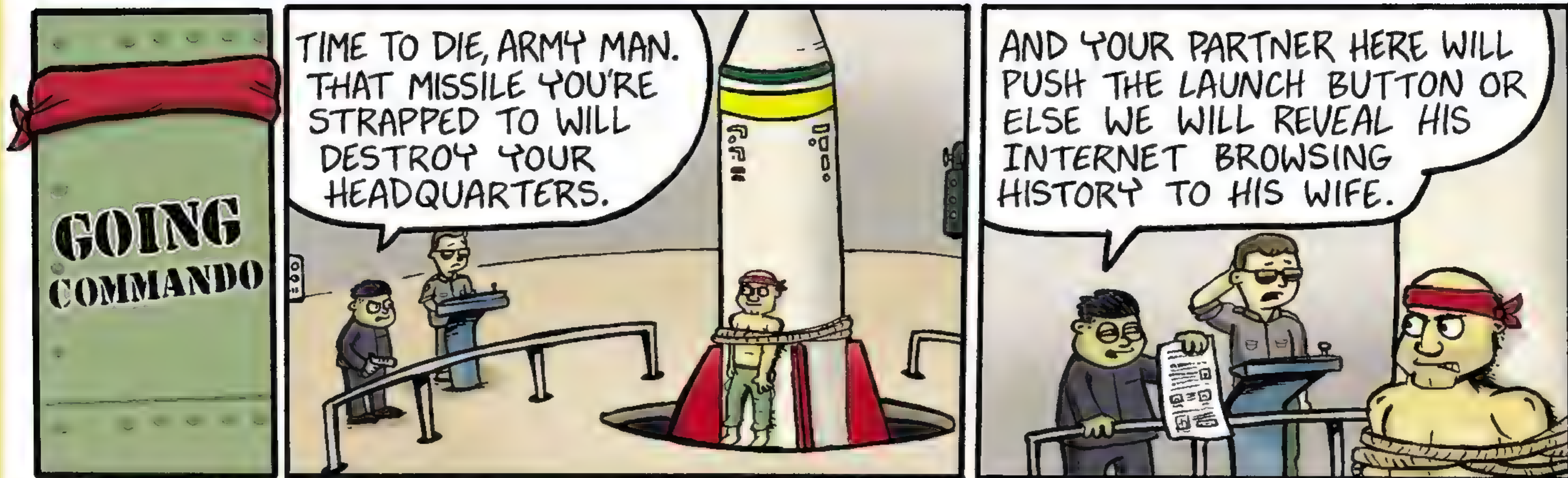
JOHNNY SAMPSON

COOMBS & COOMBS

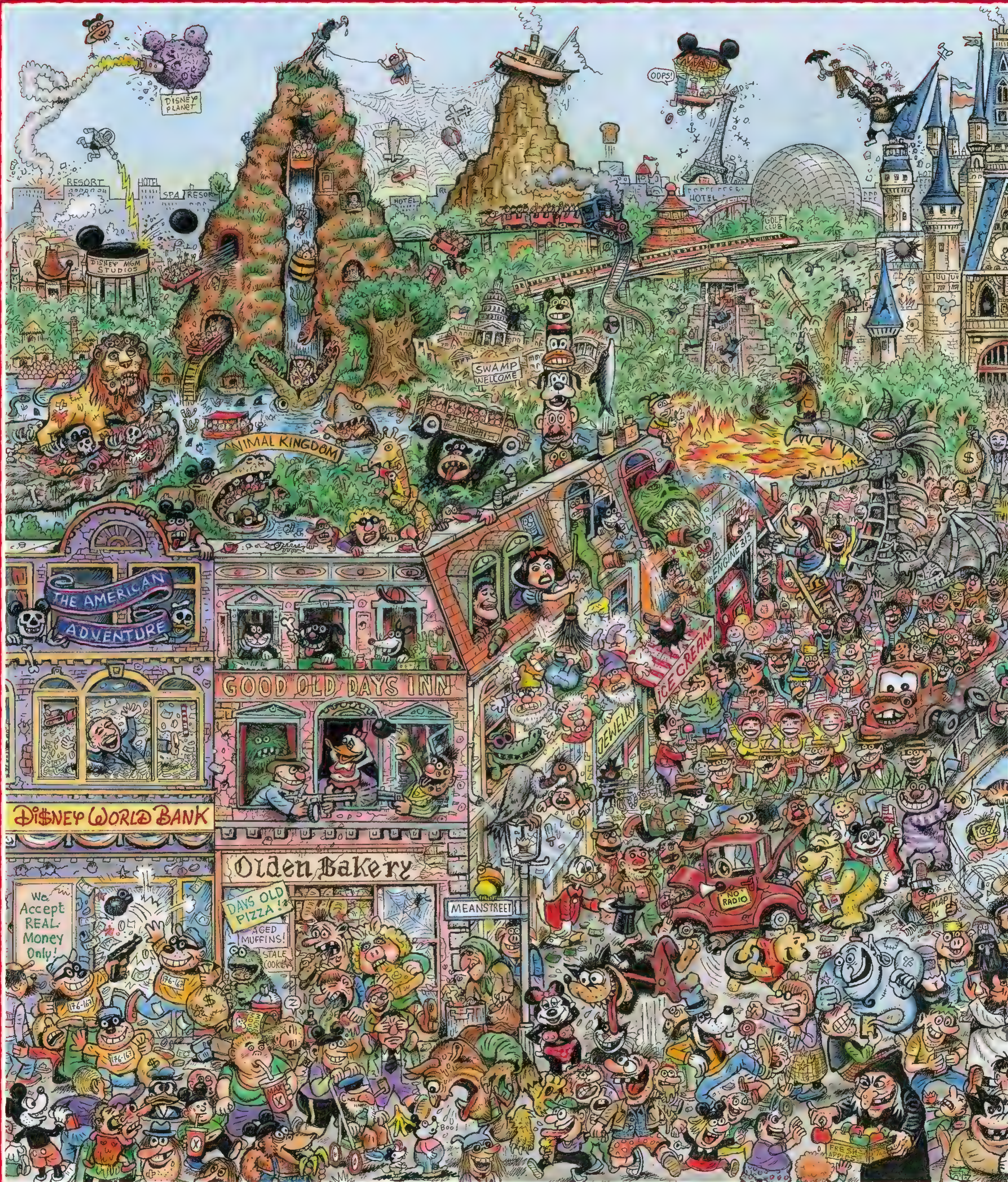


JASON COATES

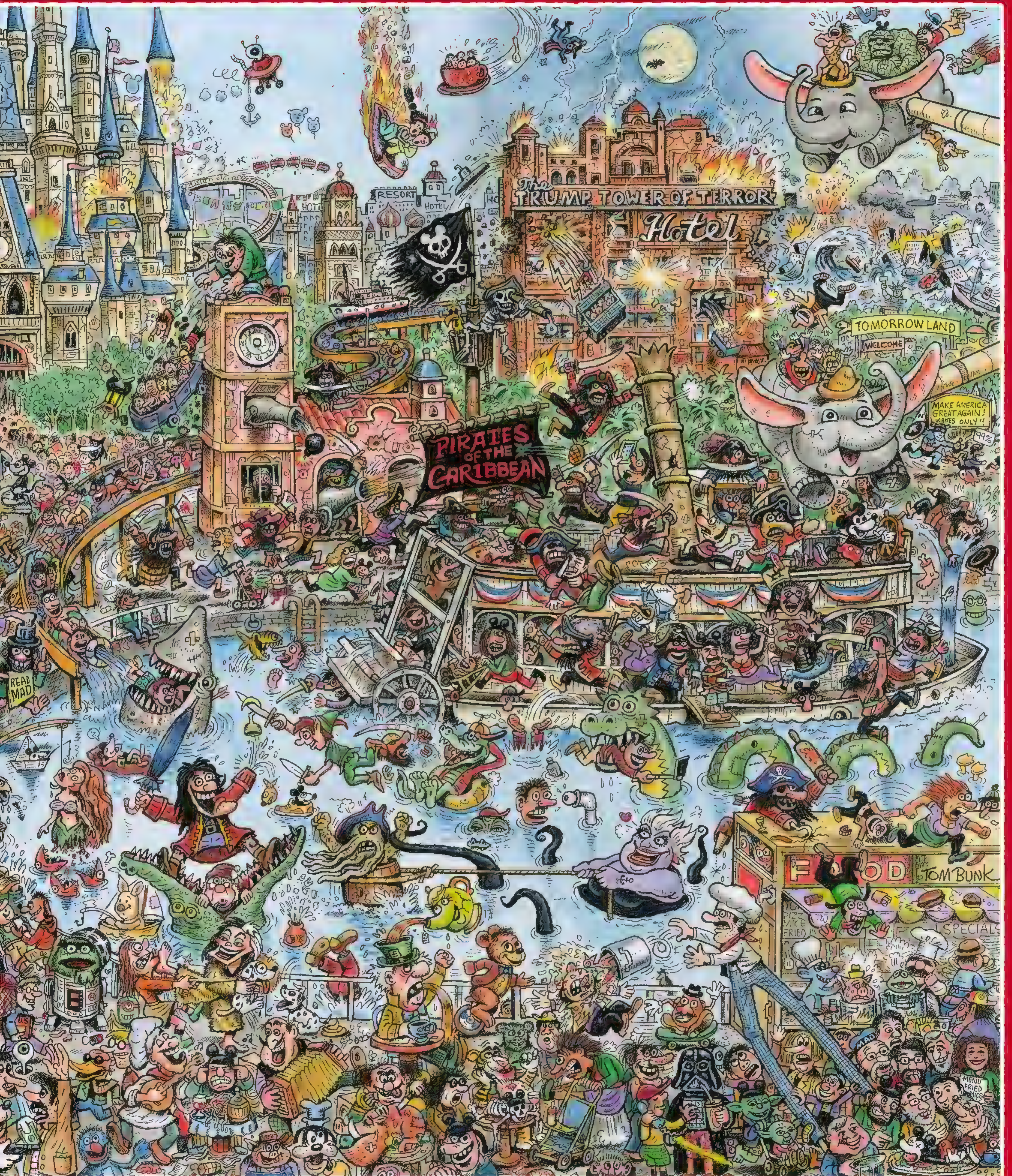




MAD's TOM BUNK VISITS

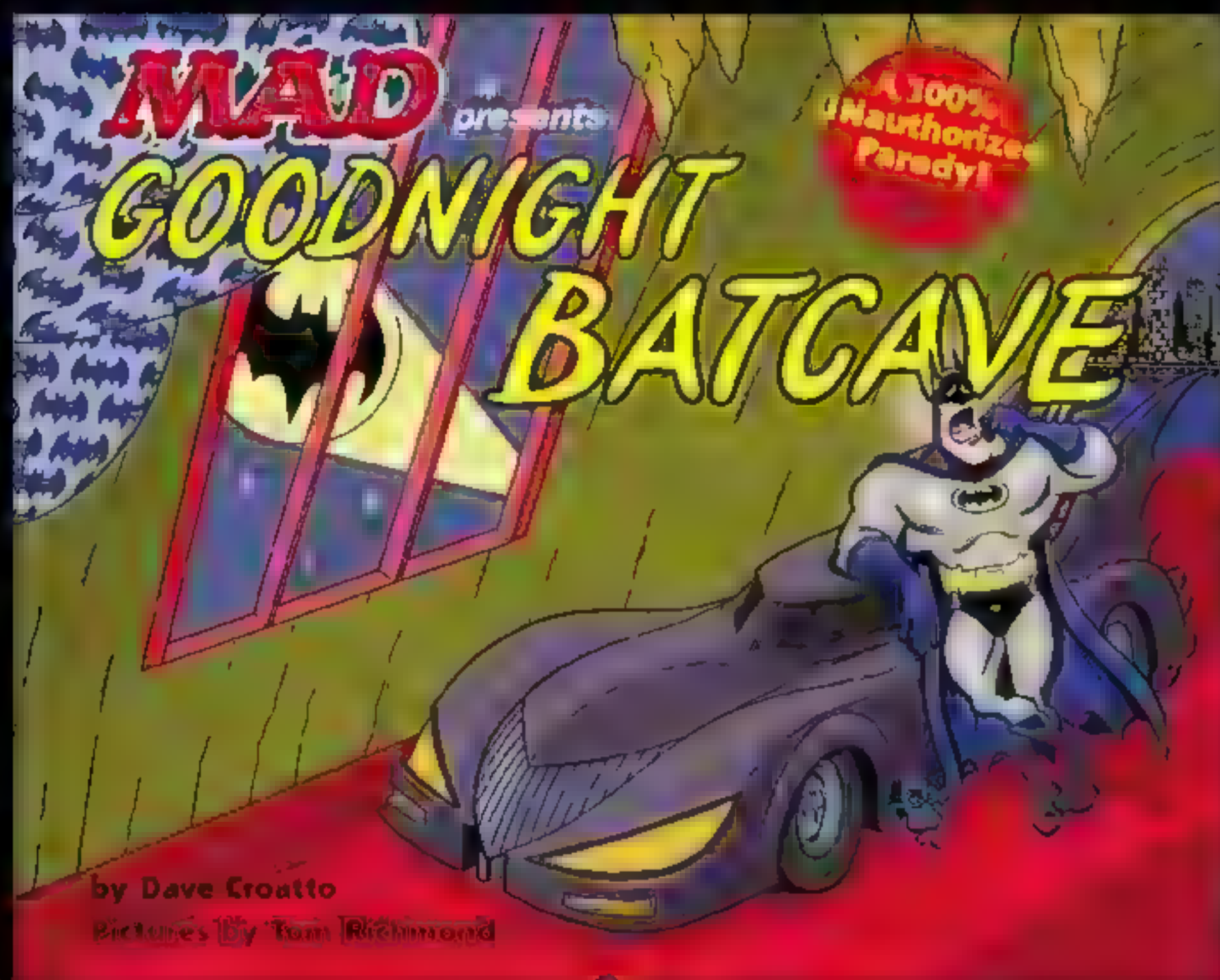


WALT DISNEY WORLD



WRITER AND ARTIST: TOM BUNK

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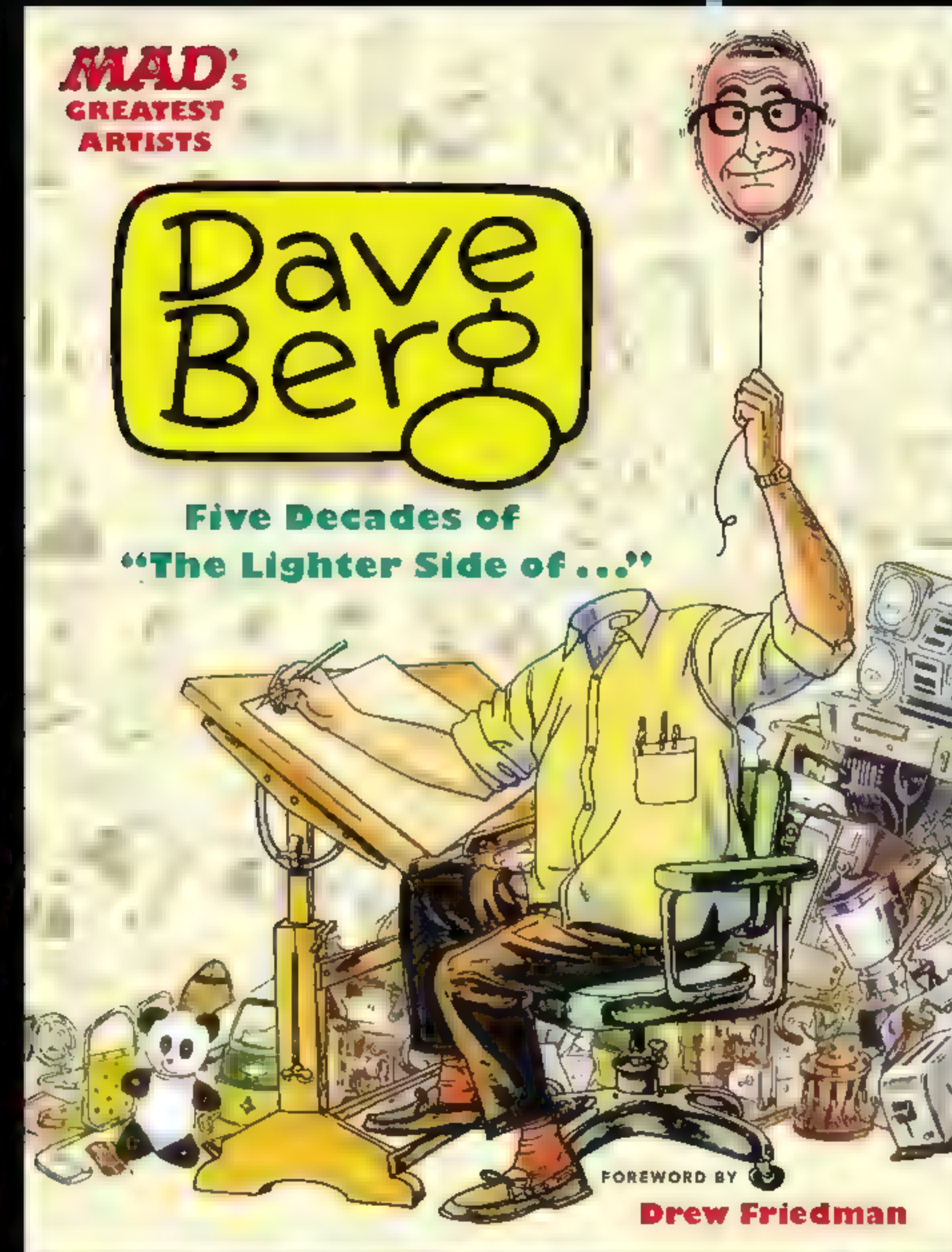
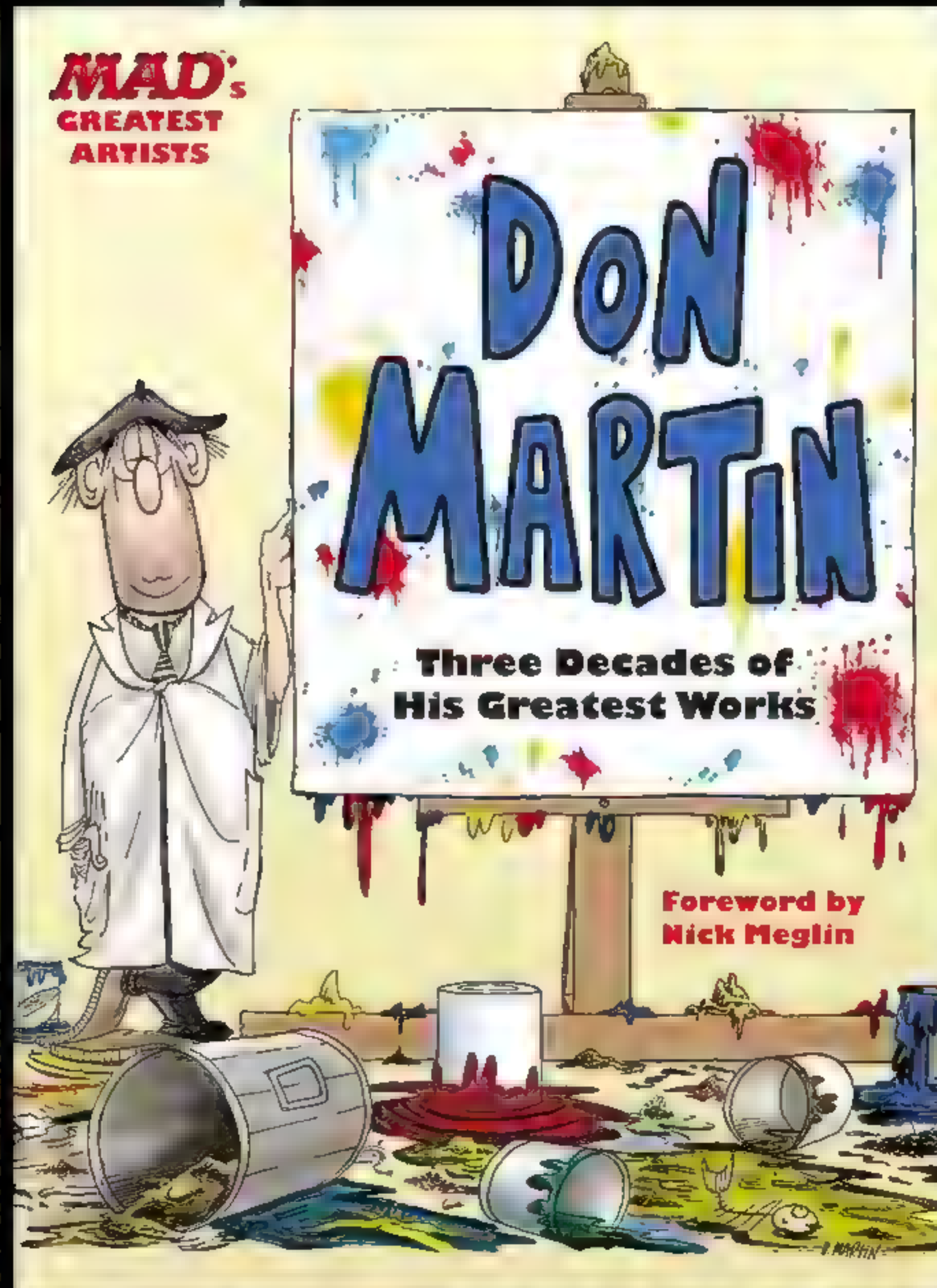
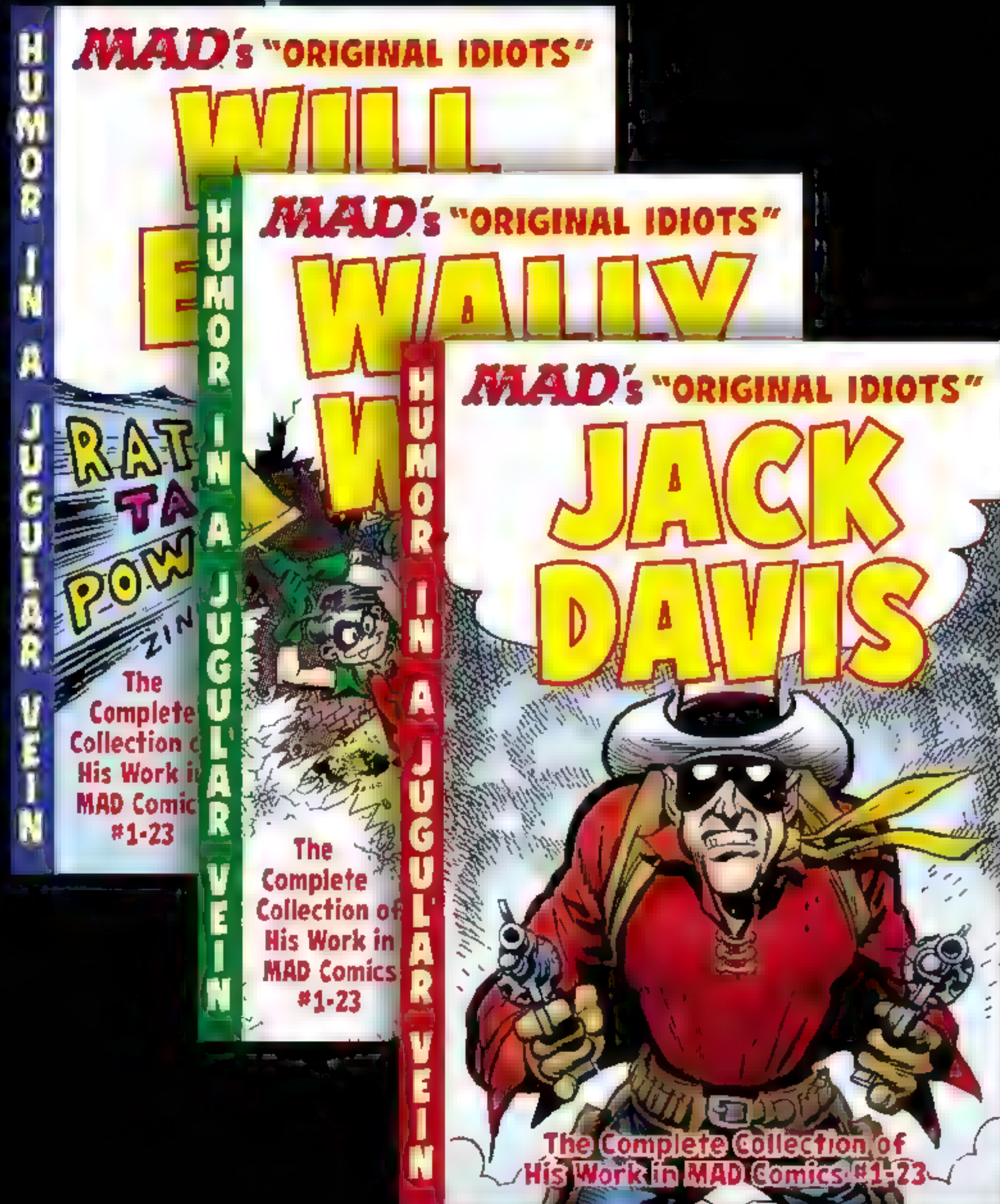
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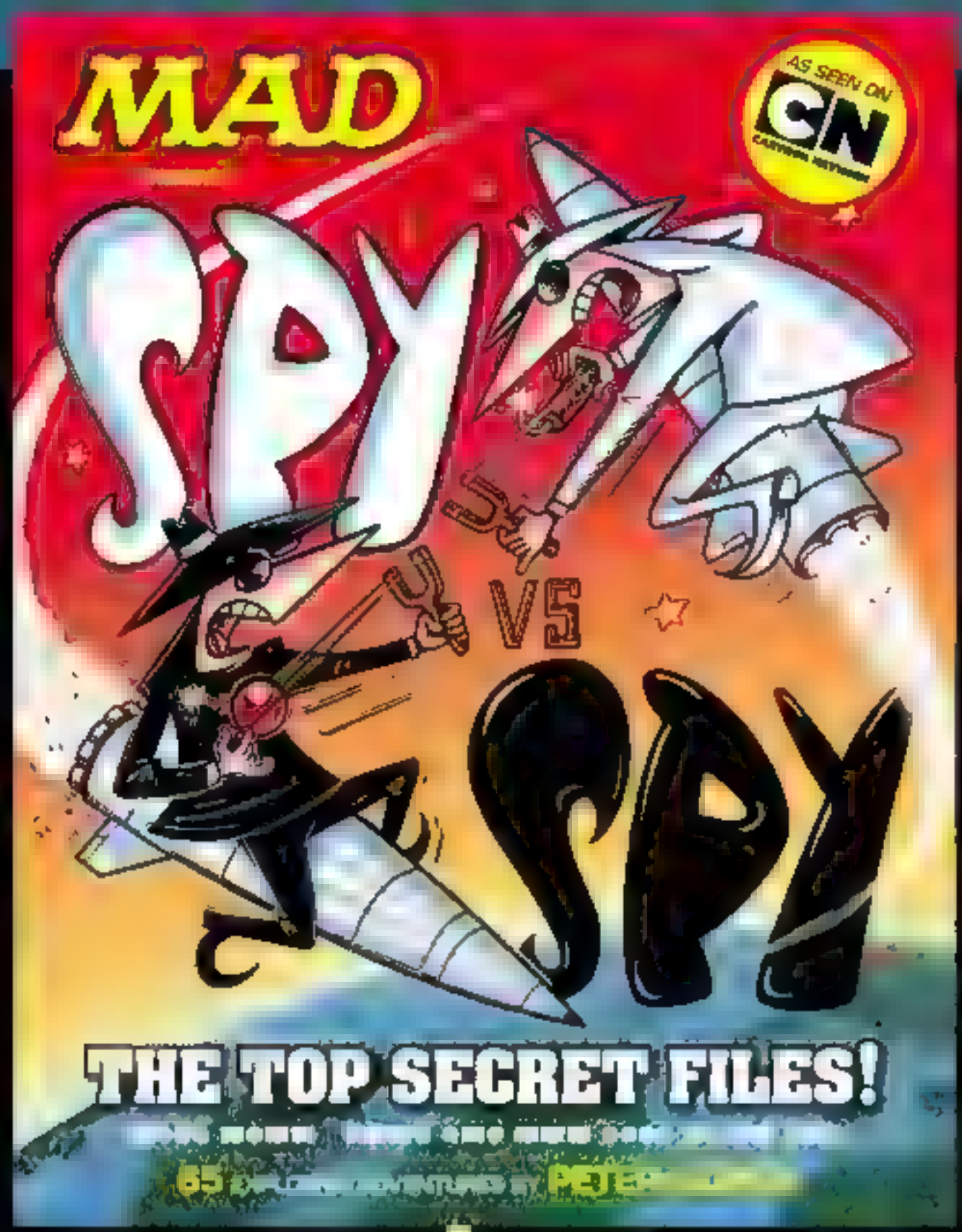
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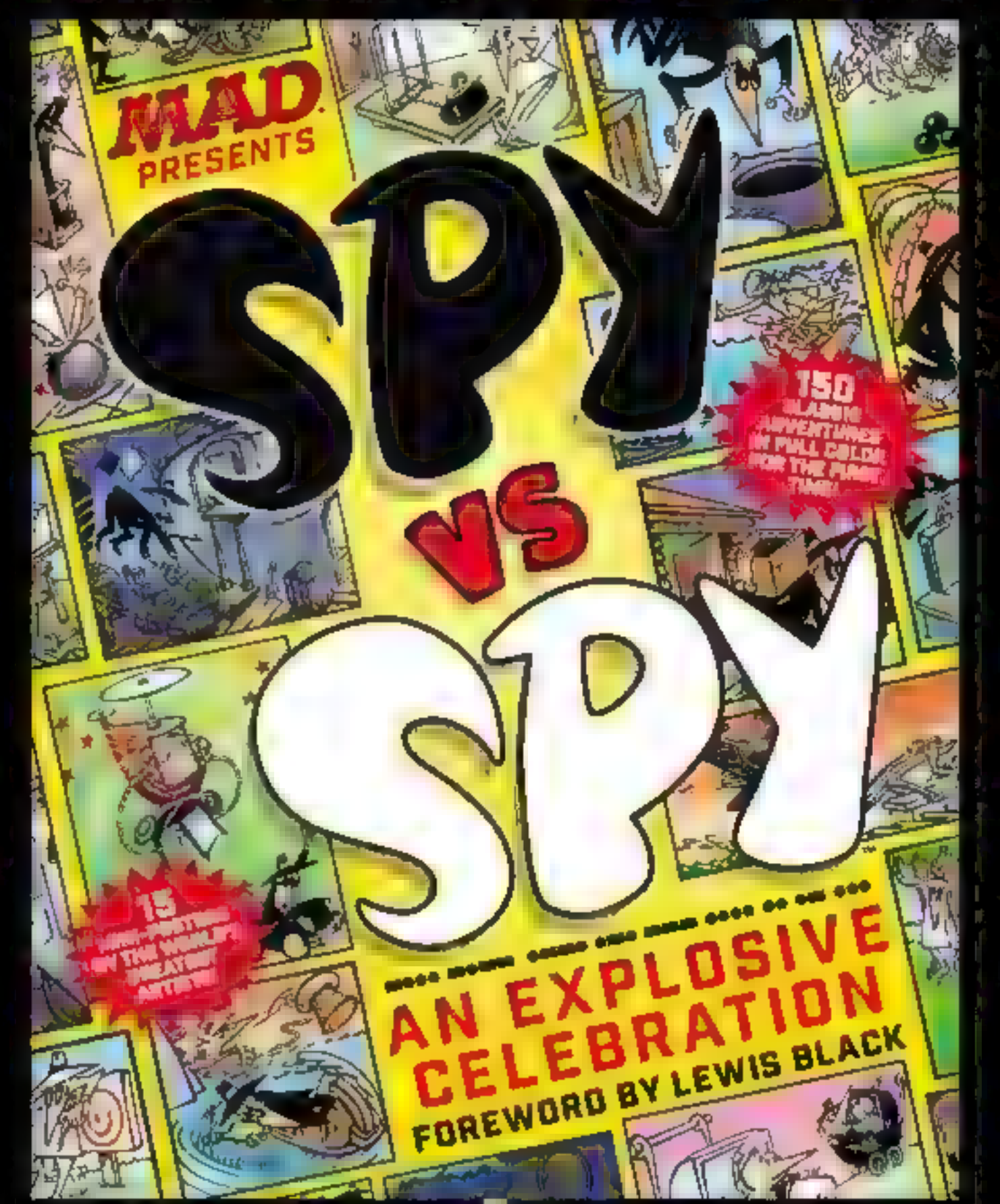
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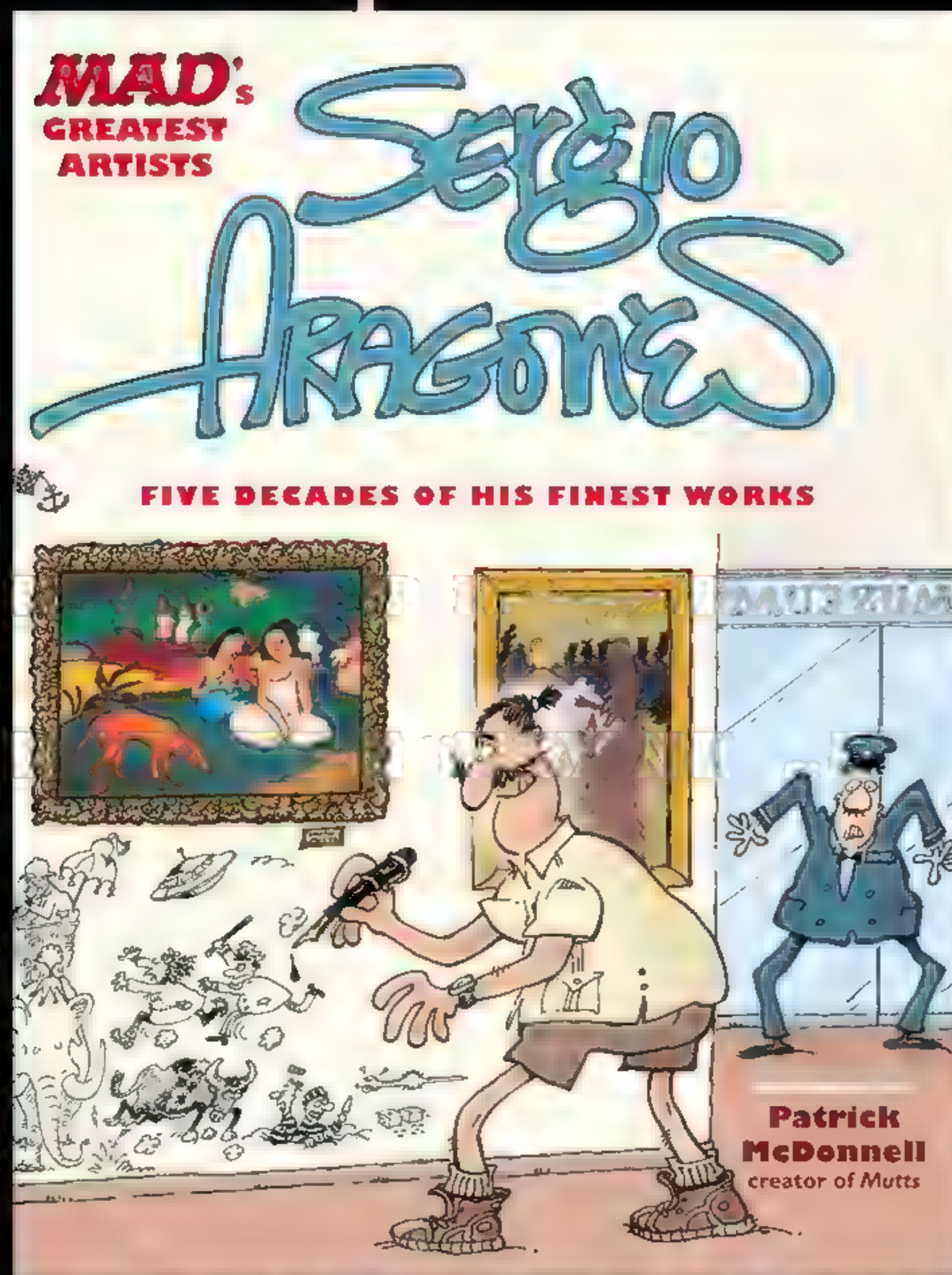
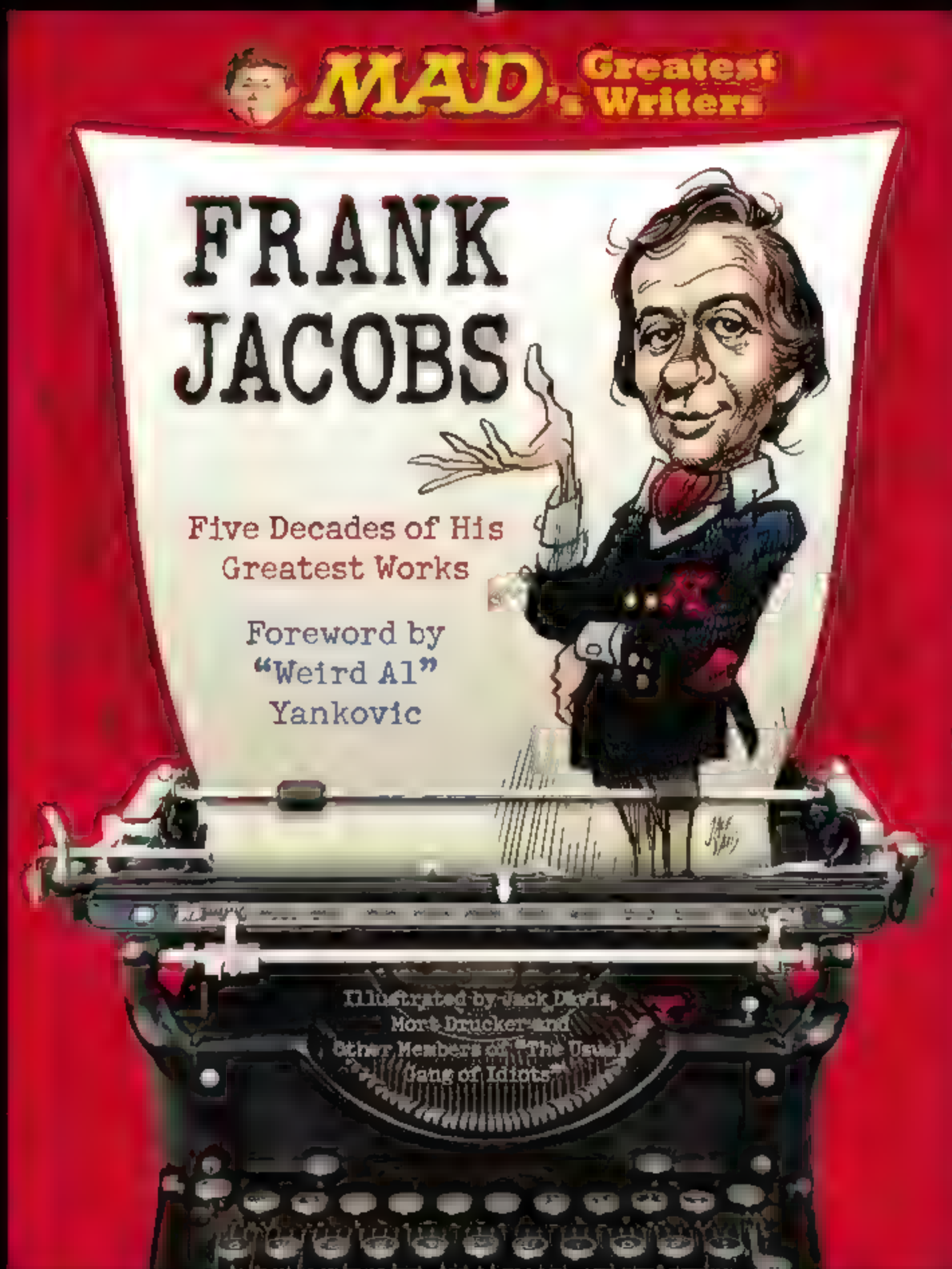


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150 of the Spies' best
adventures, in full color for
the first time! Plus a special
illustrated tribute to Antonio
Prohias by Sergio Aragonés!

**AND
MORE!**

Six pointless
collections,
perfect for fans
of MAD on
Cartoon Network!

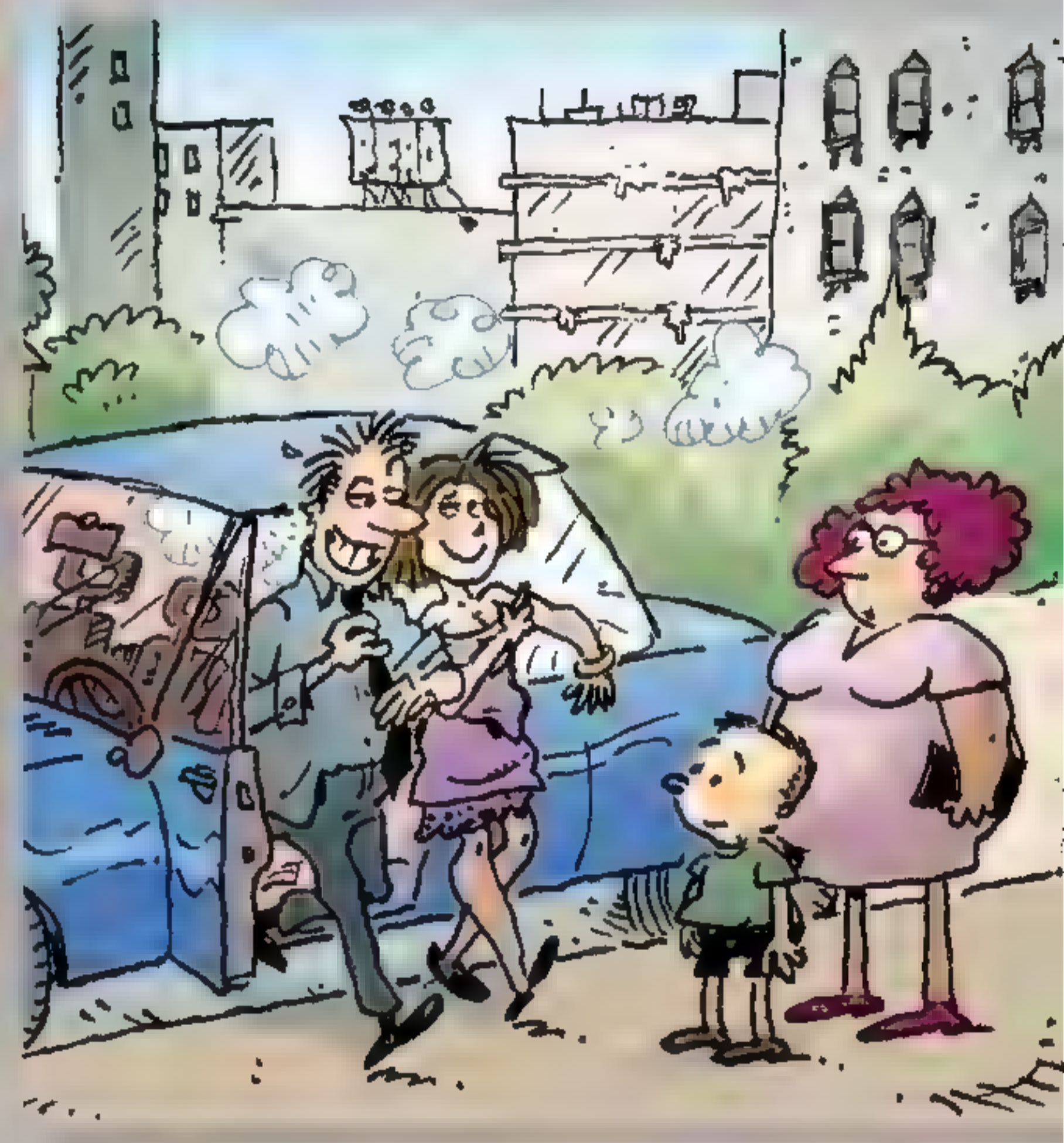
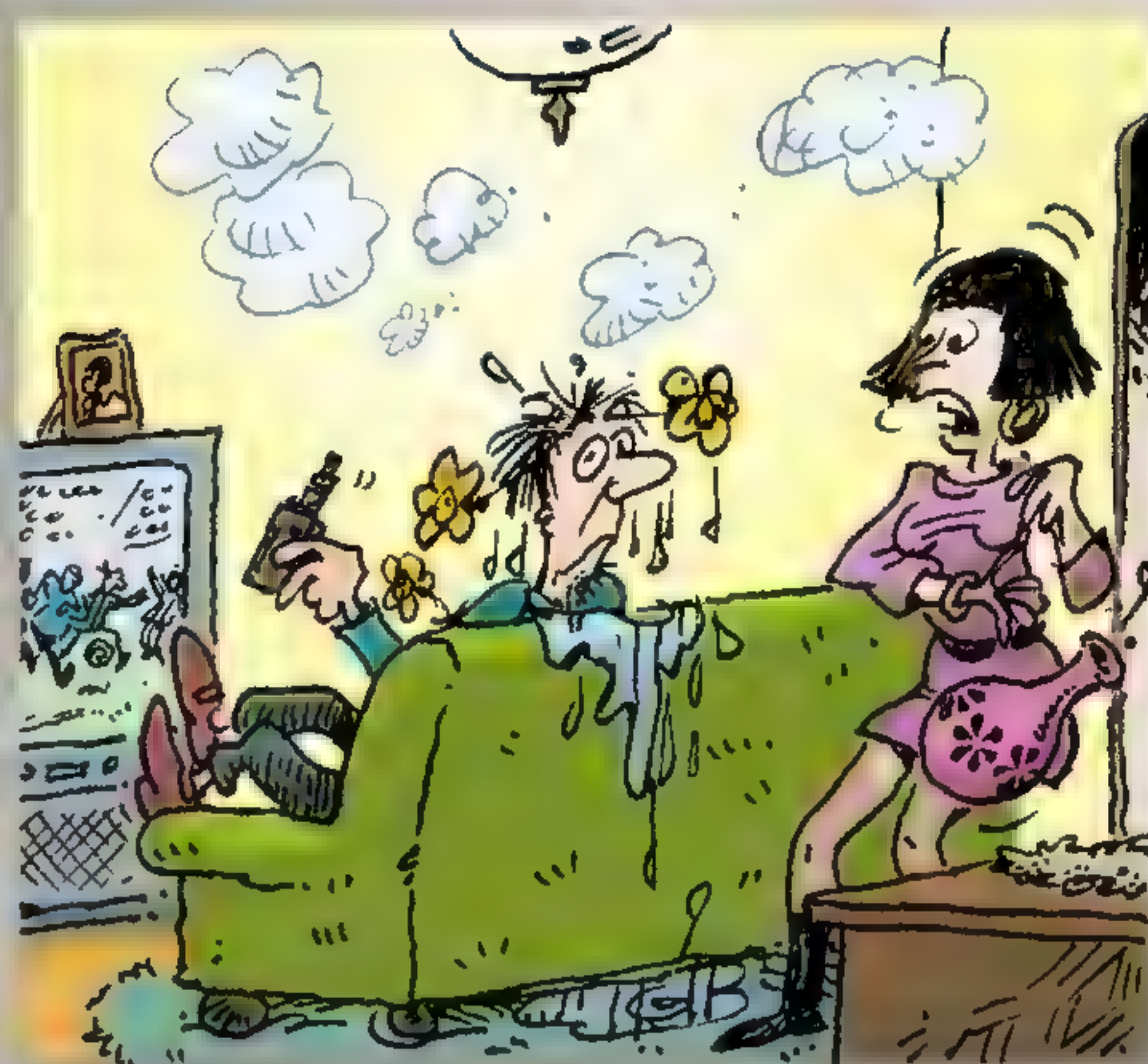
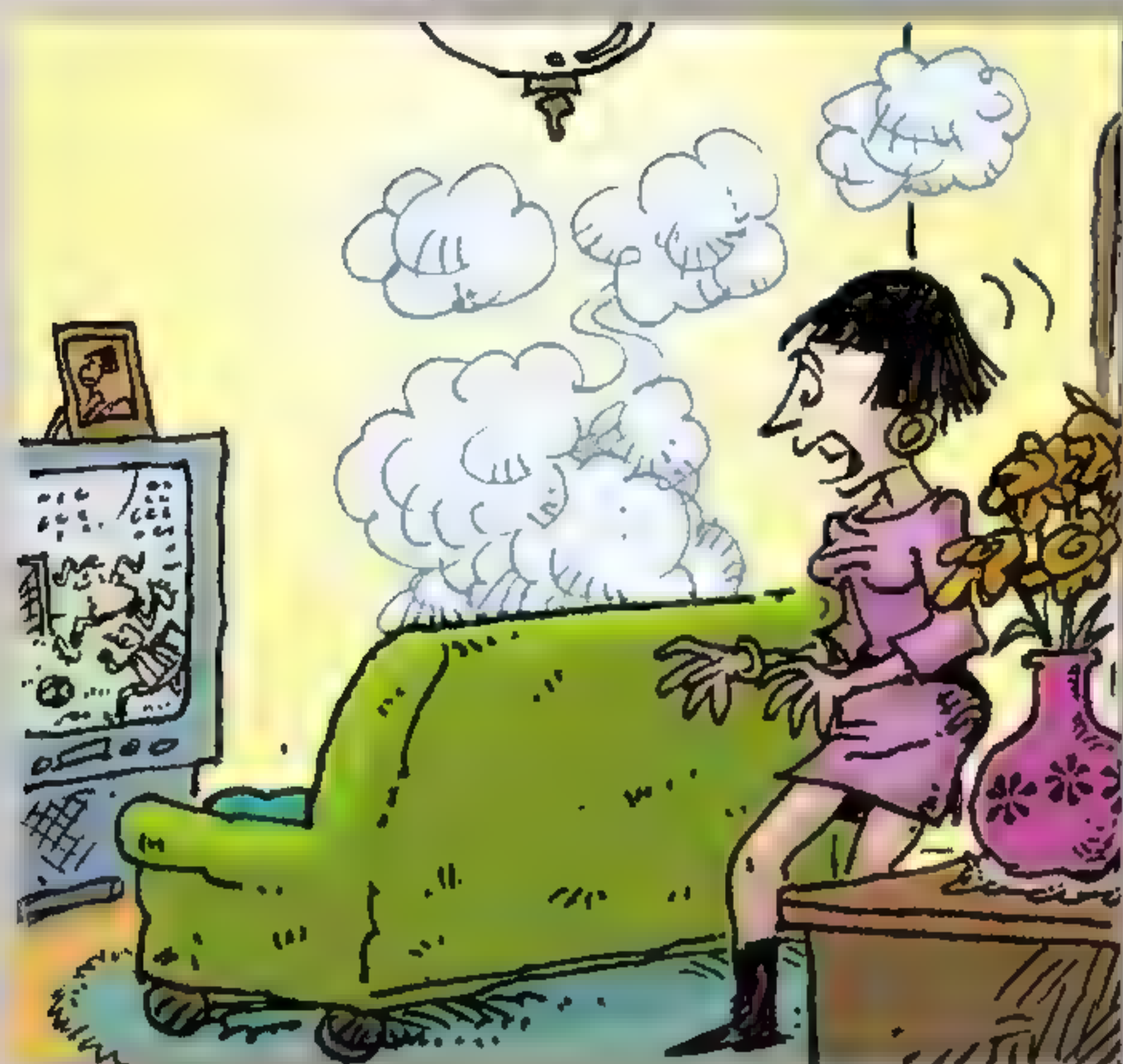


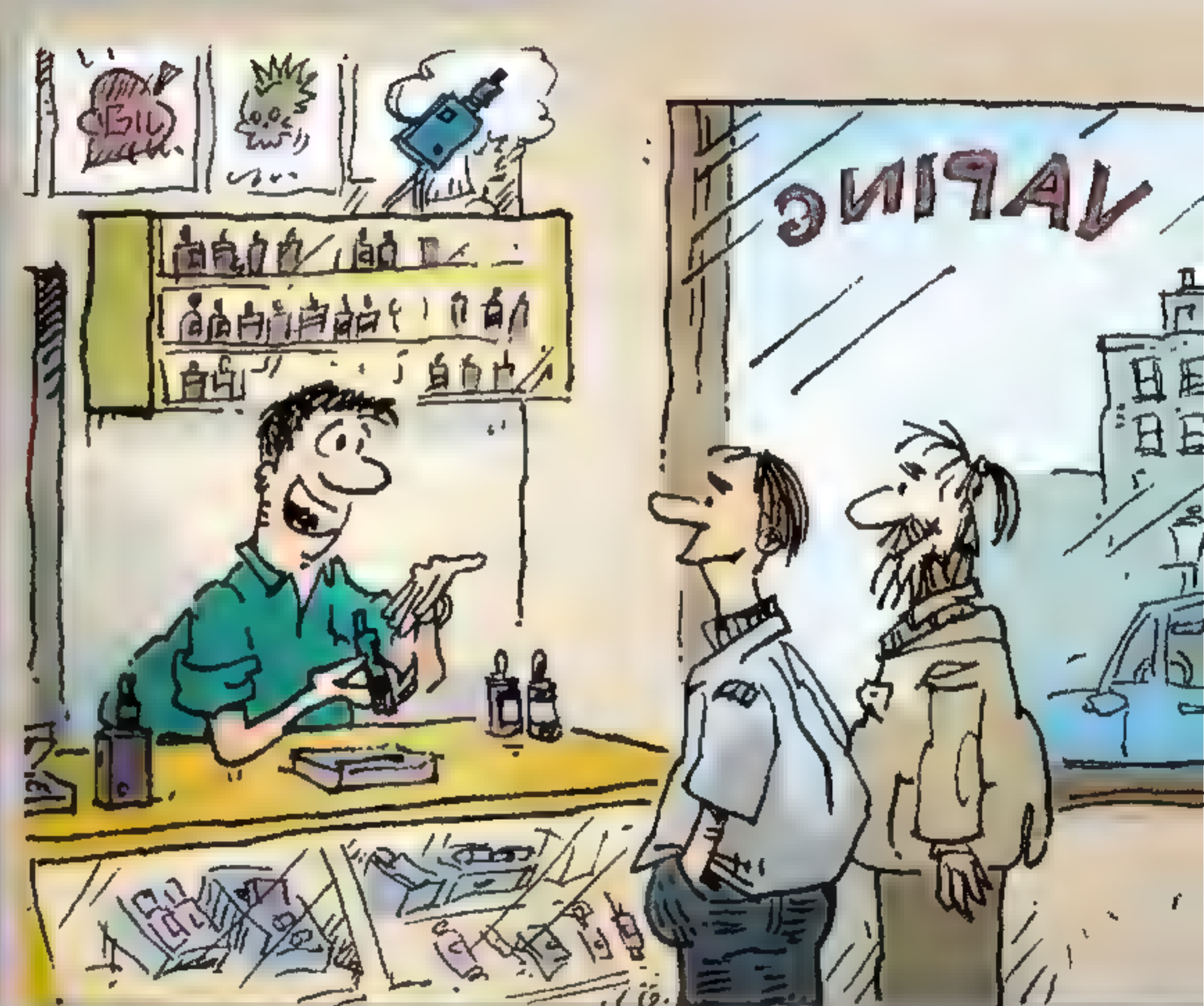
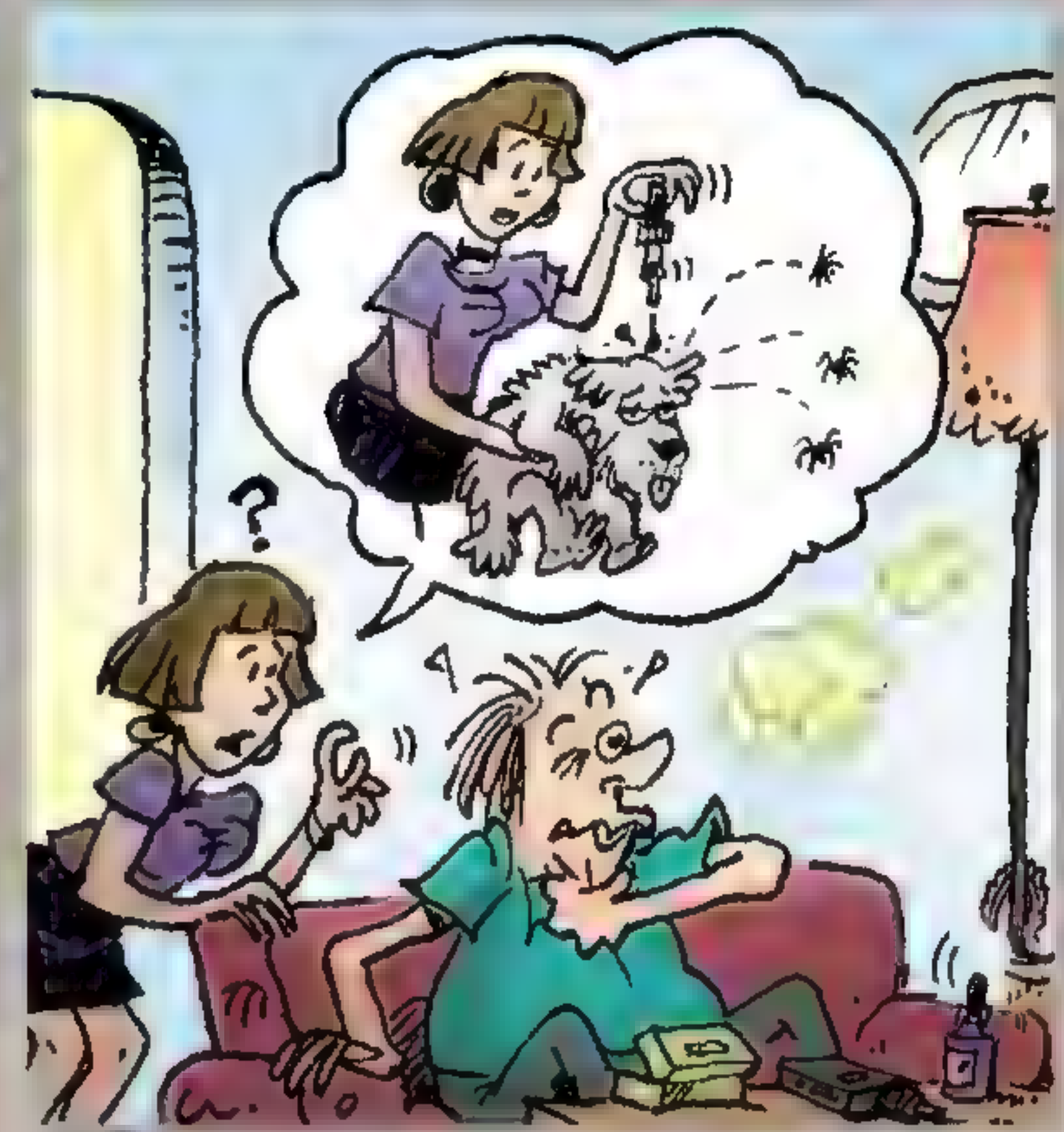
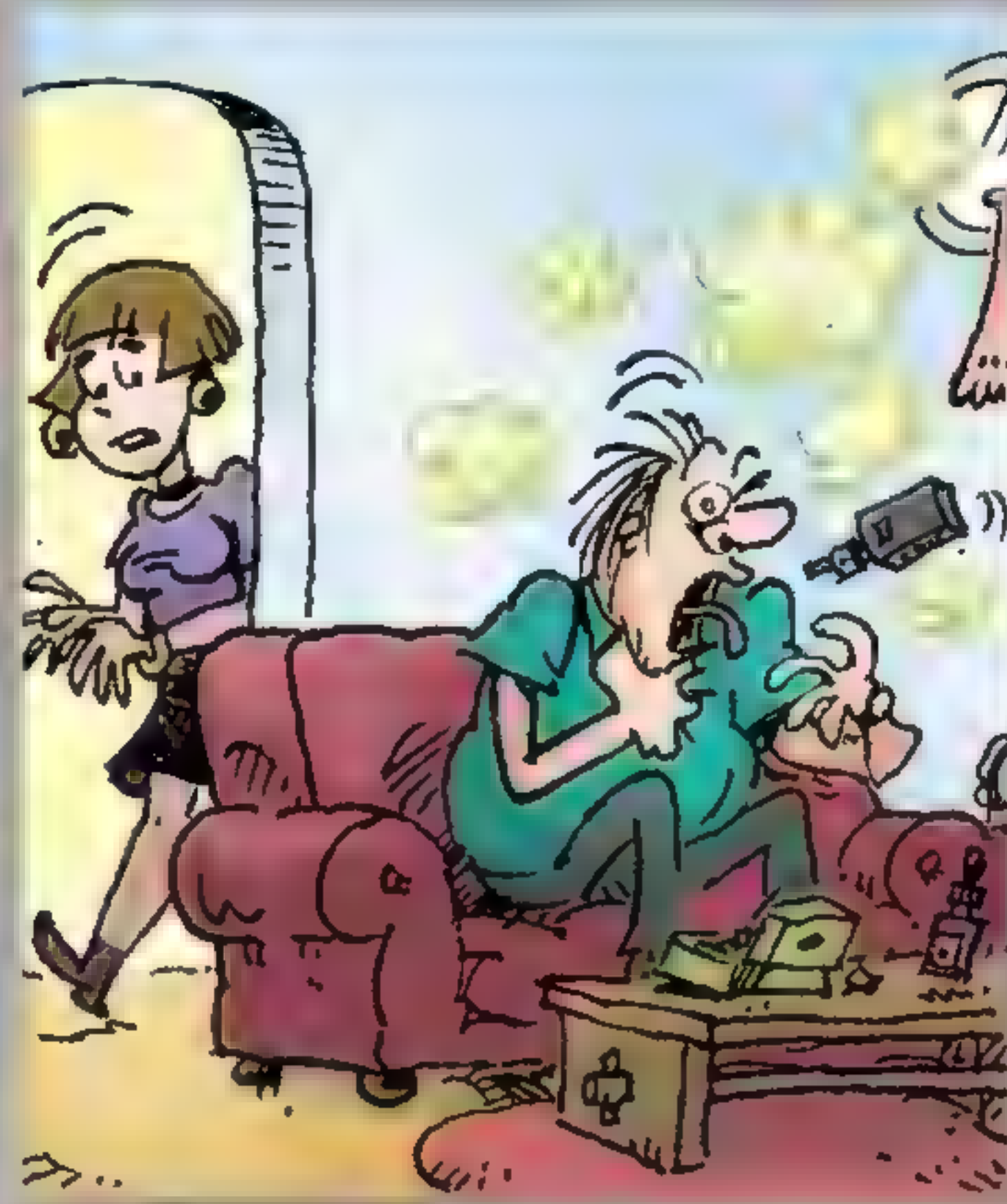
OF BOOKSTORES WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD — DUH!



SERGIO ARAGONE'S
PRESENTS

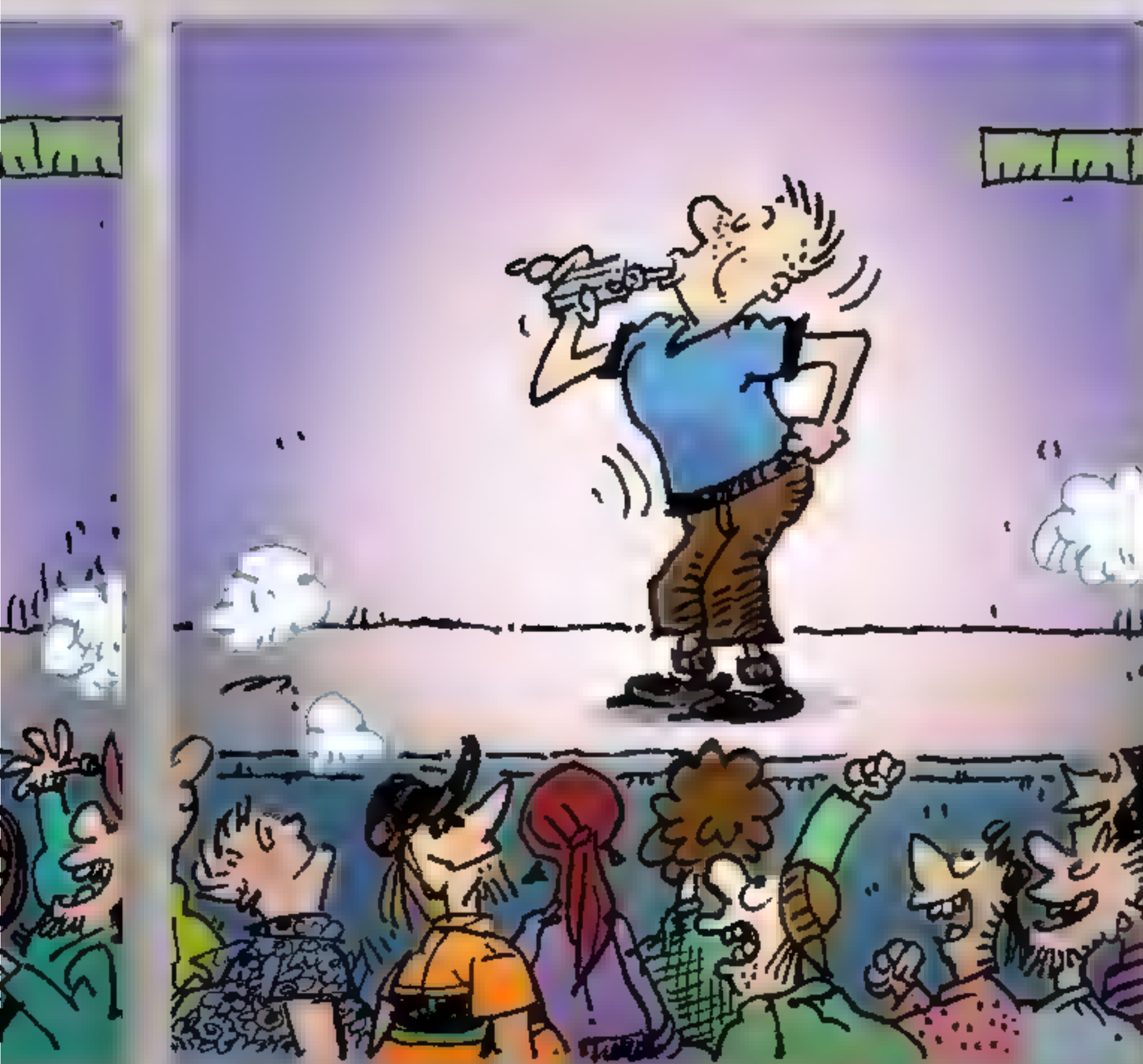
A MAD LOOK

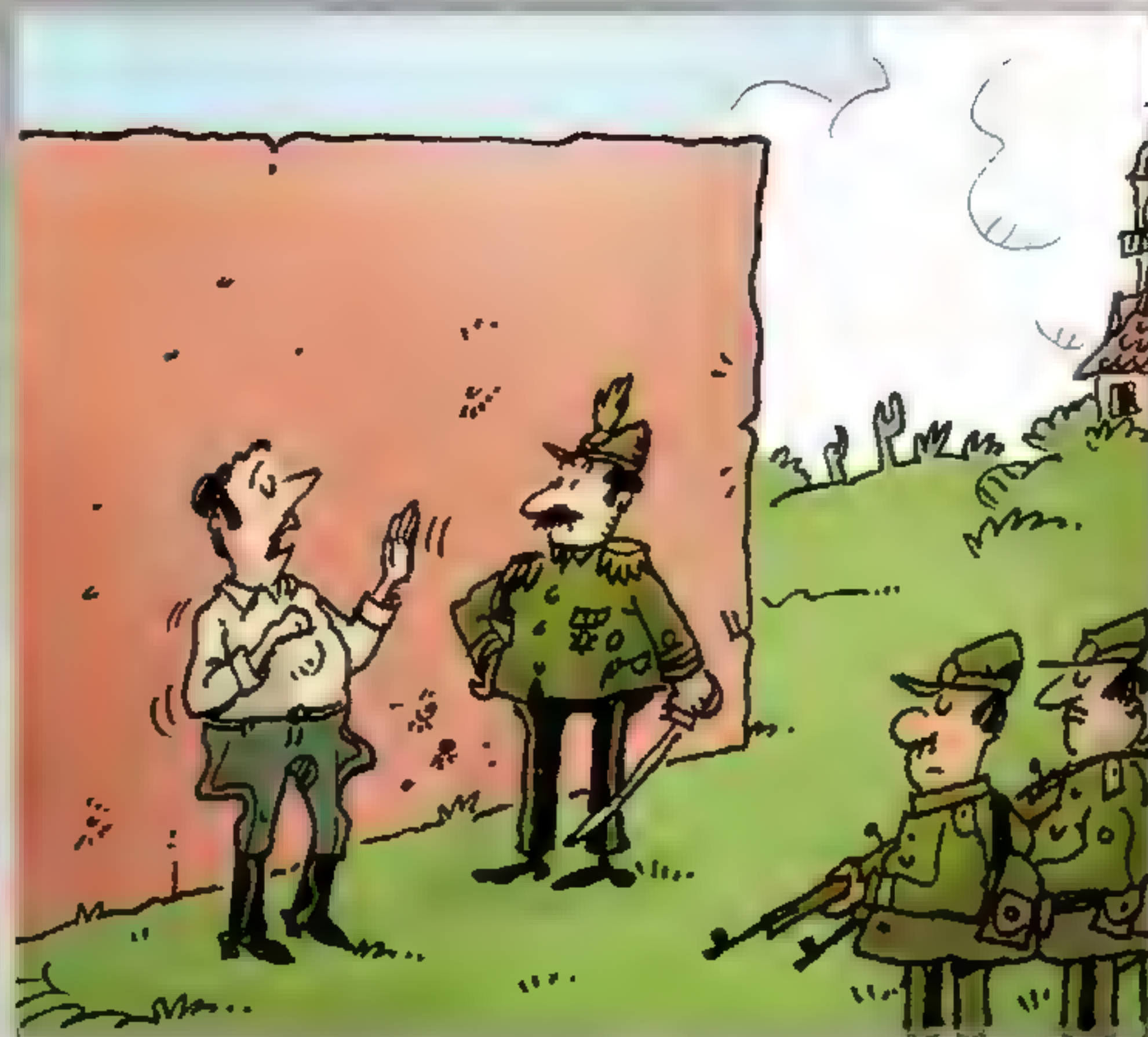
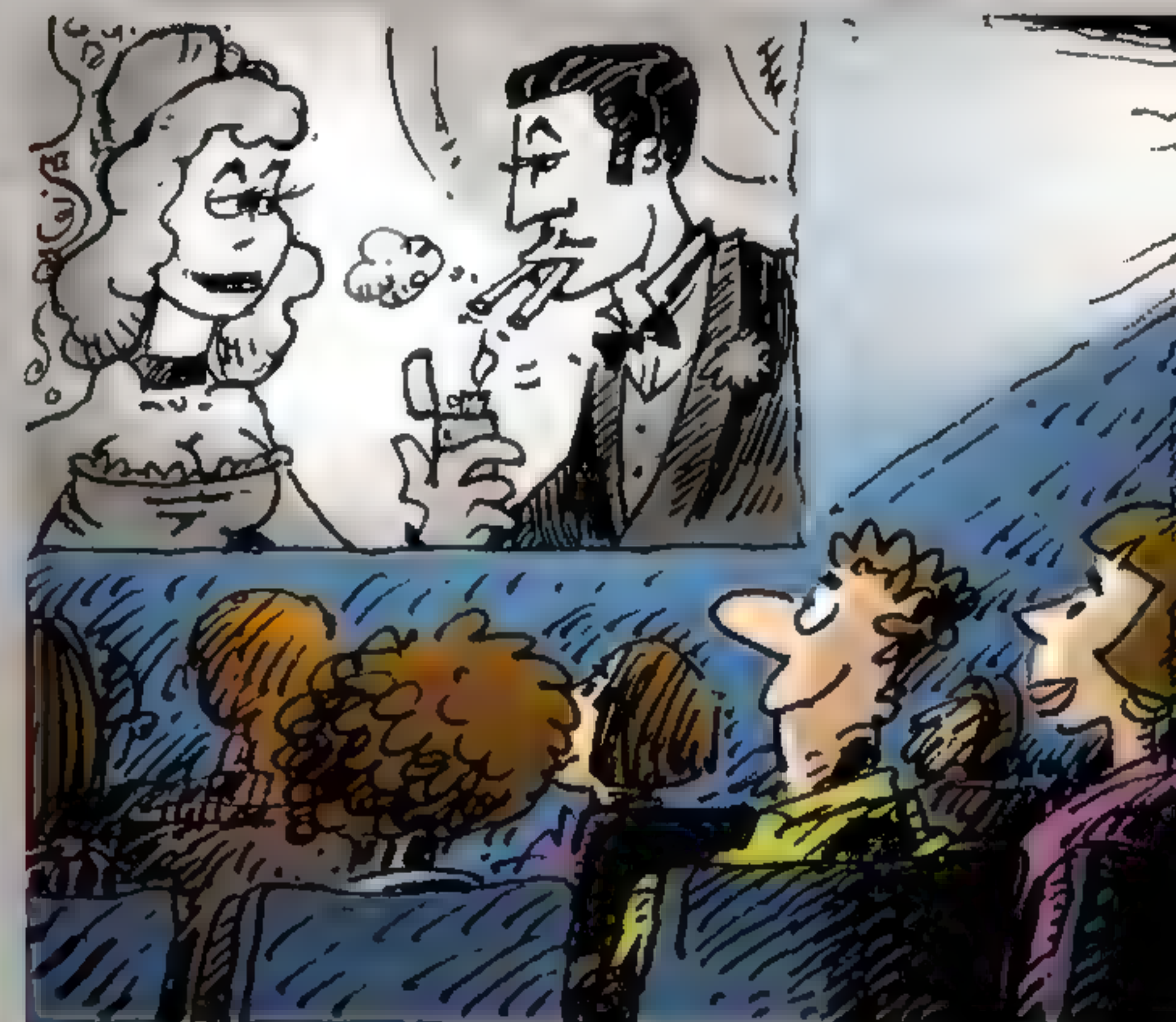
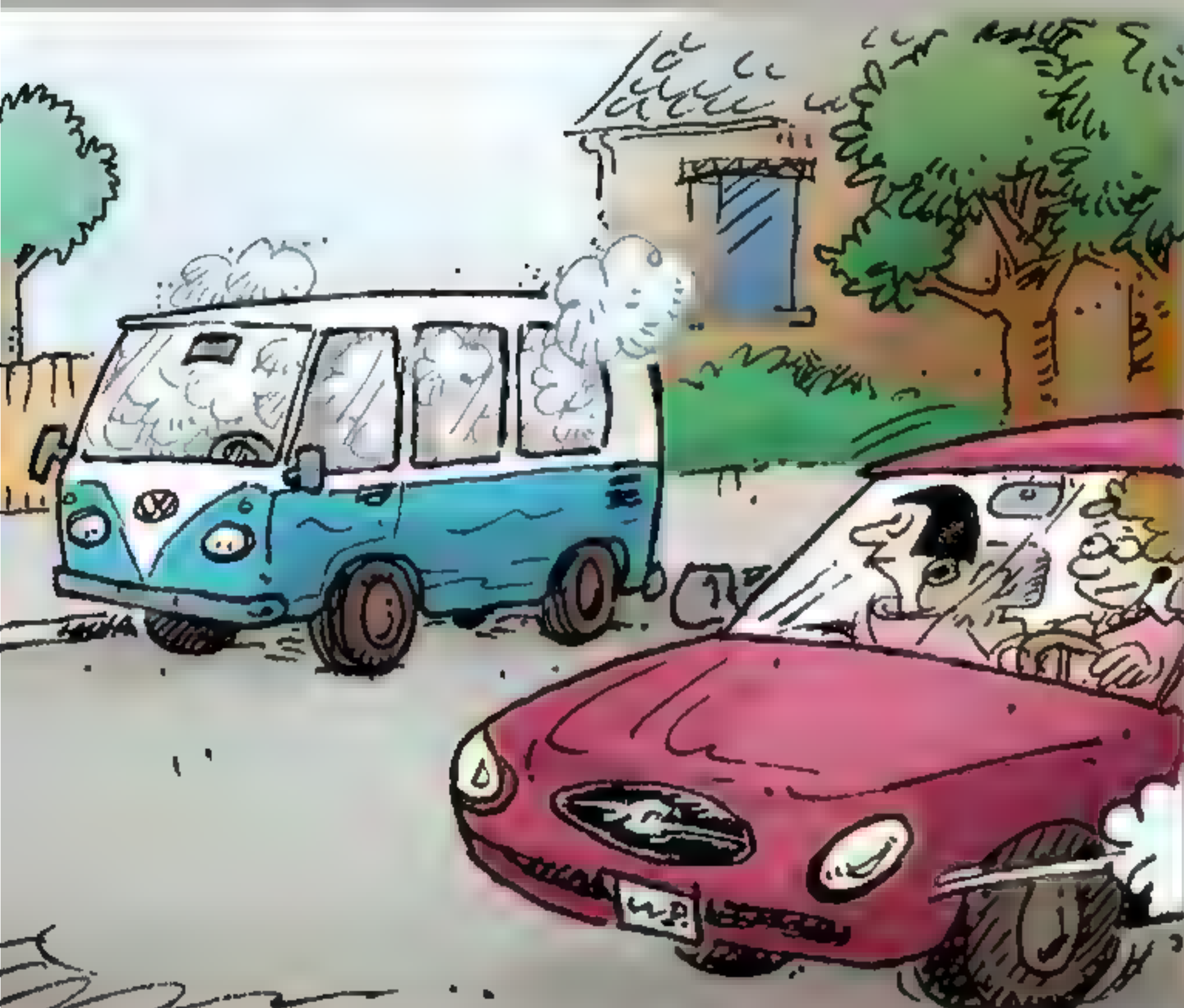


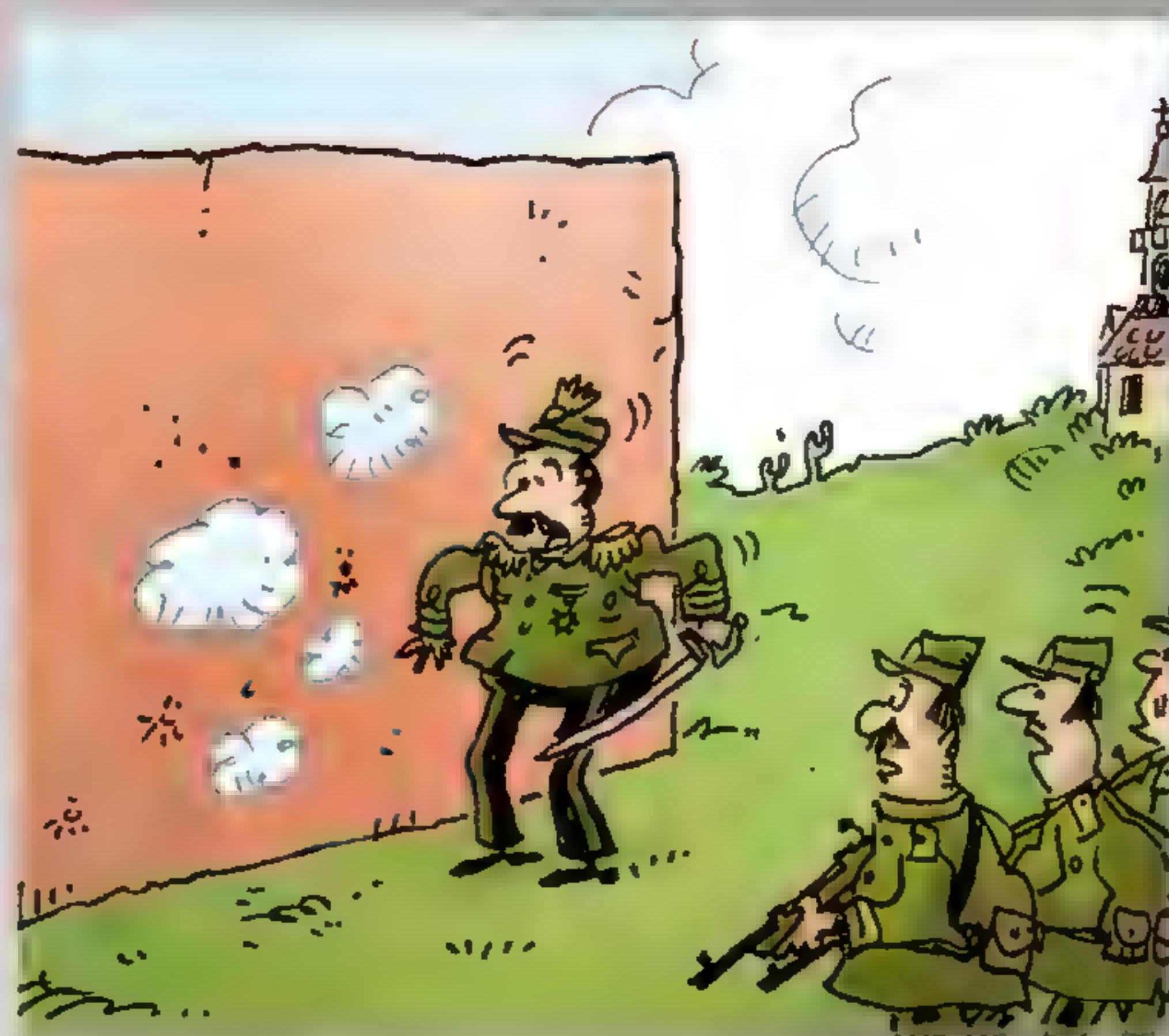
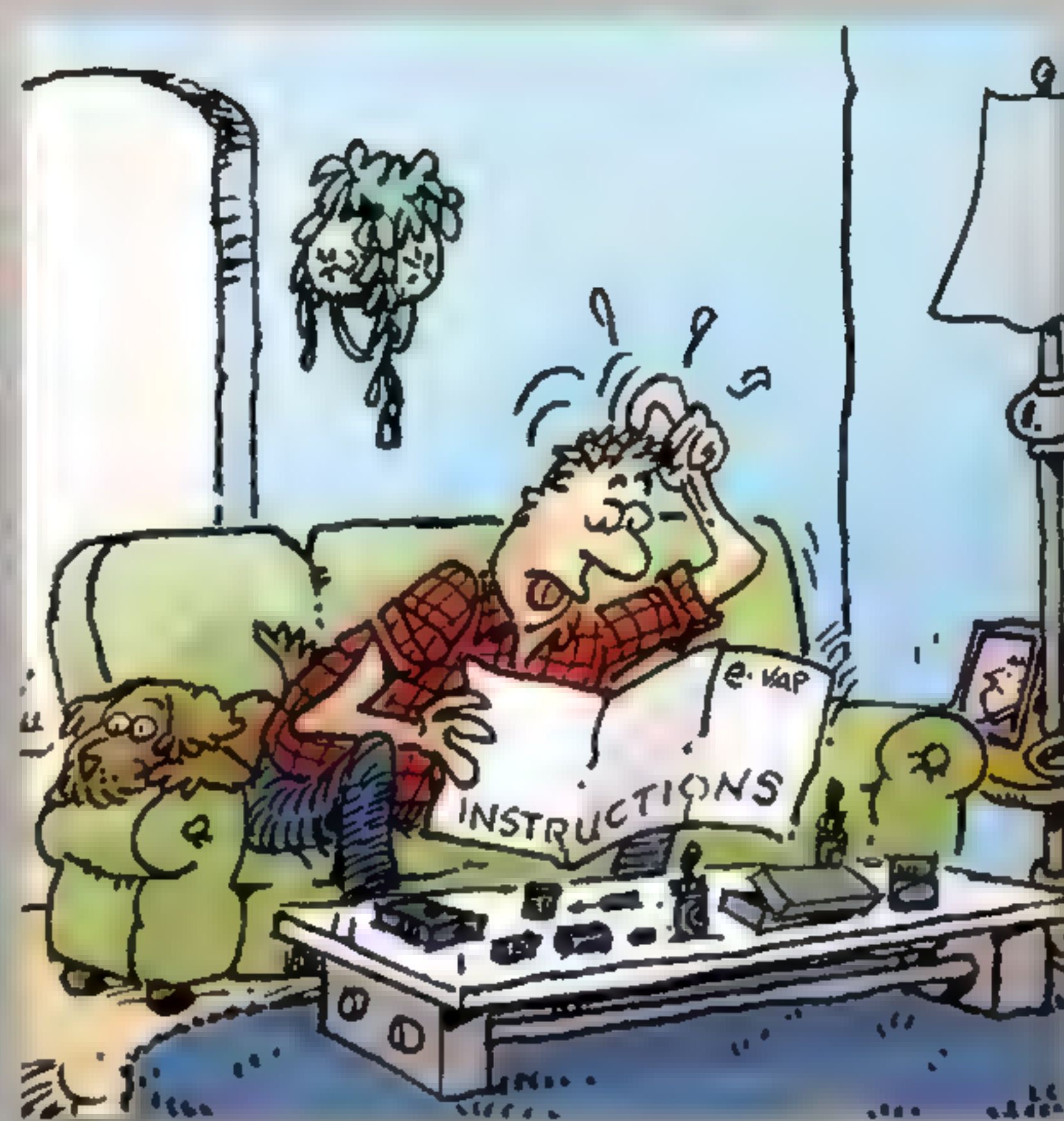


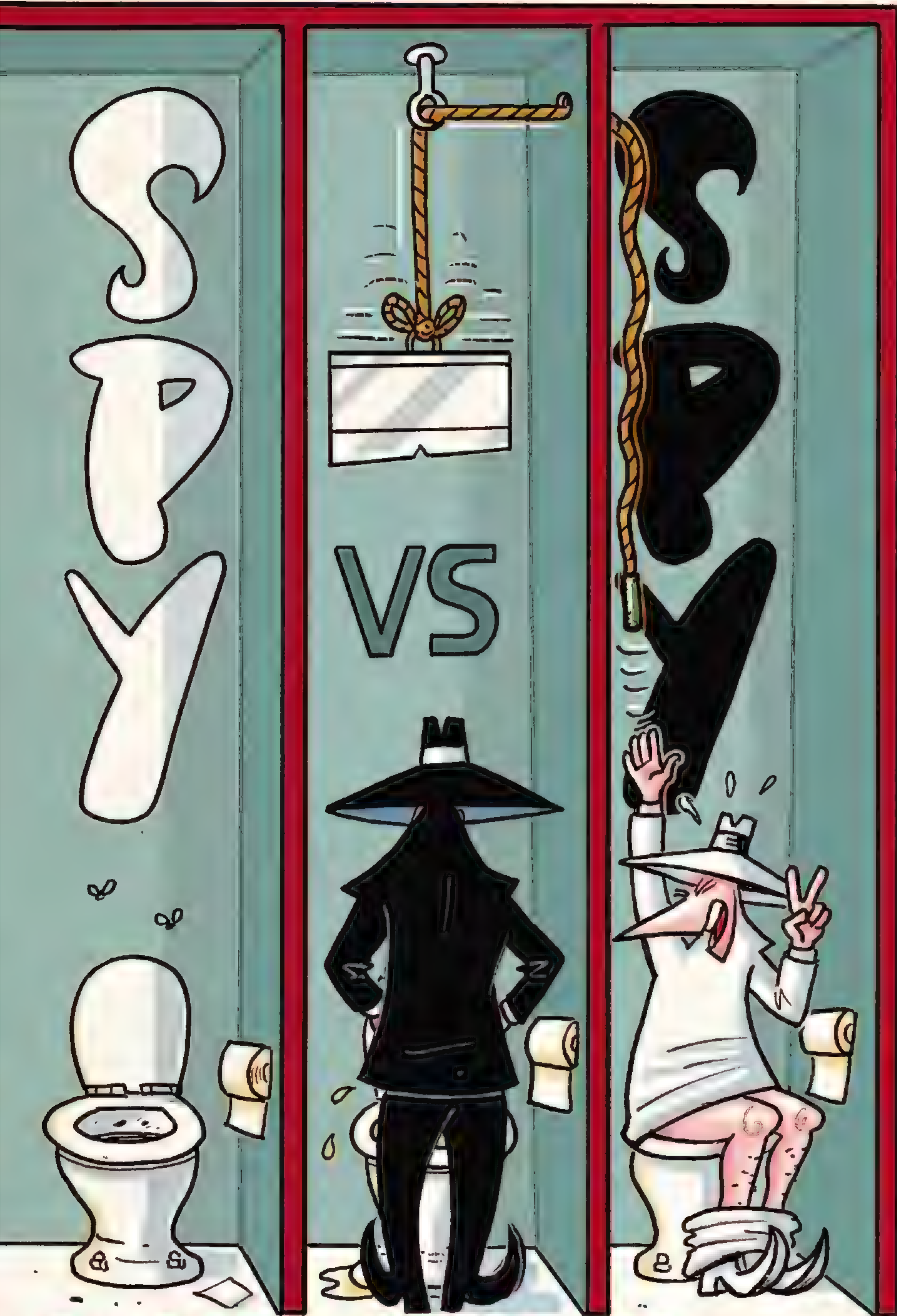
WRITER AND ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONÉS

COLORIST: JIM CAMPBELL

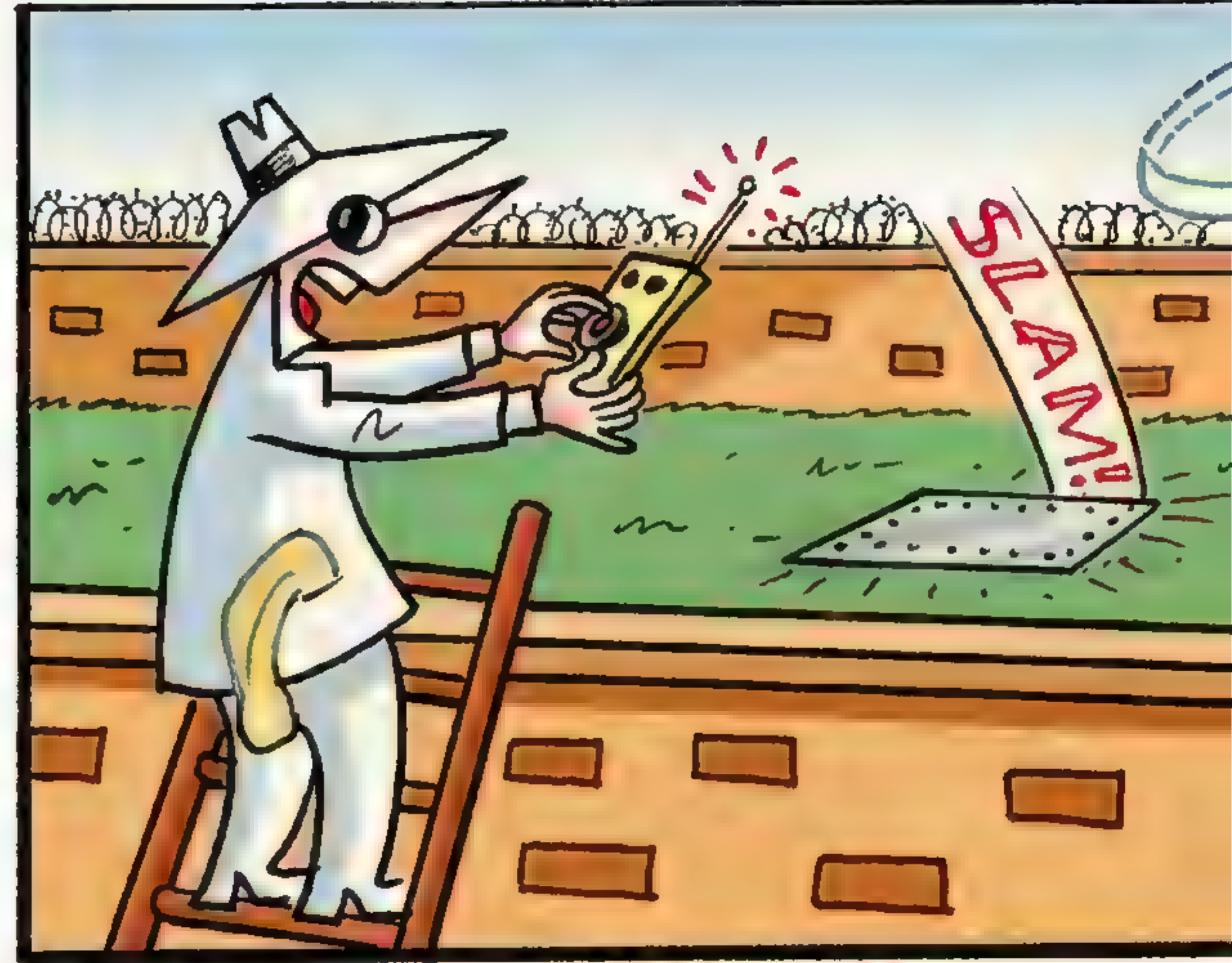
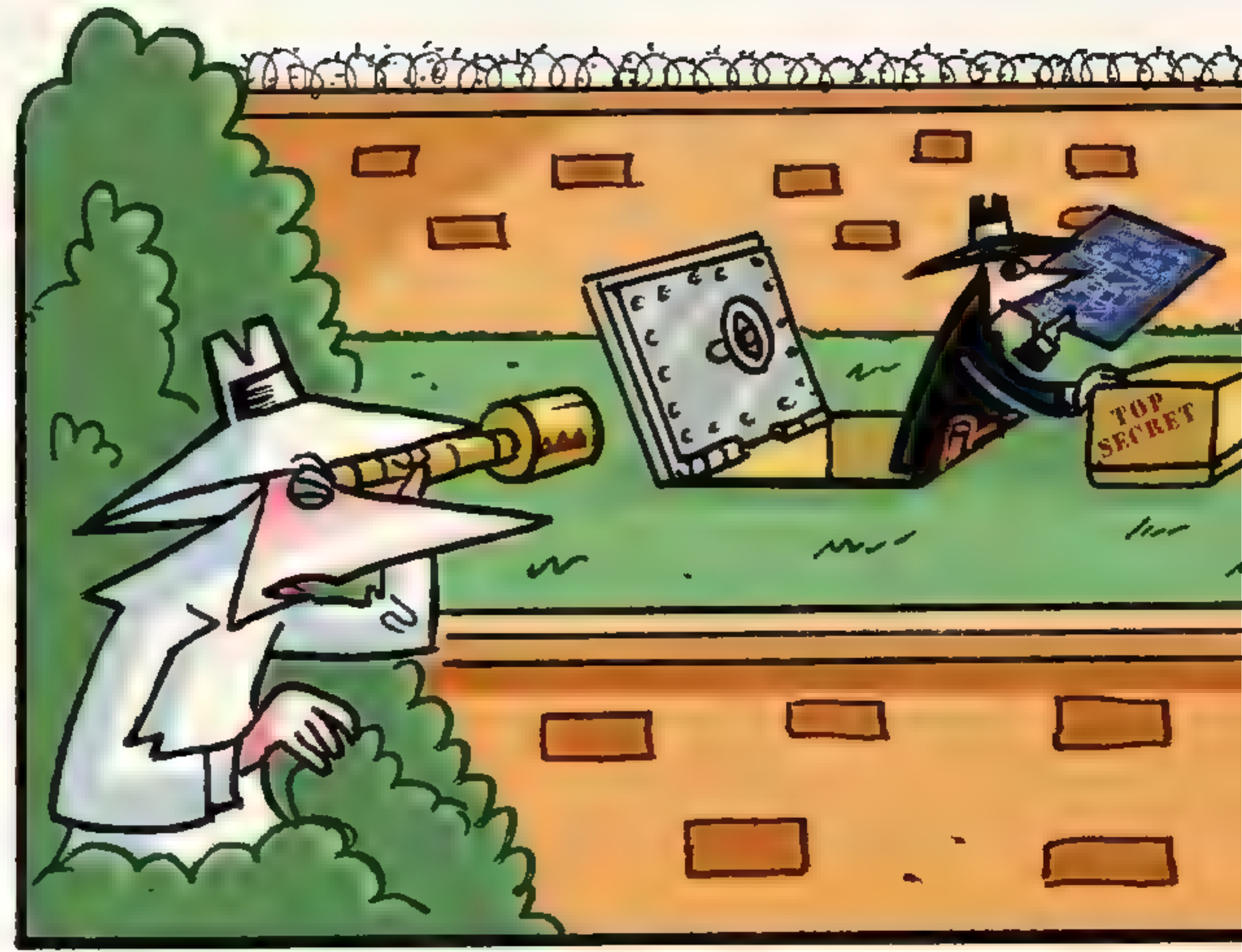


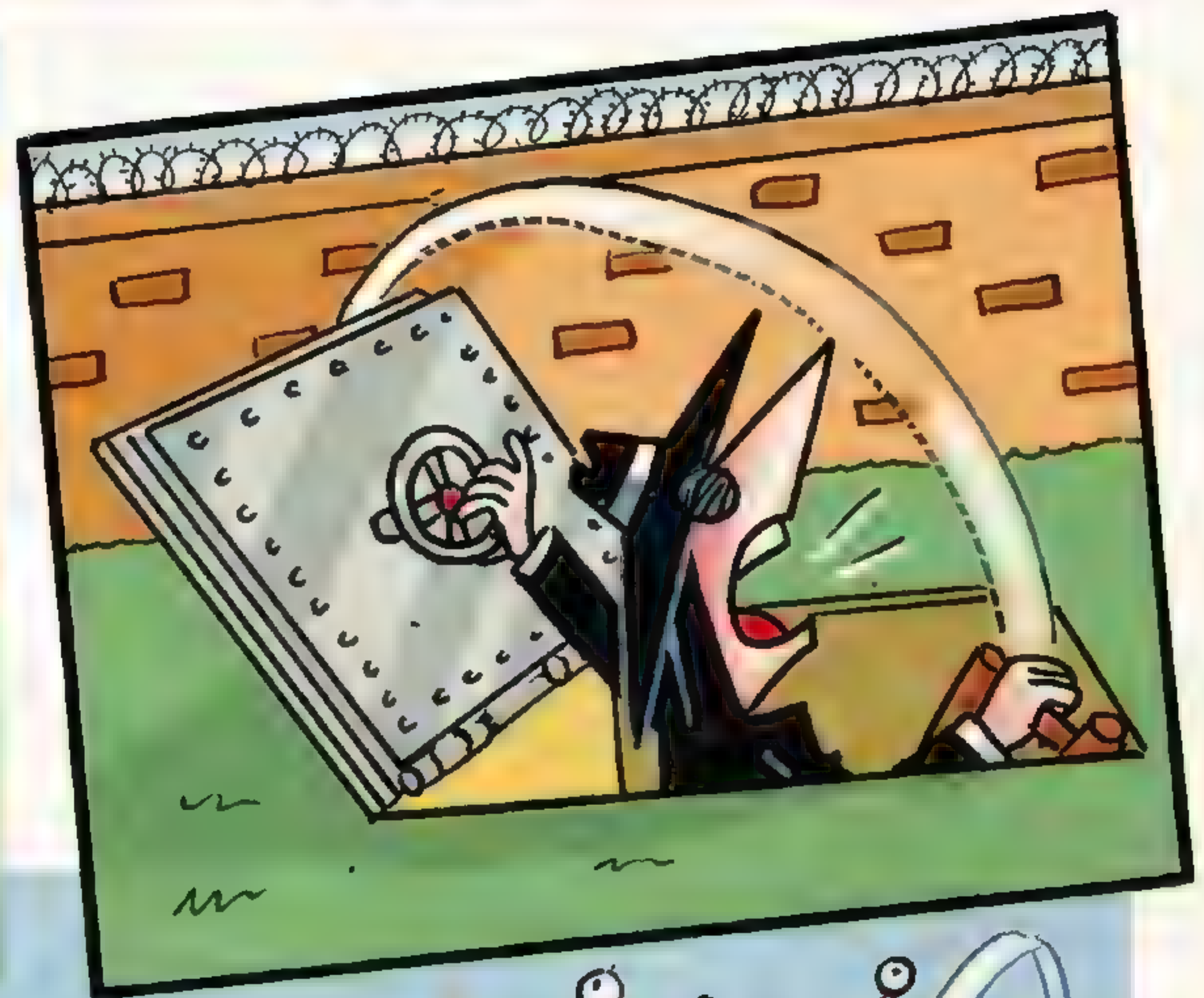
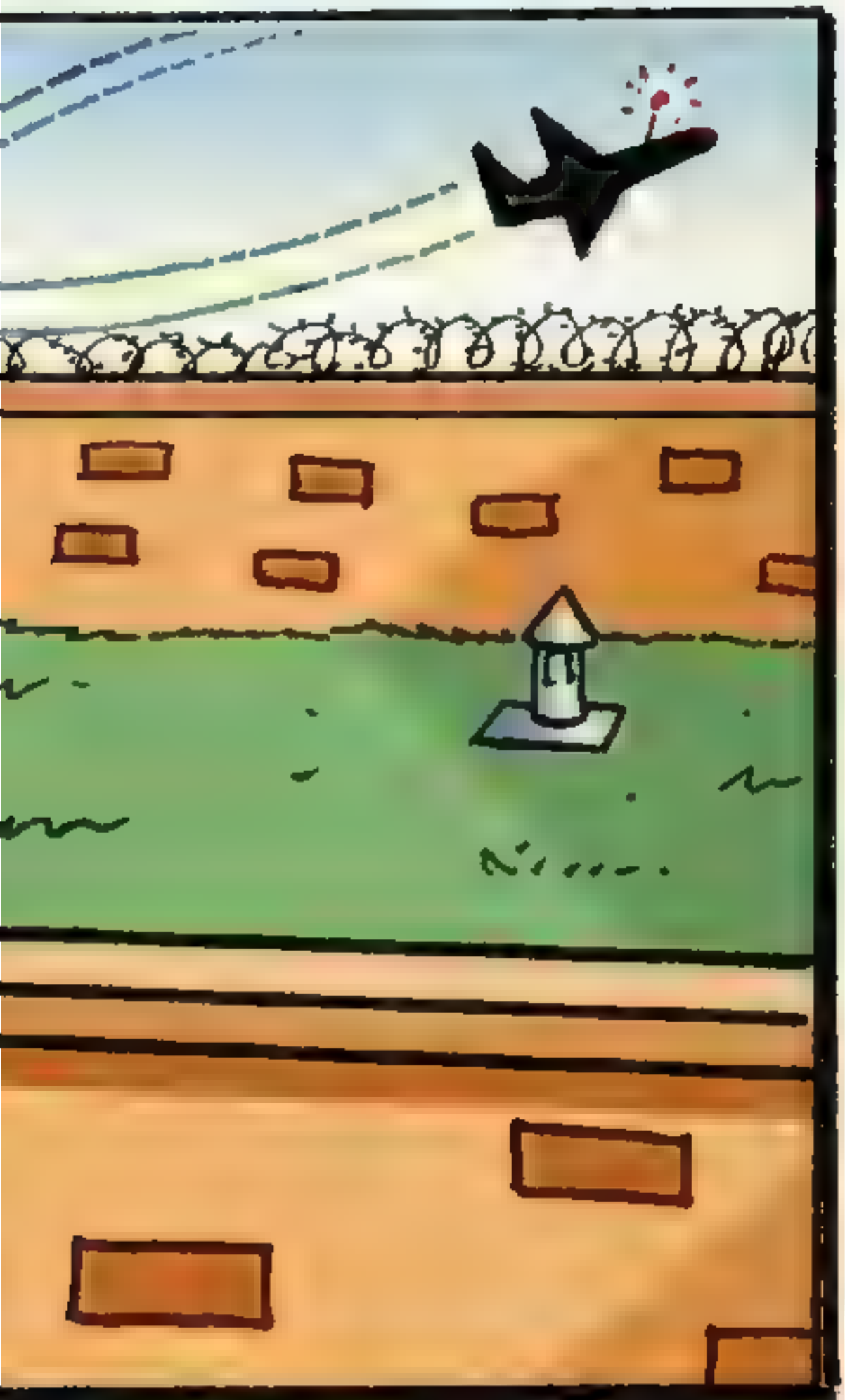
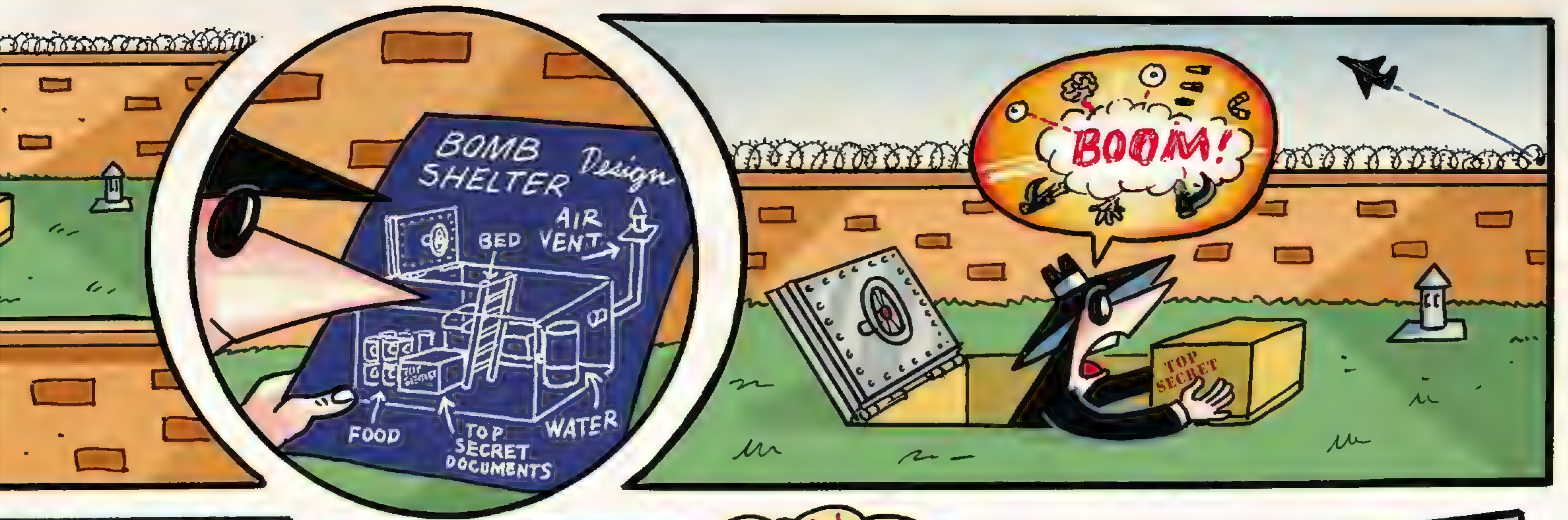






SPY VS RAP



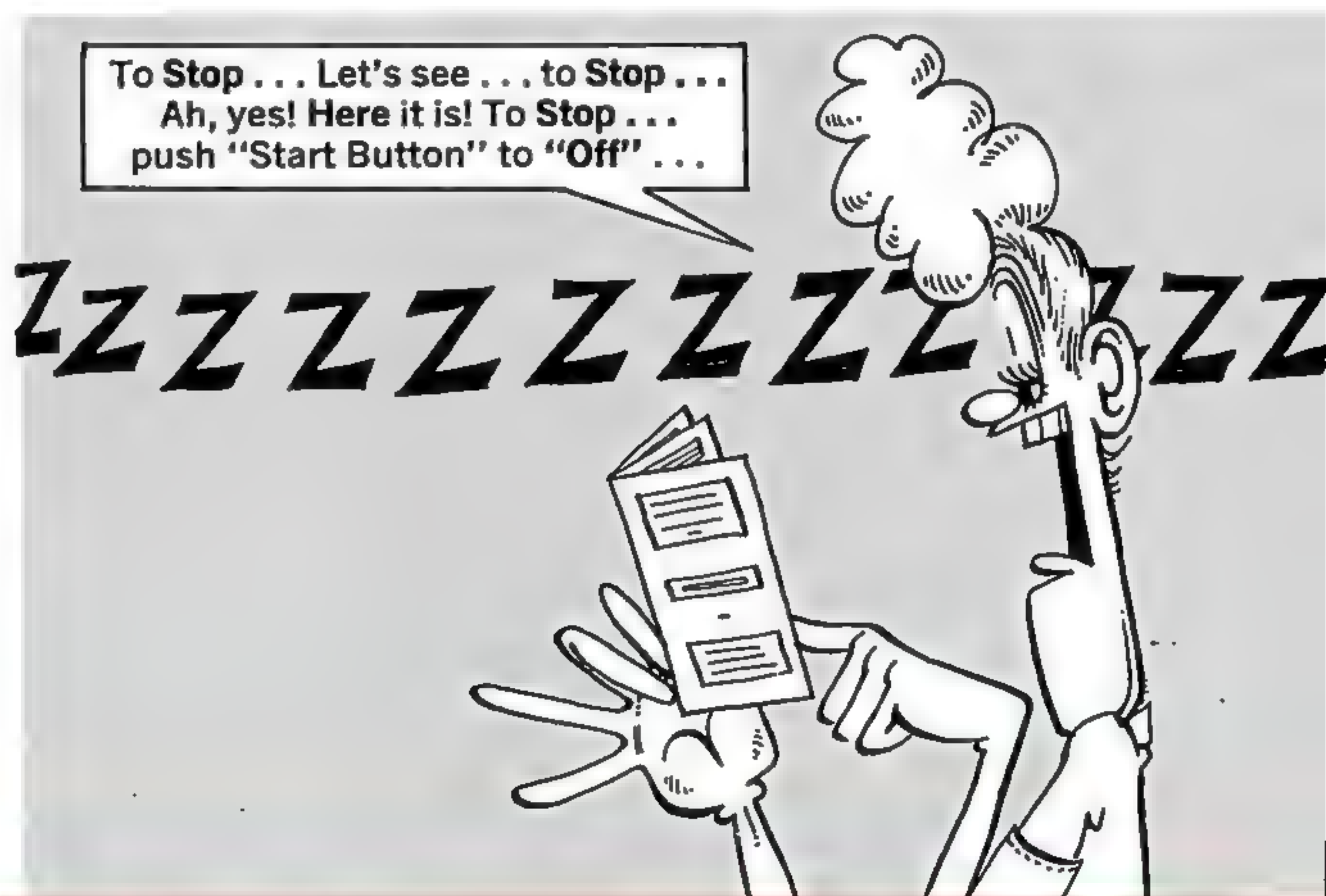
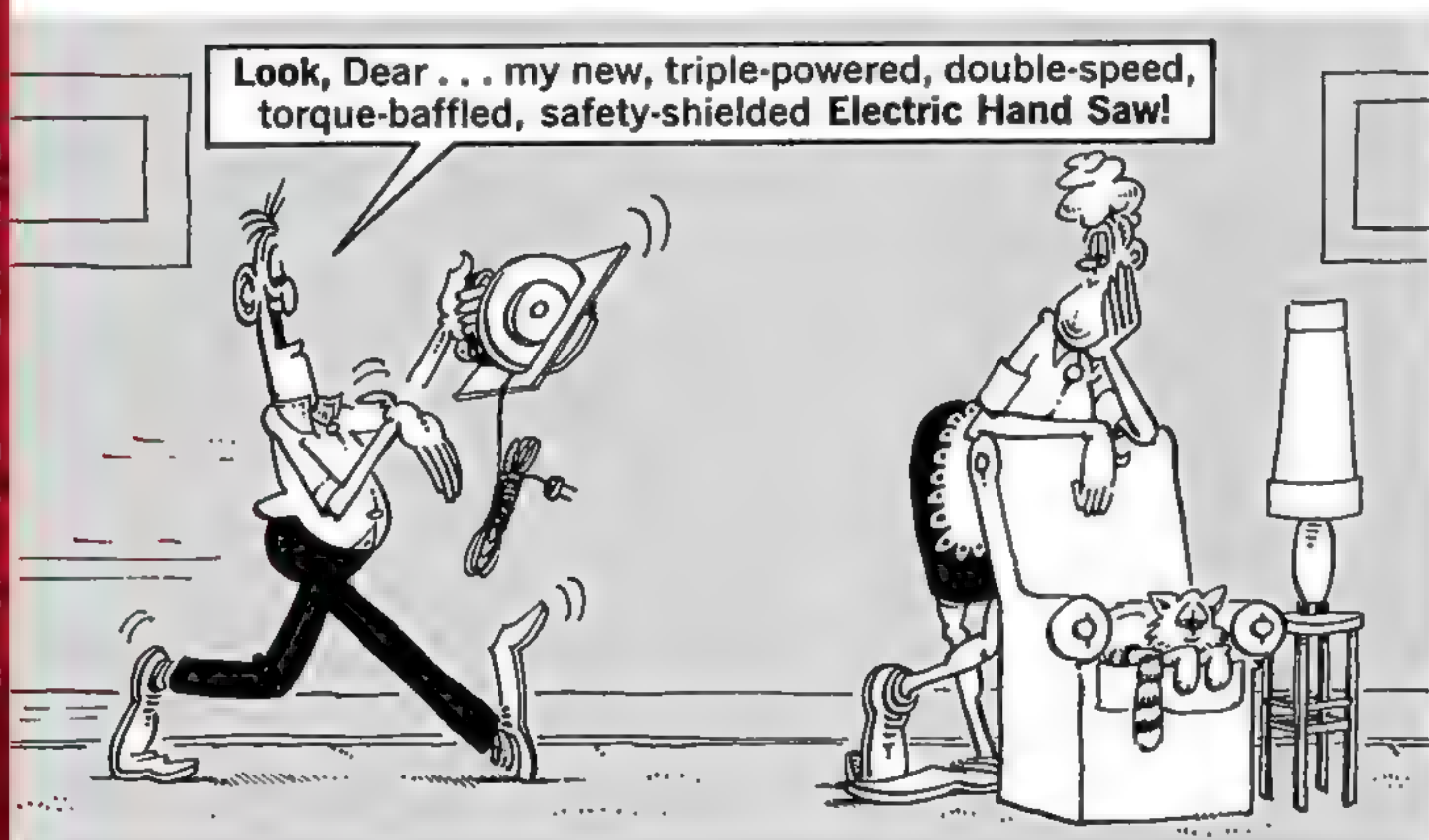
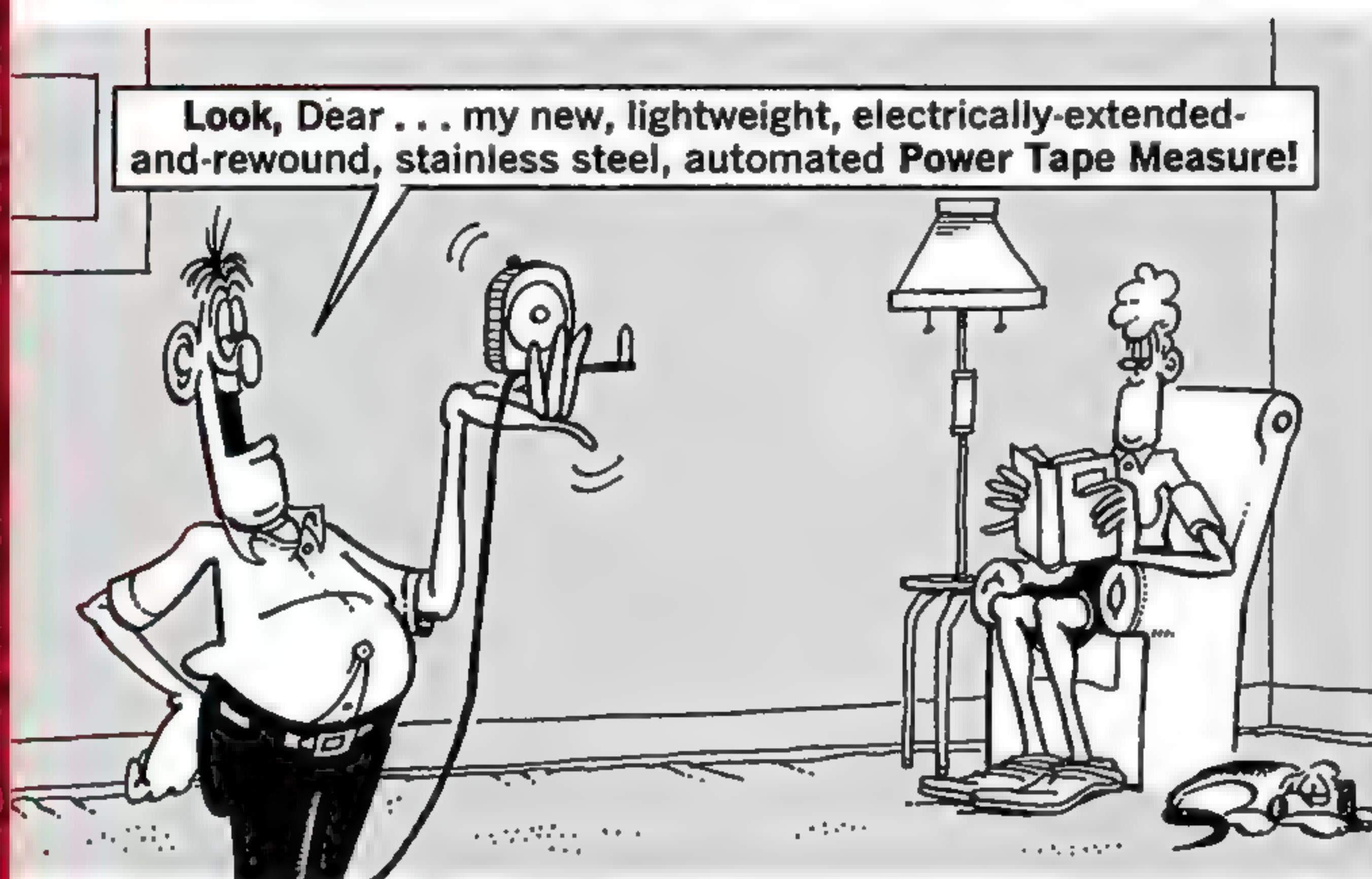


KUPER

THERE'S NO TOOL LIKE AN OLD TOOL DEPT.

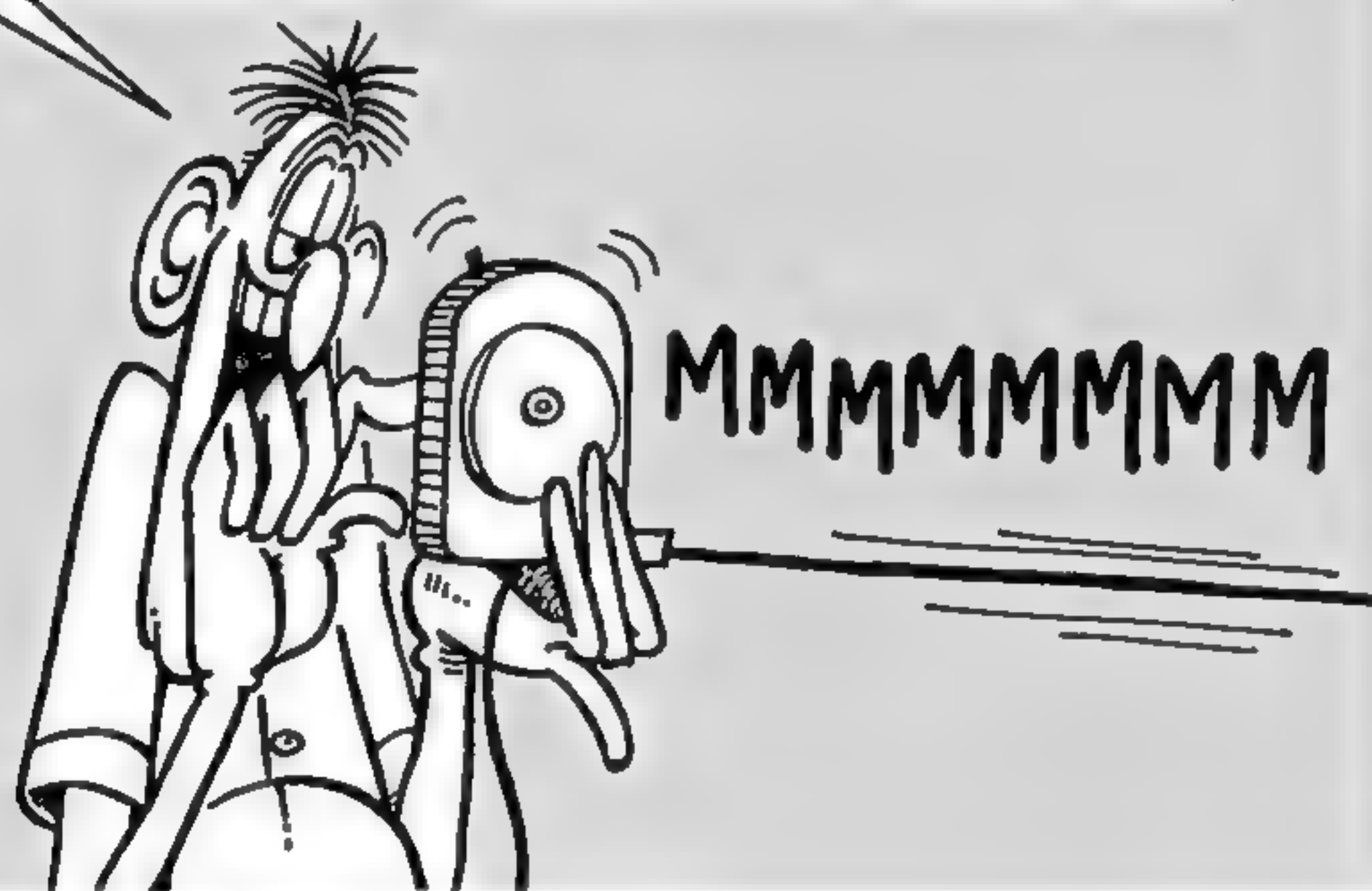
DON MARTIN'S PERSONAL EXPERIENCES WITH...

NEW POWER THE HO

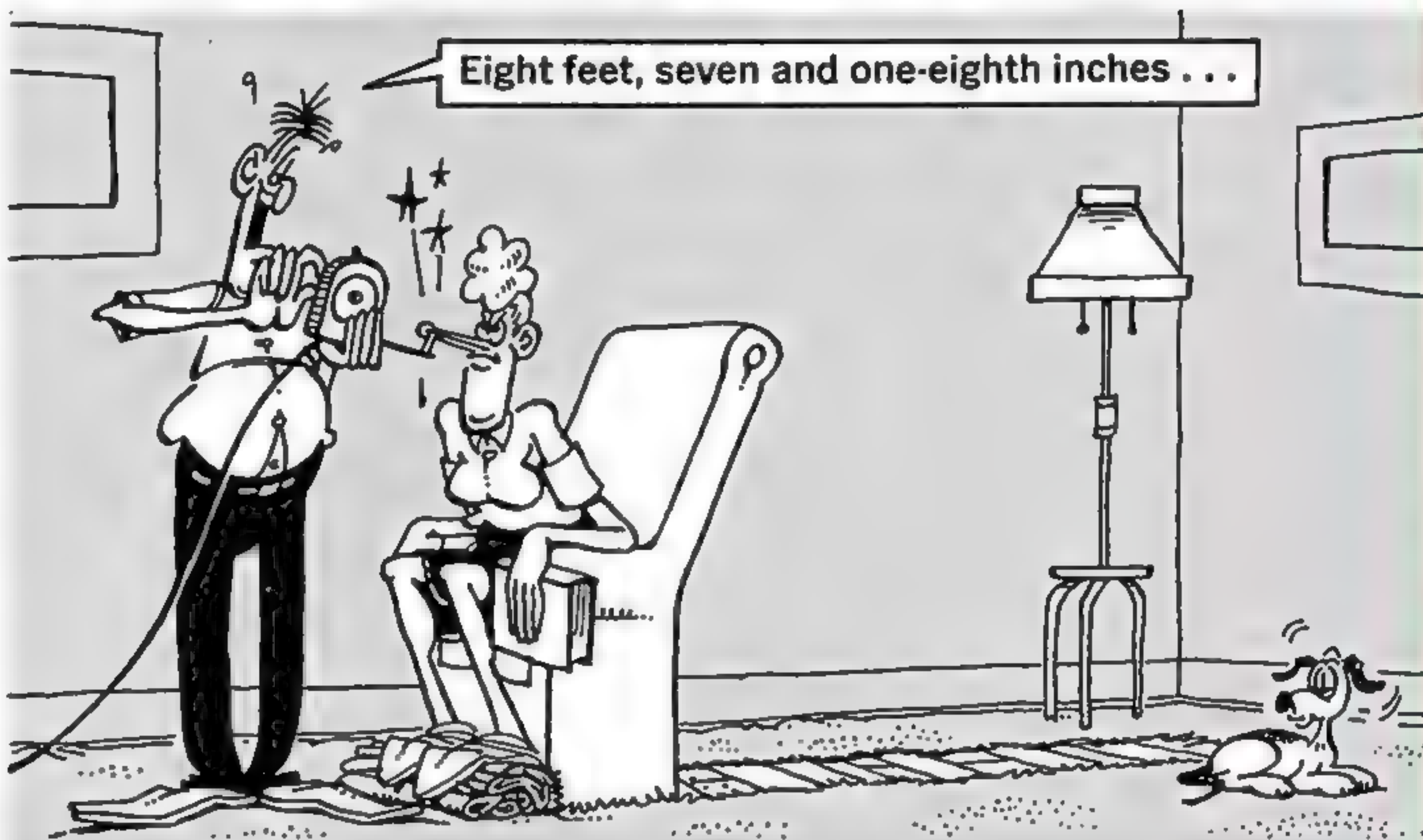


ER TOOLS FOR ME CRAFTSMAN

That's all there is to it! The instance the magno-tipped hook-end makes contact, the Tape automatically re-winds itself, and the exact measurement appears in this window!



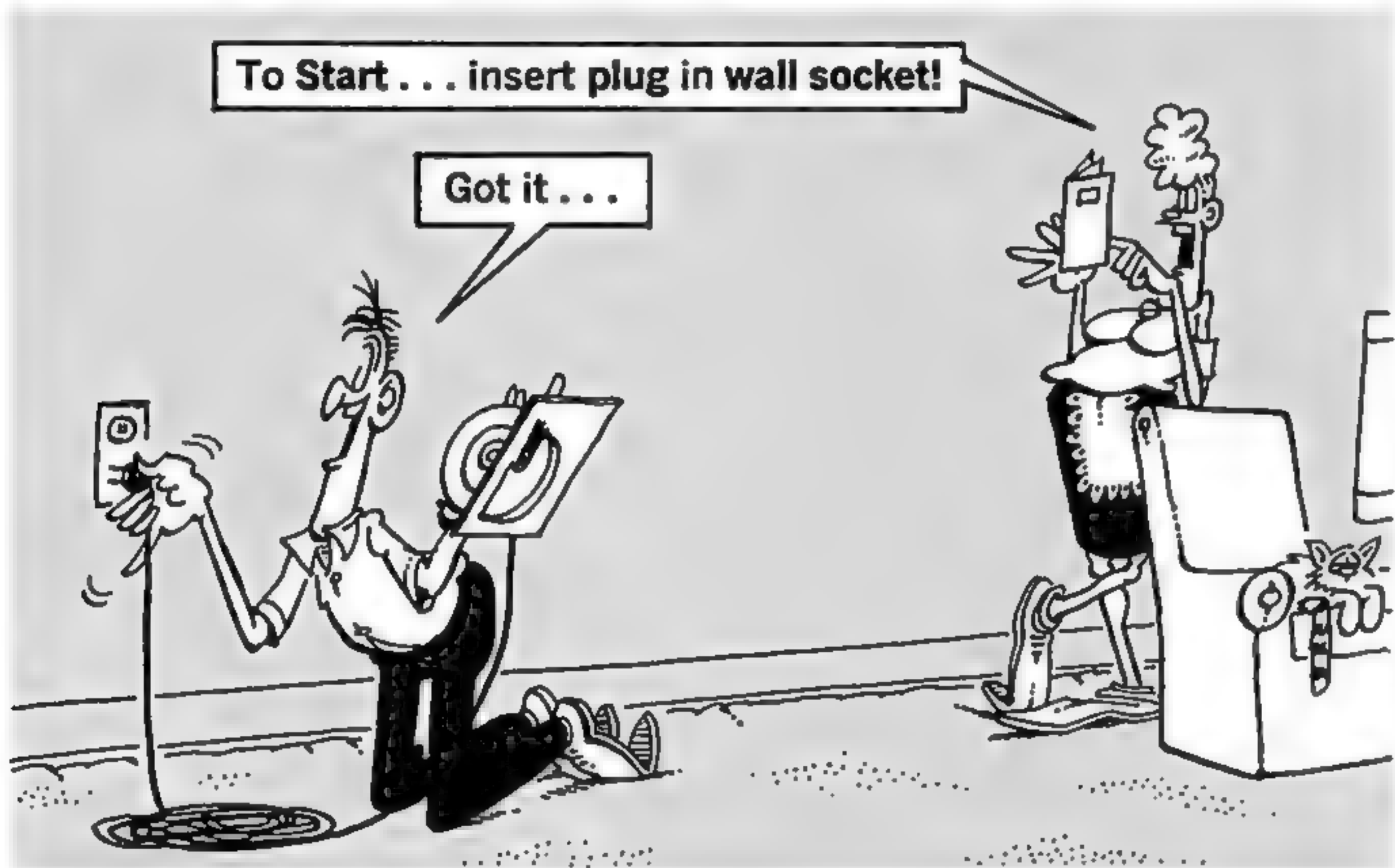
Eight feet, seven and one-eighth inches . . .



9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16

To Start . . . insert plug in wall socket!

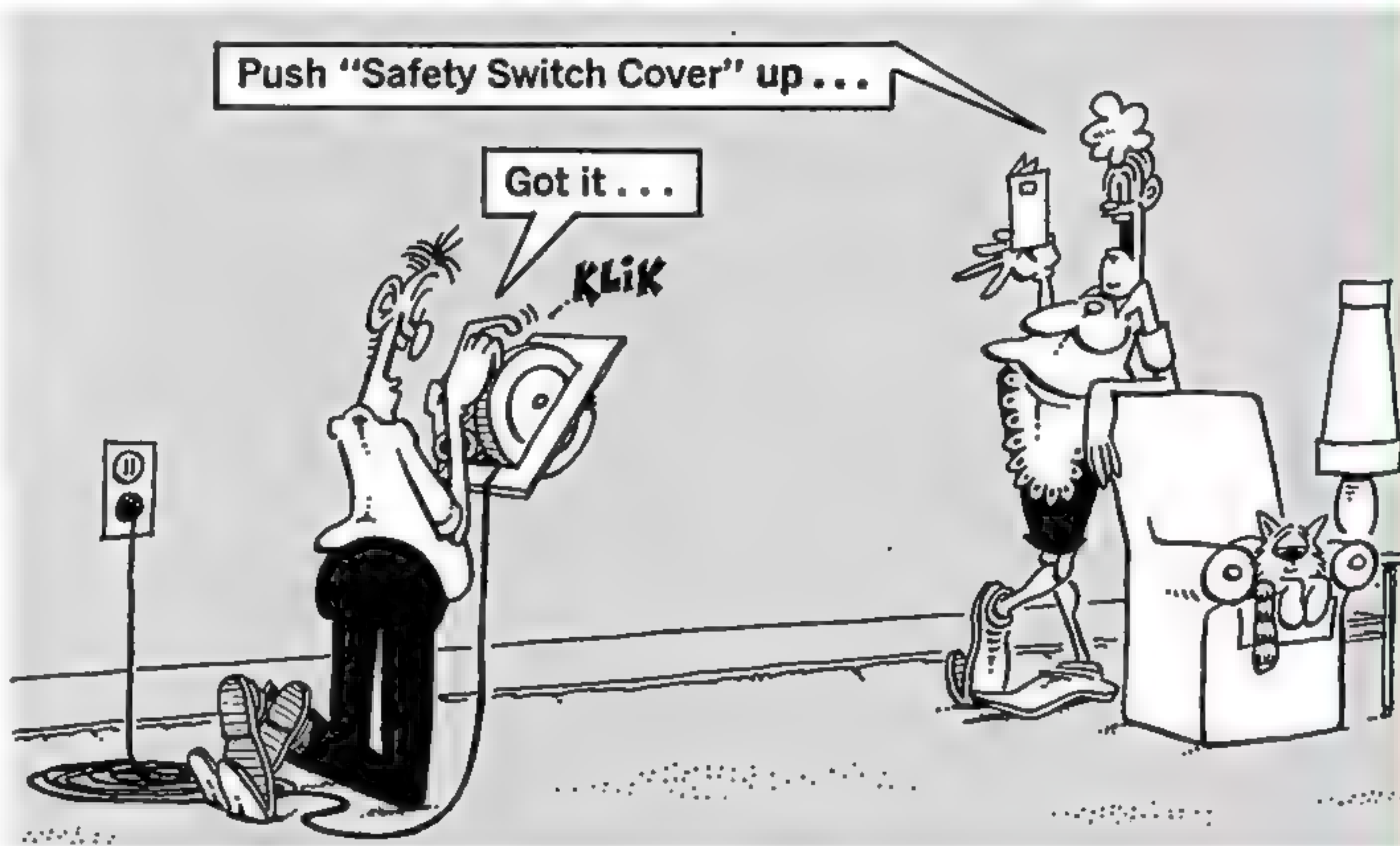
Got it . . .



Push "Safety Switch Cover" up . . .

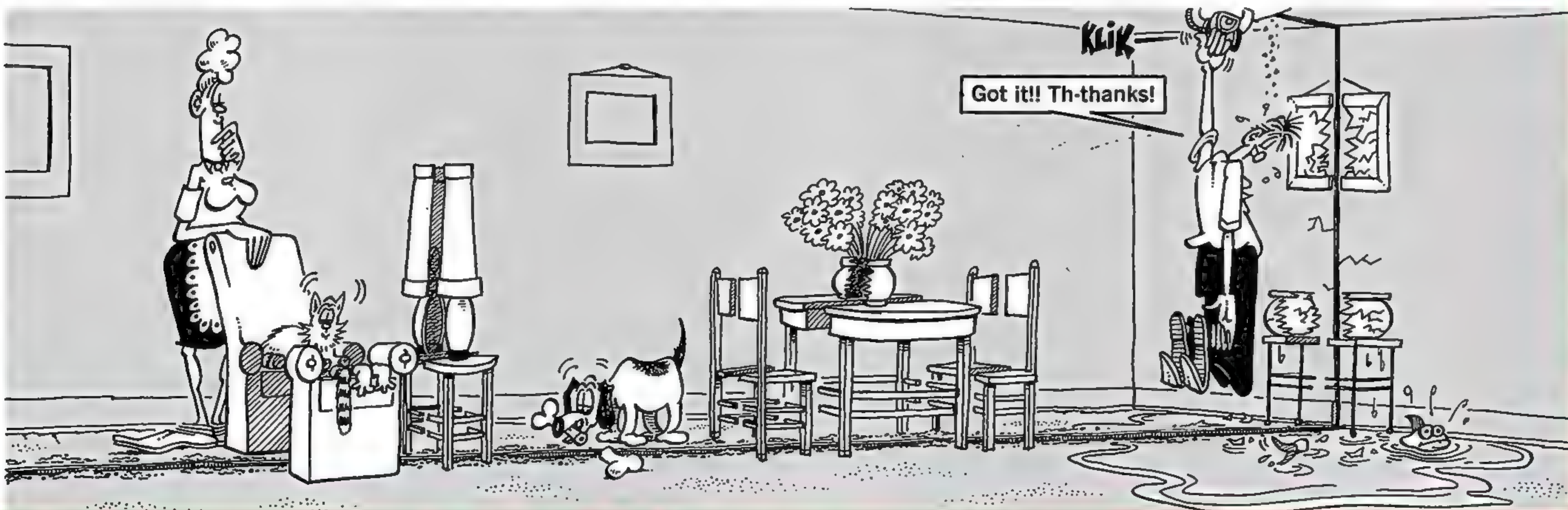
Got it . . .

KLIK



Got it!! Th-thanks!

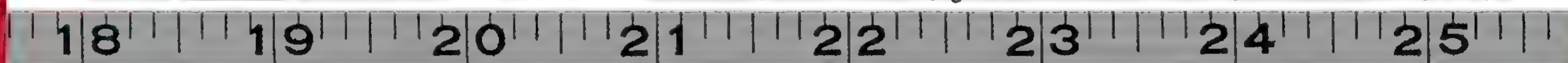
KLIK



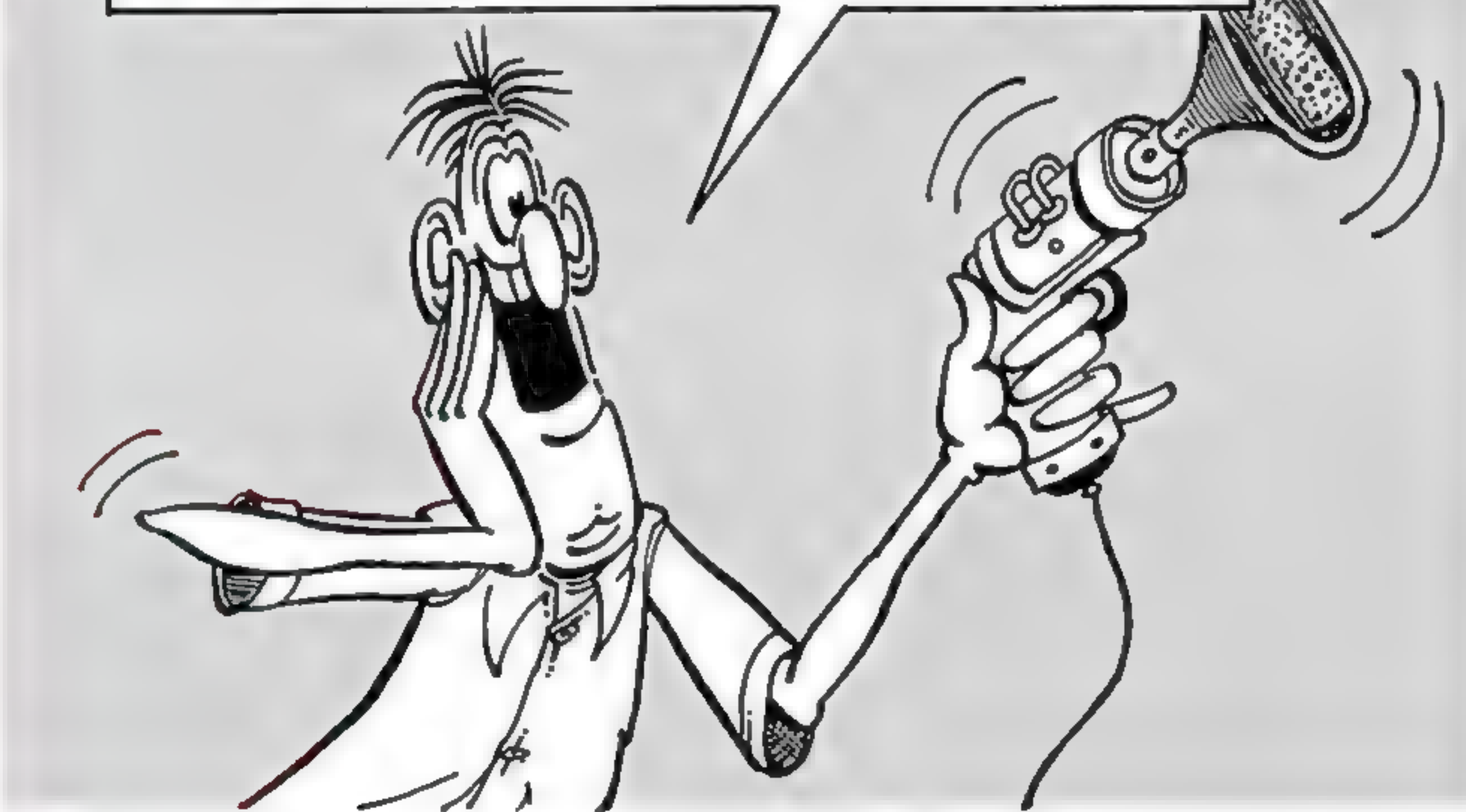
Look, Dear . . . my new, heat-insulated, super-speed Powered Hand Drill with the double-plated, rodium-tipped Drill Bit!



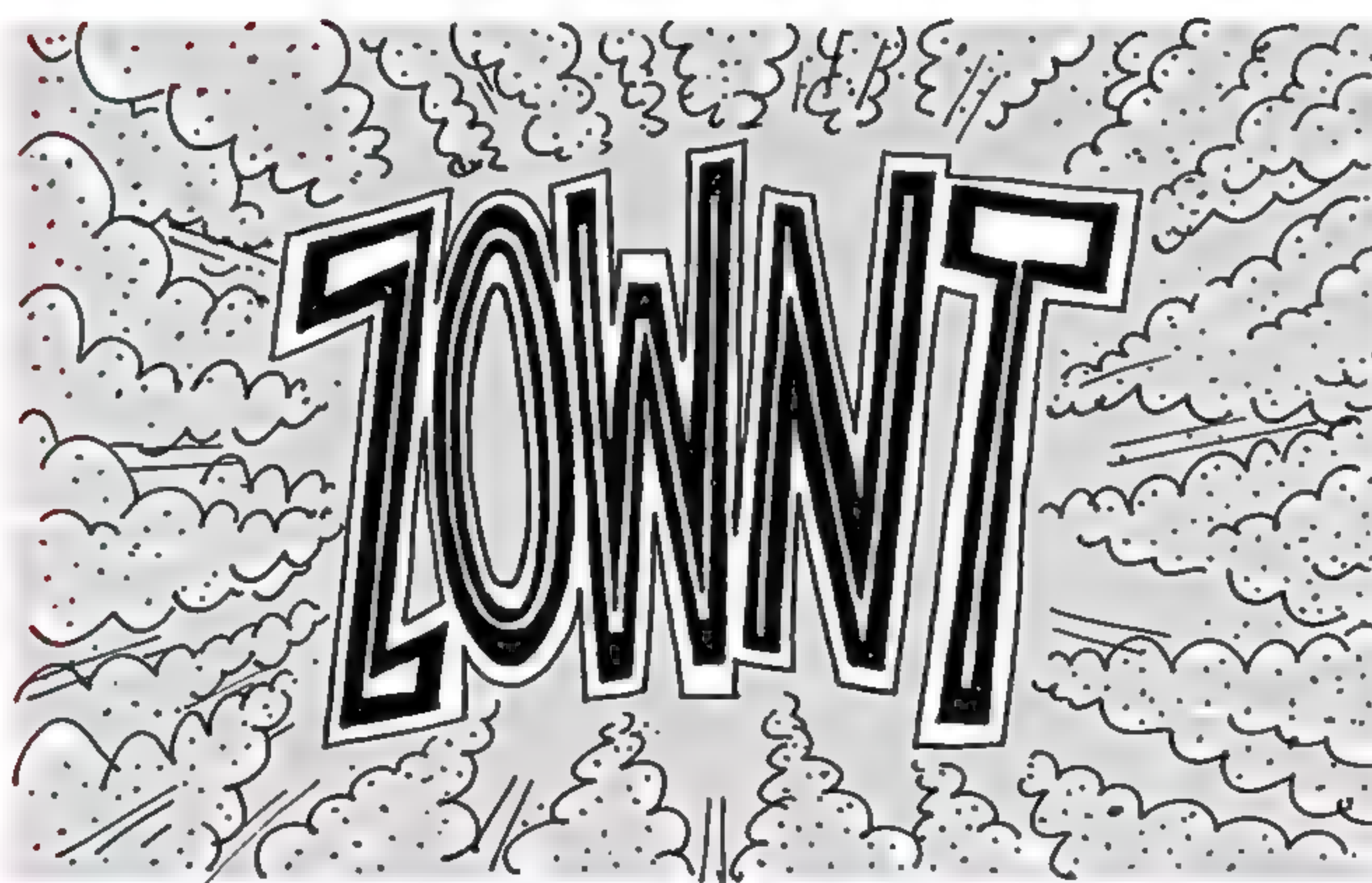
Just a quick flip of the finger-tip switch . . . and I can drill through anything!!



Look, Dear . . . my new, lightweight, double-zapped, combination high-speed Vacuum and Power Sander!!



No more complicated directions or preparations! All you do is plug it in . . . and in seconds, you can take every drop of unsightly stubborn gunk off any surface!





The villainous mastermind Dr. Heinous — trapped in his awkward teenage past! I.P. Studios presents...



DEWEY DERWIN DESTROYS THE WORLD!

"THE NUCLEAR OPTION"

My name is Dr. Heinous. And, until quite recently, I was the world's greatest supervillain. I had a Freeze ray pointed at every continent. A shrink ray pointed at every monument.

An E. coli ray pointed at every Chipotle. Yes, I was truly living the dream. But now I'm living a different kind of dream — specifically, the one where you're stuck repeating high school.

Only instead of being in my underwear with all my teeth falling out, I'm clinging for dear life atop a school bus full of stolen uranium as it careens down the highway.

BALSAWOOD,
YOU SENTIENT
FUNYUN
STAIN!

PULL OVER BEFORE YOU TURN
US BOTH INTO RADIOACTIVE
SKID MARKS!

DEWEY DERWIN,
YOU LET GO OF THIS
BUS RIGHT NOW,
OR THIS IS GOING ON
YOUR PERMANENT
RECORD!



My nightmare began a week earlier when my parents (and the Federal government — long story) grounded me from going anywhere near a scientific instrument. So, I gave up on science and joined the Theater Club, where I landed the part of first understudy to Timmy Winchell in *Shrek: The Musical*.



Oh, I was making a play all right! (And giving a Tony-worthy performance, if I do say so myself.) I exited stage left when no one was looking, and prepared to raise the curtain on a little drama of my own.



Now, normally Dr. Heinous is a one-man show. But a production of this magnitude would require a supporting cast. Unfortunately, when it comes to local theater, you have to take what you can get.

HECK, YEAH,
YOU CAN JOIN THE
SCIENCE CLUB,
DEWEY!

AHEM!

SCIENCE
AND ANIME
CLUB.

IGNORE THEM.
I HAD TO PANDER A
LITTLE SO PEOPLE
WOULD JOIN.

YOU'RE
NEVER GONNA
BELIEVE THIS, BUT
YOU'RE HERE JUST IN
TIME FOR OUR FIELD
TRIP TO THE NUCLEAR
POWER PLANT!



All I had to do now was stick to the script, and my victory, much like my permission slip, would be forged.

OH?
WHAT A
FORTUITOUS
COINCIDENCE.
I HAD NO
IDEA.



The stage was set! Once inside the power plant I'd have access to everything I needed to complete my **chronological refluxitator** and return to my **rightful home** in the future. This heist would be like **giving candy to a baby** (which is even easier than taking candy from a baby, and far more **sinister** in the long run).



All the uranium in that building was as good as mine! The hard part had been enduring a **30-minute ride** with that **half-wit teacher** and his **irksome pet**.



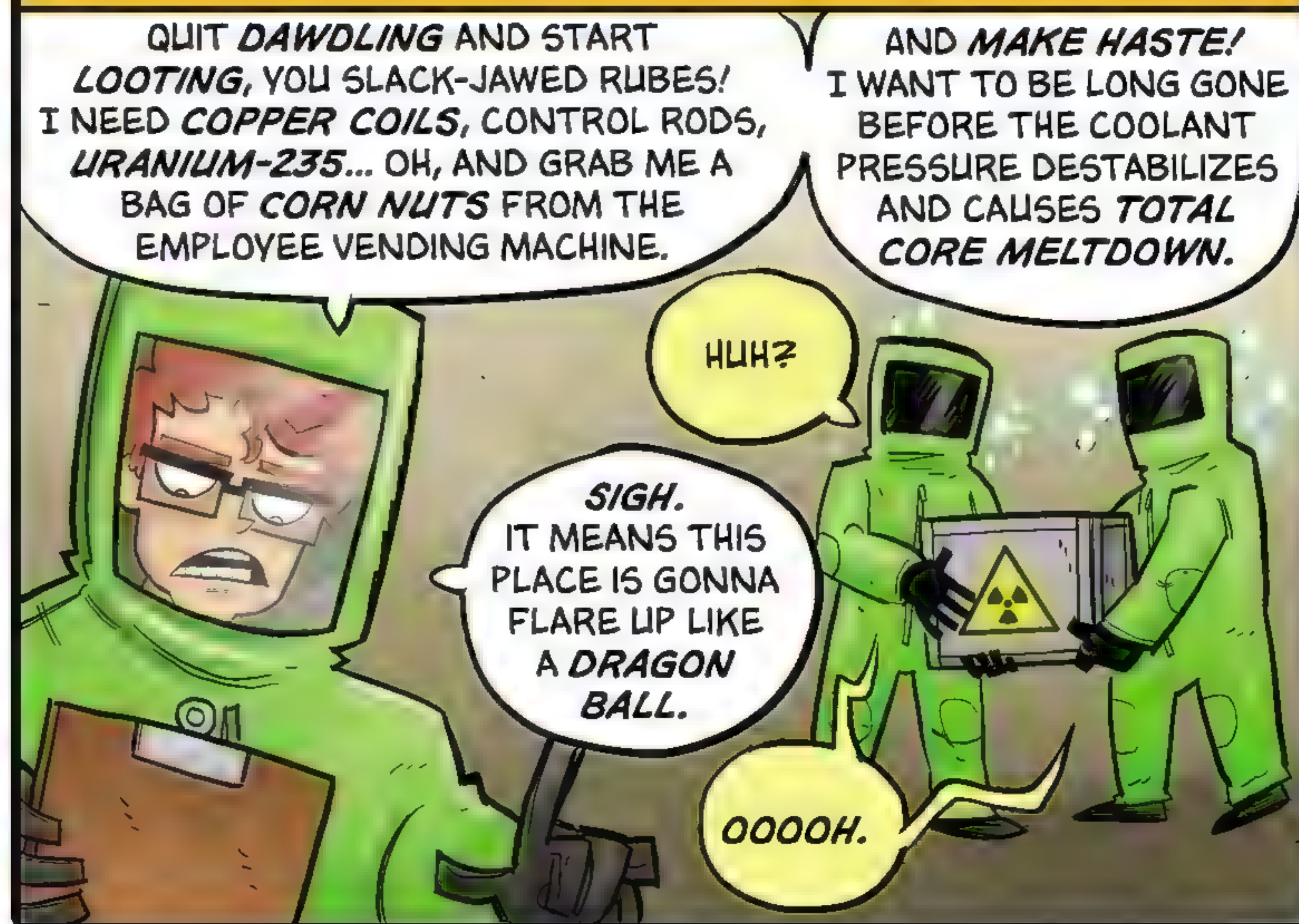
Now I just needed some **lackeys** to do the heavy lifting. Without a **mind control ray** at my disposal, I would have to wing it. Luckily, my victims' steady diet of **Naruto** and **Red Bull** had already liquified their brains.



With the rest of those **turnip-brained groundlings** distracted, the true puppetmaster – by which I mean me – slipped away undetected. (I had really been on fire with that trick lately.)



There aren't many advantages to being fourteen, but one of them is that you can steal a **fission reactor** on a school field trip and no one will see it coming. It was the **perfect crime!**



Within minutes I had completely ransacked the power plant, leaving it as barren and defiled as a 7-Eleven after Free Slurpee Day. The components I needed to complete my time machine were firmly in my grasp! Now it was just a matter of vacating the premises before the plant's nuclear core went into catastrophic failure.

LOAD THE REACTOR CORE ONTO THE BUS WHILE I HOTWIRE THE IGNITION...

HURRY, YOU BOOBISH STUMBLEBUMS! I INTEND TO BE SIPPING A \$70 LATTE IN THE FUTURE WHEN THIS PLACE MUSHROOM CLOUDS!

YESSSSS MASSSSSTERRRR...



Little did I realize that the catastrophic failure I should have been worried about was sitting in the driver's seat of my escape vehicle!

BALSAWOOD?!

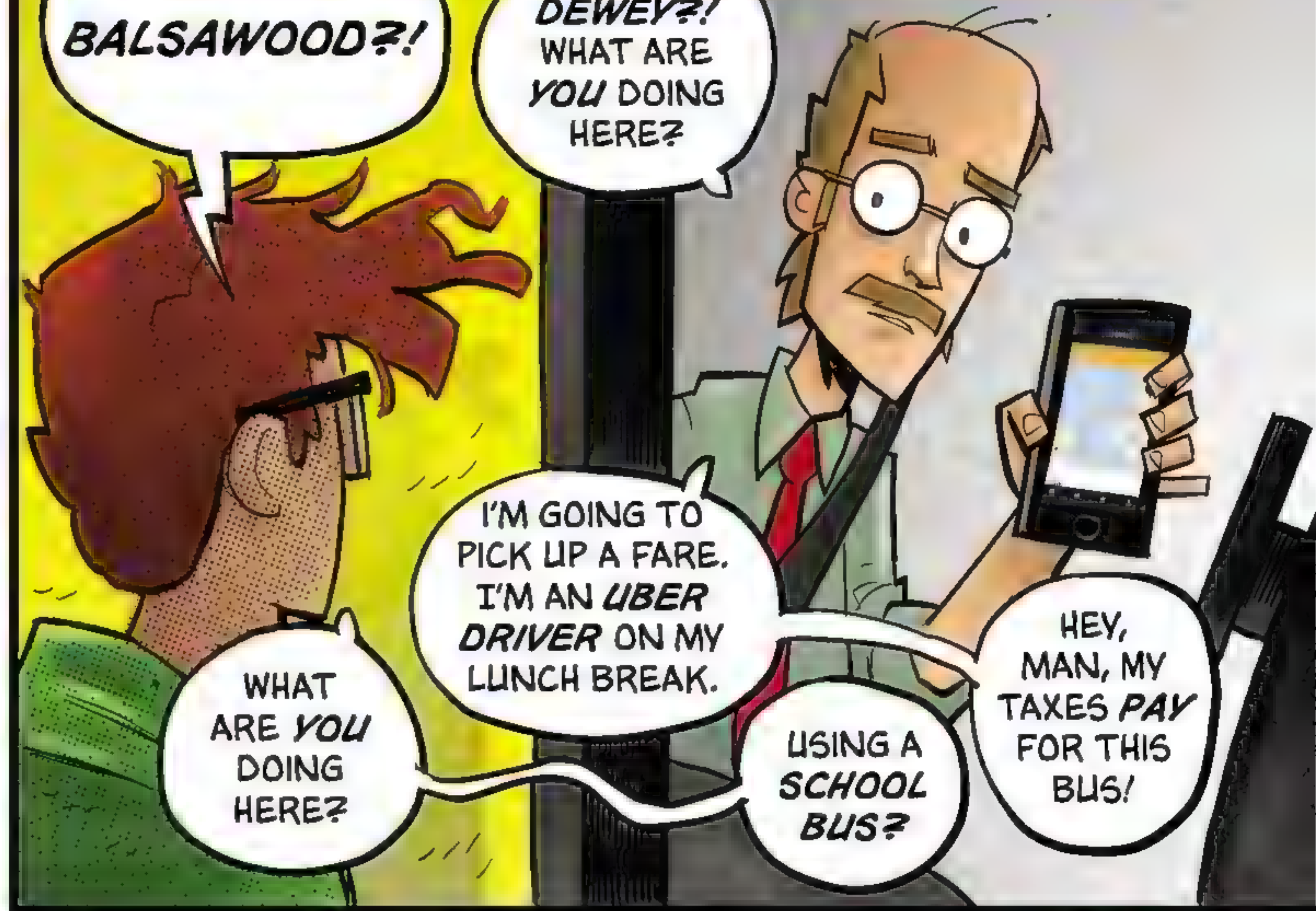
DEWEY?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I'M GOING TO PICK UP A FARE. I'M AN *UBER DRIVER* ON MY LUNCH BREAK.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

USING A SCHOOL BUS?

HEY, MAN, MY TAXES PAY FOR THIS BUS!



IF ANYBODY ASKS, I WAS IN THE BATHROOM THE WHOLE TIME, OKAY?

MY PRECIOUS CARGO!

STOP! THIEF!

UH...

NOW WHAT, MASTER?



ATTENTION: WE ARE CURRENTLY EXPERIENCING A *TOTAL CORE MELTDOWN*. ALL EMPLOYEES WHO FAIL TO CLOCK OUT *BEFORE* EVACUATING TO THEIR NEAREST FALLOUT SHELTER MAY BE SUBJECT TO *DISCIPLINARY ACTION*.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION. GOODBYE.

ERR...

DID WE DO THAT?

I DON'T KNOW, MAN!

AWOOGA!

AWOOGA!



The proverbial script had been flipped... luckily I happen to be a master improviser. (Even if those cornfed hacks at the *Shrek* auditions didn't seem to think so!)

BALSAWOOD, YOU'RE MAKING A *HUGE MISTAKE*!

TELL ME ABOUT IT! I'M DROWNING IN *DEBT*, MY CAREER'S IN THE *TOILET* AND I'M PRETTY SURE I JUST MISSED *MY EXIT*!



I'M *NOT* TALKING ABOUT YOUR POOR LIFE CHOICES, *FOOL*! I'M TALKING ABOUT THE *URANIUM*!

I NEED THAT *URANIUM*!

AND I NEED THIS *18 BUCKS*!



ATTENTION: THIS POWER PLANT WILL *EXPLODE* IN 15 SECONDS. WE APOLOGIZE FOR THE INCONVENIENCE.

AWOOGA!

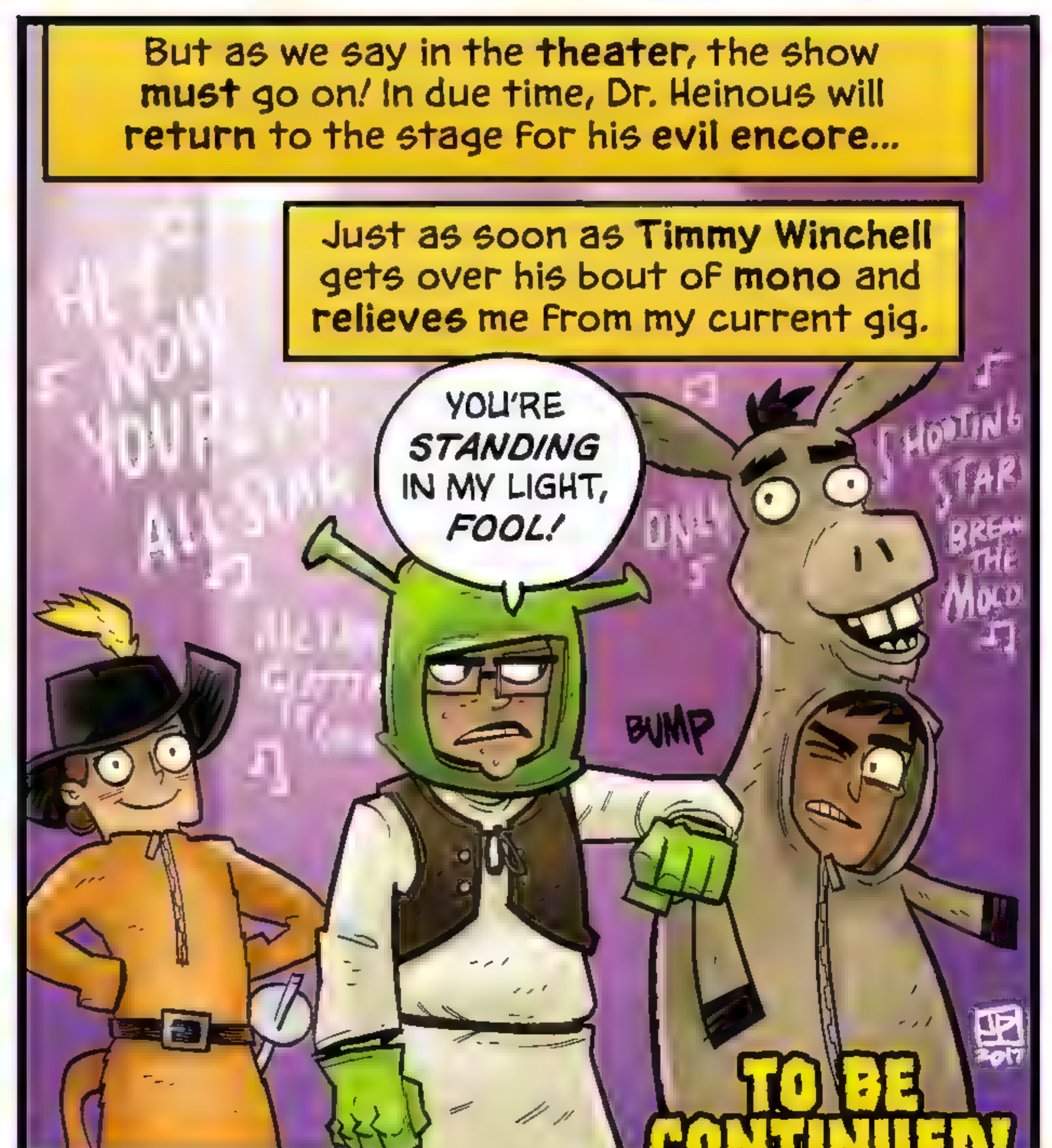
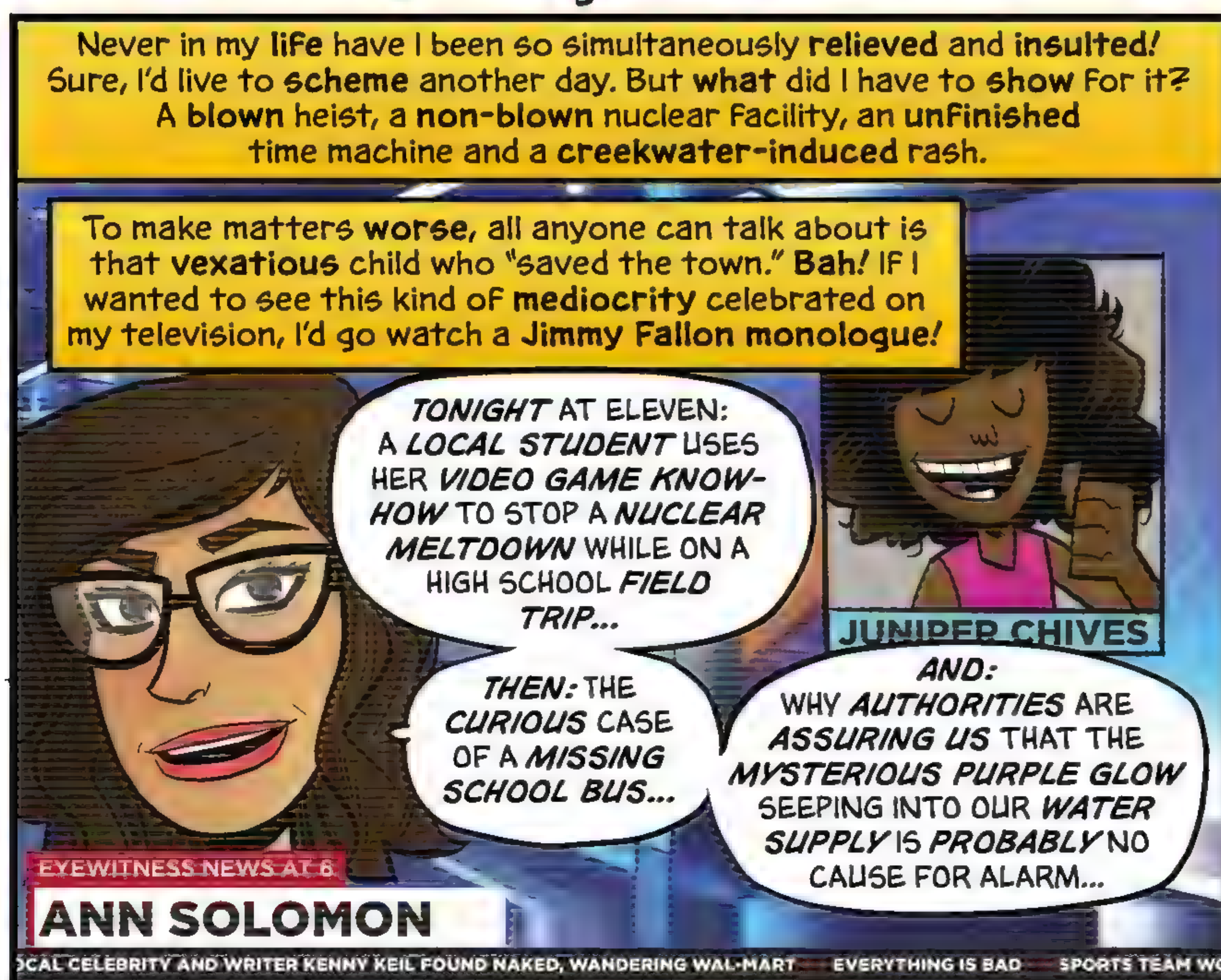
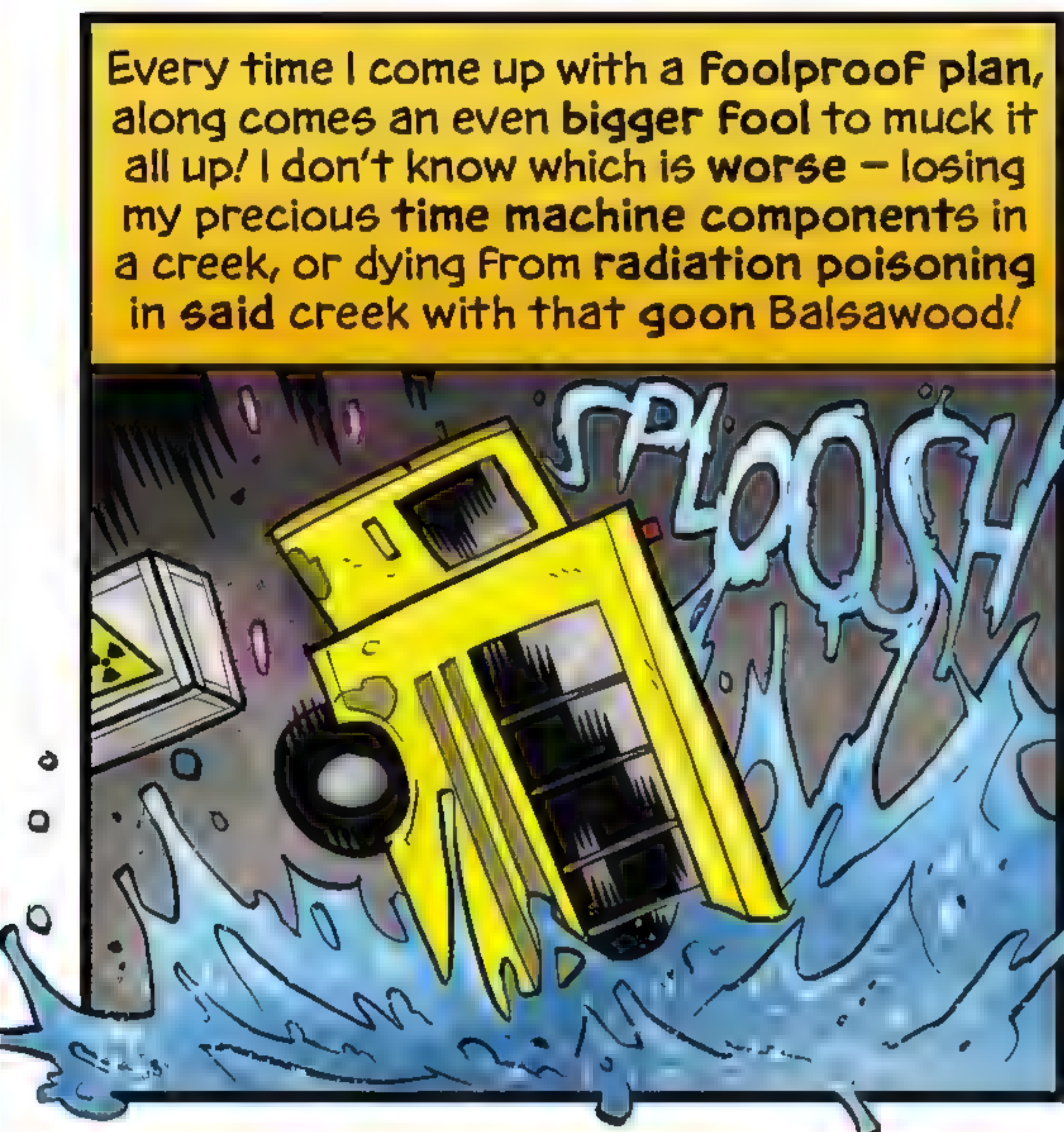
MAKE PEACE WITH YOUR GOD, KID! *WE'RE @#%\$ED*!

UH-OH...

STAY CALM! IT'S PROBABLY JUST A ROUTINE SAFETY DRILL! *RIGHT, HAZMATTY?*

HAZMATTY!







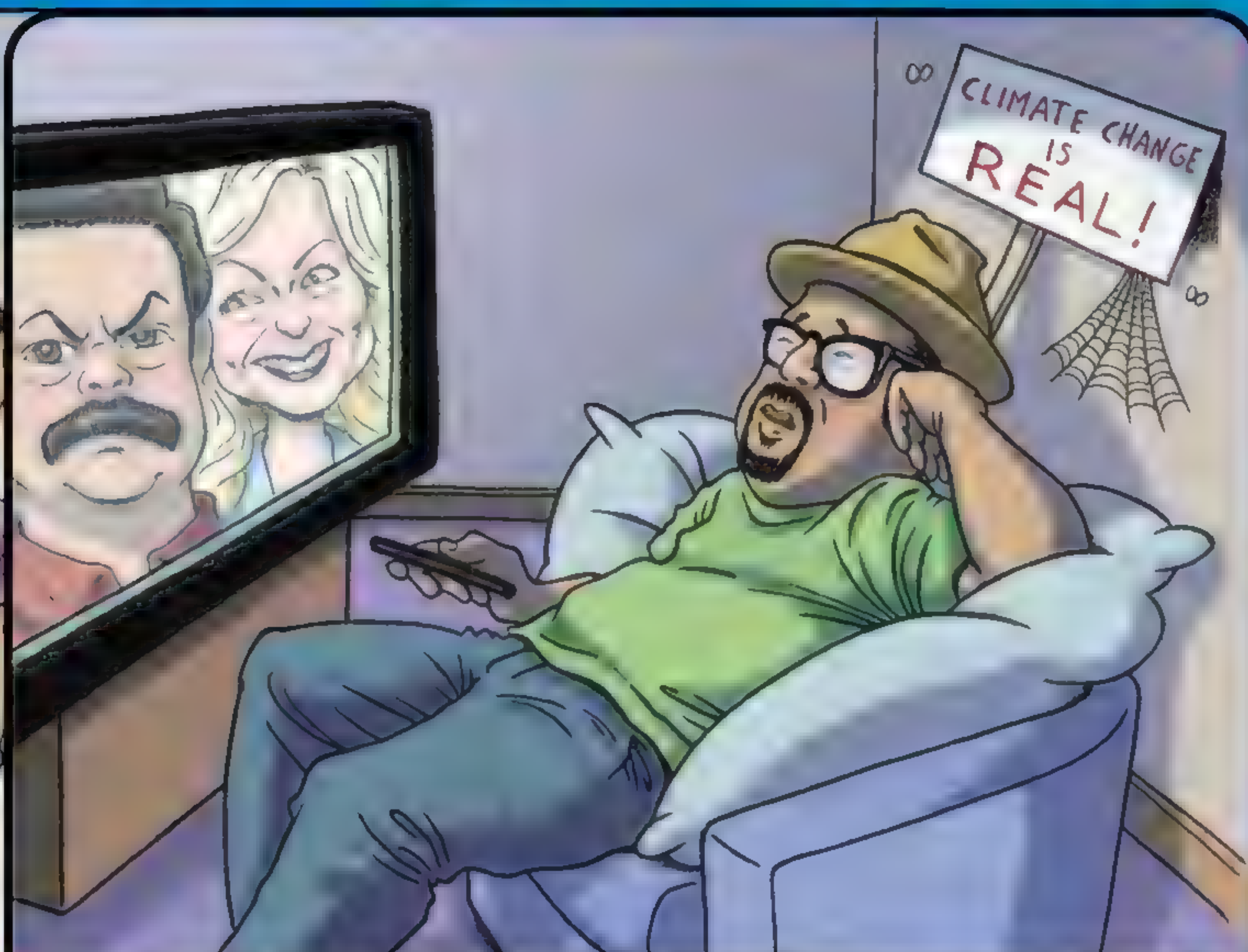
Ever since Donald Trump was elected President, liberals have vowed to fight his every executive order, policy idea and moronic tweet — leading to protests, petitions and social-media howling. But as time has gone on, those bleeding hearts' idealism has begun to face up to the cold, orange facts of reality — as you'll see in this piece we call...

A Liberal HOPES / A Liberal KNOWS



A LIBERAL HOPES...

To spend all his free time protesting in an earnest effort to effect change



A LIBERAL KNOWS...

After a week or two, he'll spend all his free time binge-watching sitcoms on Netflix



A LIBERAL HOPES...

That Twitter will ban Trump, since his tweets could potentially pose a threat to national security



A LIBERAL KNOWS...

That they'll never ban Trump, since he's the only reason millions of users still bother with Twitter



A LIBERAL HOPES...

To subscribe to *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* to better support a free press



A LIBERAL KNOWS...

She'll go back to playing *Candy Crush Saga* on her tablet after hitting the *Times'* paywall



A LIBERAL HOPES...

To elevate the discourse by only debating issues of vital importance



A LIBERAL KNOWS...

That every political discussion she'll have will devolve into the mocking of Trump's hair, hands or golden-shower fetish



A LIBERAL HOPES...

To write to his Congressional Representatives, urging them to vote against repealing legislation like the Affordable Care Act



A LIBERAL KNOWS...

After three letters, he'll stop writing for fear of developing carpal tunnel syndrome and having it labeled a "preexisting condition"



A LIBERAL HOPES...

That protests will erupt at airports whenever Trump tries to enact a Muslim travel ban



A LIBERAL KNOWS...

That she'll change her tune the first time protest traffic causes her to miss her flight



A LIBERAL HOPES...

That a disastrous Trump presidency will cause history to look kindly upon the Obama administration



A LIBERAL KNOWS...

That even if Trump starts World War III with a deranged late-night tweet, half the country will somehow pin it on Obama



A LIBERAL HOPES...

That Democrats will find a transformative candidate who'll unite the masses in 2020



A LIBERAL KNOWS...

That they'll probably just trot out Hillary again





There's someone out there for *everyone* — but what if that "someone" ends up being an anatomically-correct sex doll? The heart wants what it wants! But just because you've found the inanimate object of your dreams, that doesn't mean you won't mess things up! So, while you're following your heart, be sure also to follow these...

1 Socialize

So, um, Lisette is a big Bengals fan, huh?

You wouldn't believe it! You should see her office — it's covered in memorabilia!



Letting friends get to know her will allow them to see past her synthetic appearance, to the real fake personality you've created for her.

5 Make It Official

Yeah, so it was pretty romantic — we got back from our moped ride and I got down on one knee and asked for her warranty. She was speechless!

Oh, that must be how the Chinese get engaged! You said she's from China, right?

She don't look Oriental.



A commitment will help your family get past the stigma of your alternative lifestyle.

Tips for a Long-Lasting



2 Find the Right Therapist

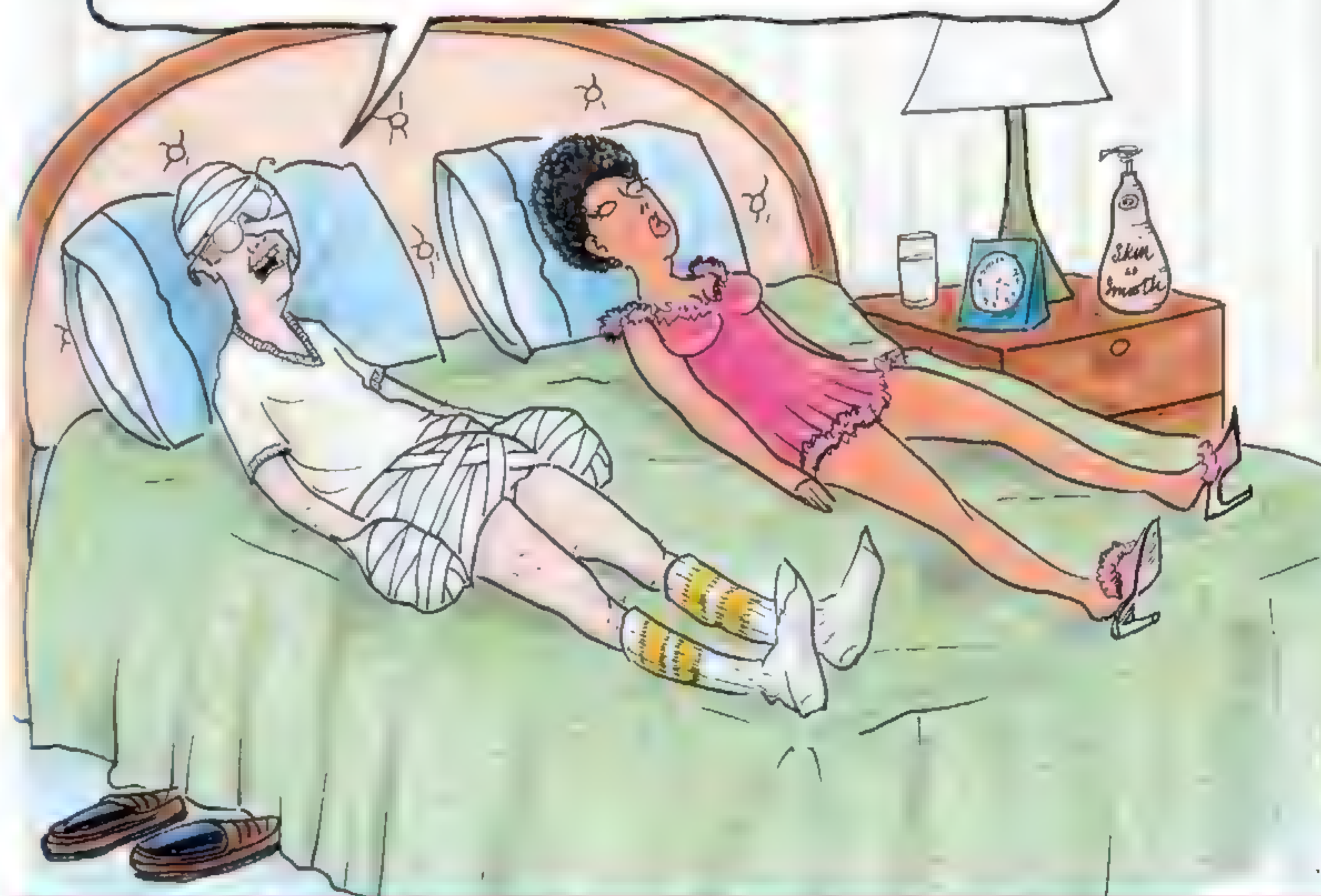
So what I'm hearing, Jeff, is that you've been repressing some resentment over your partner's inability to move her own limbs...



Even the best relationships need some professional guidance — don't be afraid to ask for help.

6 Be Faithful

Baby, I am so danged sorry! She didn't mean anything to me, she was just coming on to me so strong...and, well, afterward I offered her a drag of my cigarette. I had NO IDEA mannequins were so flammable! I bet I could sue Sears...



Temptation will always be there, but remember that in the end, someone always gets hurt.

Relationship with your Latex Girlfriend

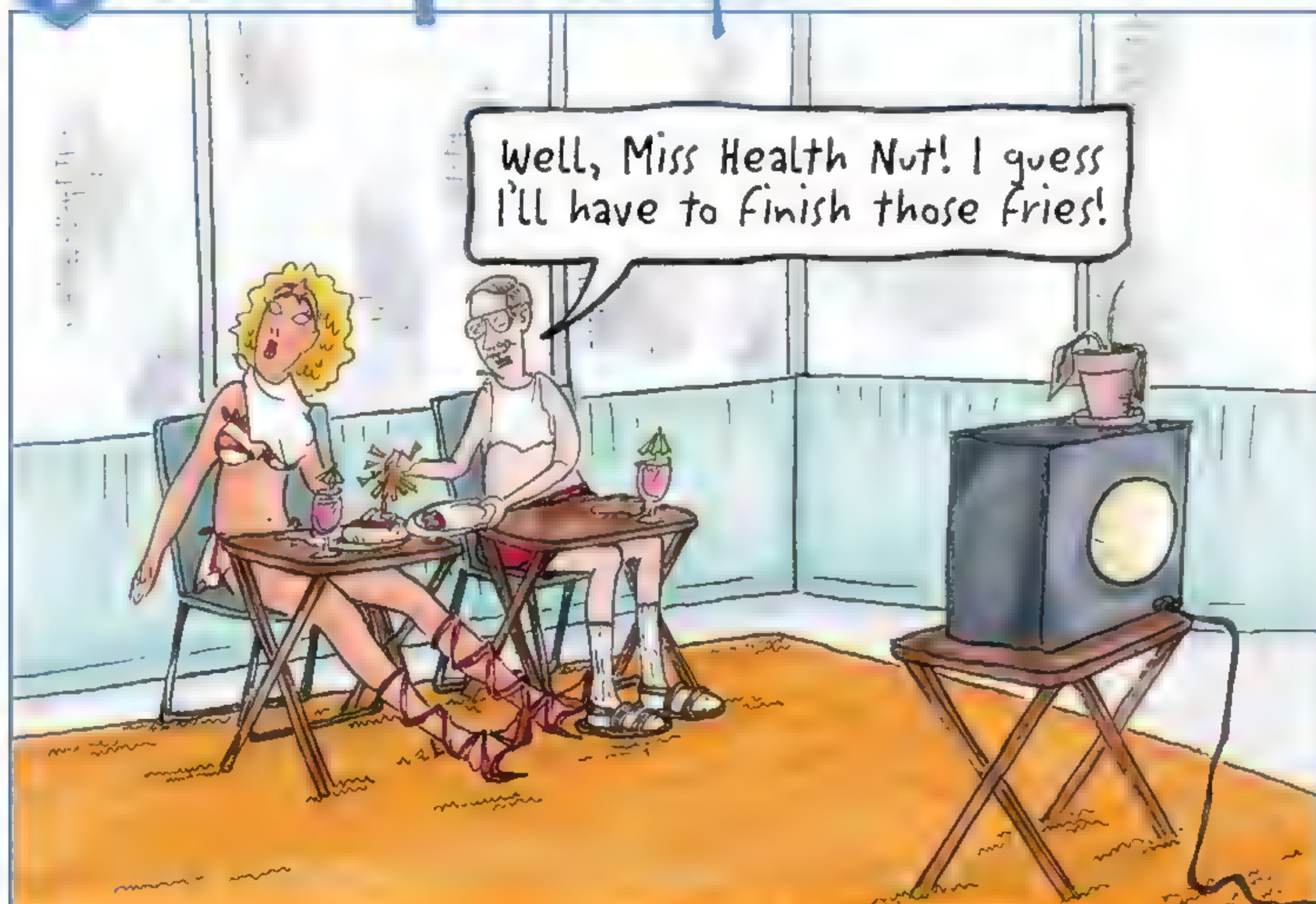
WRITER AND ARTIST: TERESA BURNS PARKHURST

3 Buy Her Some Friends



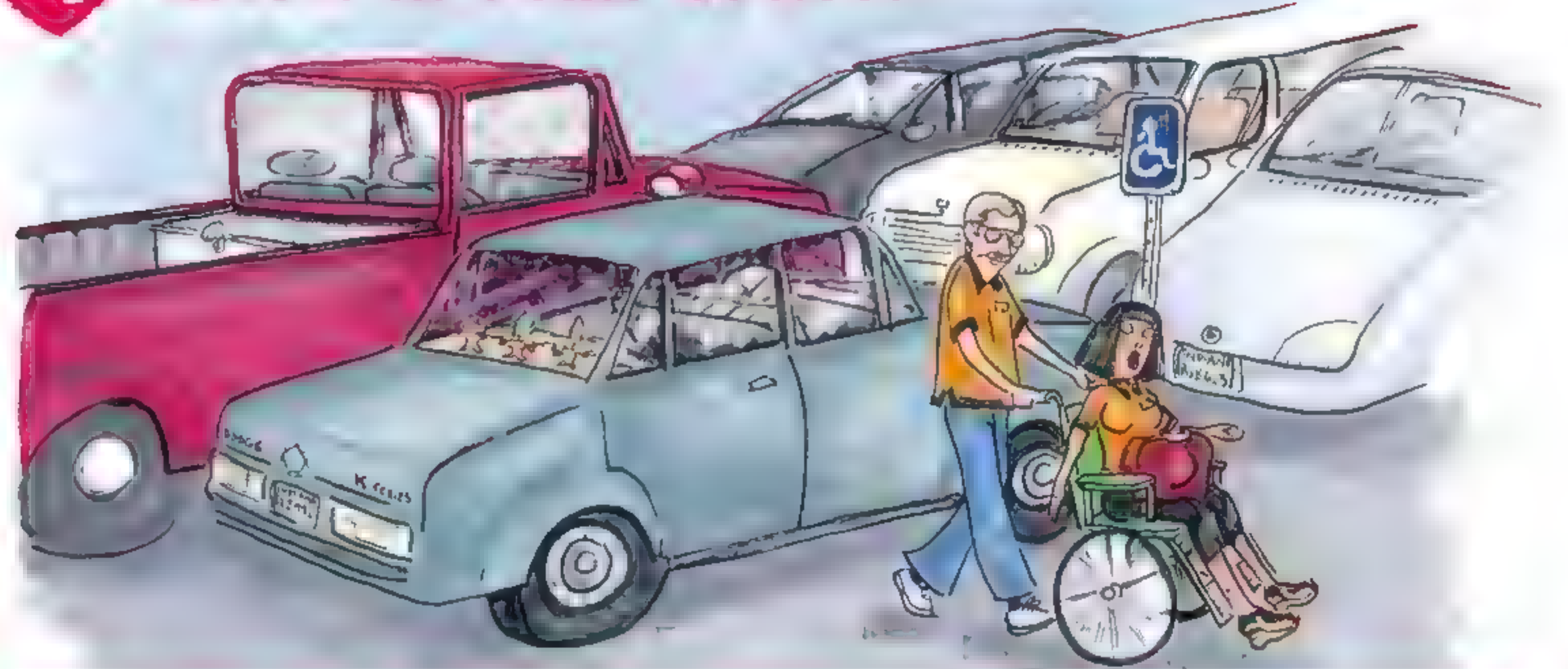
Don't deny your gal the opportunity to have some inanimate relationships!

7 Watch Your Weight



If you want to stay healthy enough for one-sided sex, don't finish what she leaves on her plate. Just because her instructions say she can handle up to 400 lbs, it doesn't mean she should have to.

4 Invest in Some Wheels



Your love for her will be stronger than your back. So, when lugging her around gets to be too much, a wheelchair will provide you some relief AND a primo parking spot!

8 No Dogs Allowed



Finally, a girlfriend that won't complain about her underpants being chewed — but that doesn't mean you can let your guard down.

9 Make It About Her



Sure, you send her out for maintenance when she has a loose eyeball or her lady parts need reinforcing — but how about a nice Lysol wipe-down, just because?



From 1966 through 1992, Paul Coker illustrated a feature we call “Horrifying Clichés.” It’s the ghoulish game in which Paul interpreted phrases or expressions to create never-before-seen monsters. After 15 installments, it seemed his fiendish work was done. But now there’s a new gruesome, lumpy monster roaming the land, and it’s become necessary to play the first — and hopefully the last — round of...

HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

SPECIAL TRUMP EDITION

WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

ARTIST: PAUL COKER



Releasing **HATEFUL TWEETS**



Making A **FALSE CLAIM**



Exposing **HIS IGNORANCE**



Dividing A **NATION**



It's October 31st again, and you all know what that means...

The traditional feast day of Saint Wolfgang of Regensburg?

No, you blockhead! Well, yes. But I'm talking about our beloved Great Pumpkin television show!

Beloved? Not anymore! Our Halloween special used to be an annual tradition that viewers waited all year for! Kids circled the broadcast date in their TV Guides!

What's TV Guide?

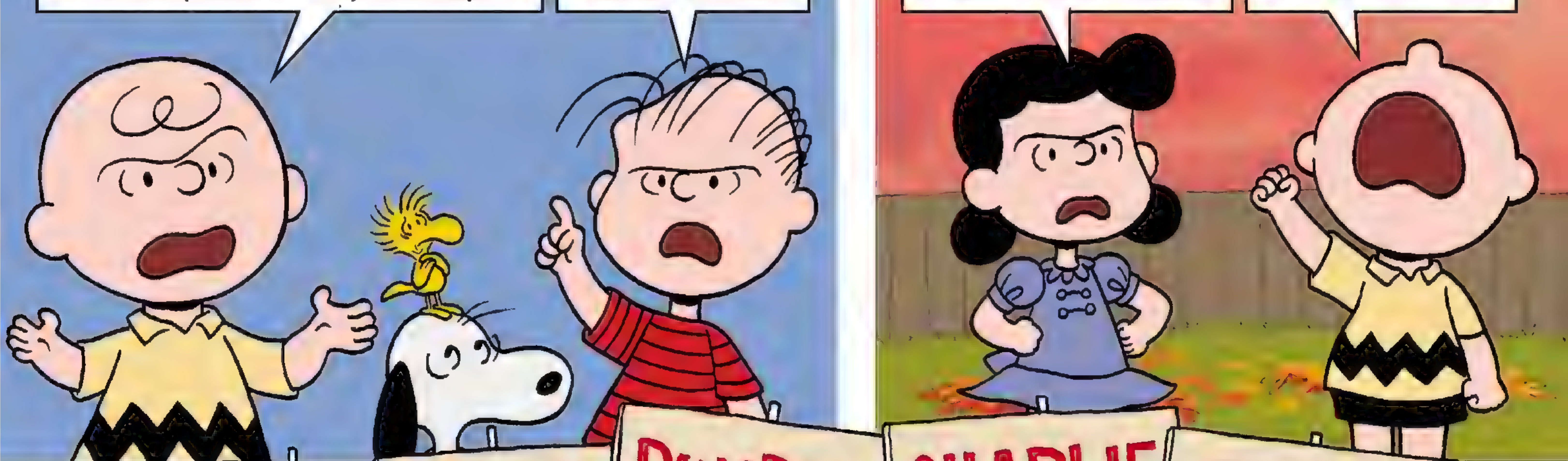


Exactly! Decades ago, our special was a major, once-a-year TV event. Now it's available 24/7 on DVD, BluRay, YouTube, Vimeo, Dailymotion, Metacafe, pirate torrents and a dozen other places. At any moment somebody is in their bathroom watching our Halloween show on their phone while they take a crap!

Charlie Brown is right! Cranially deformed, but right! Our most up-to-date reference is naming a bird character after a music festival from 1969!

And a new bird named Coachella won't be enough! It's a different world than when we first made "The Great Pumpkin." Milk cost under a dollar a gallon, and no one was lactose intolerant!

Our holiday show has become stale and irrelevant! We've GOT to update our approach, so that kids now can relate to it! The time has come for...

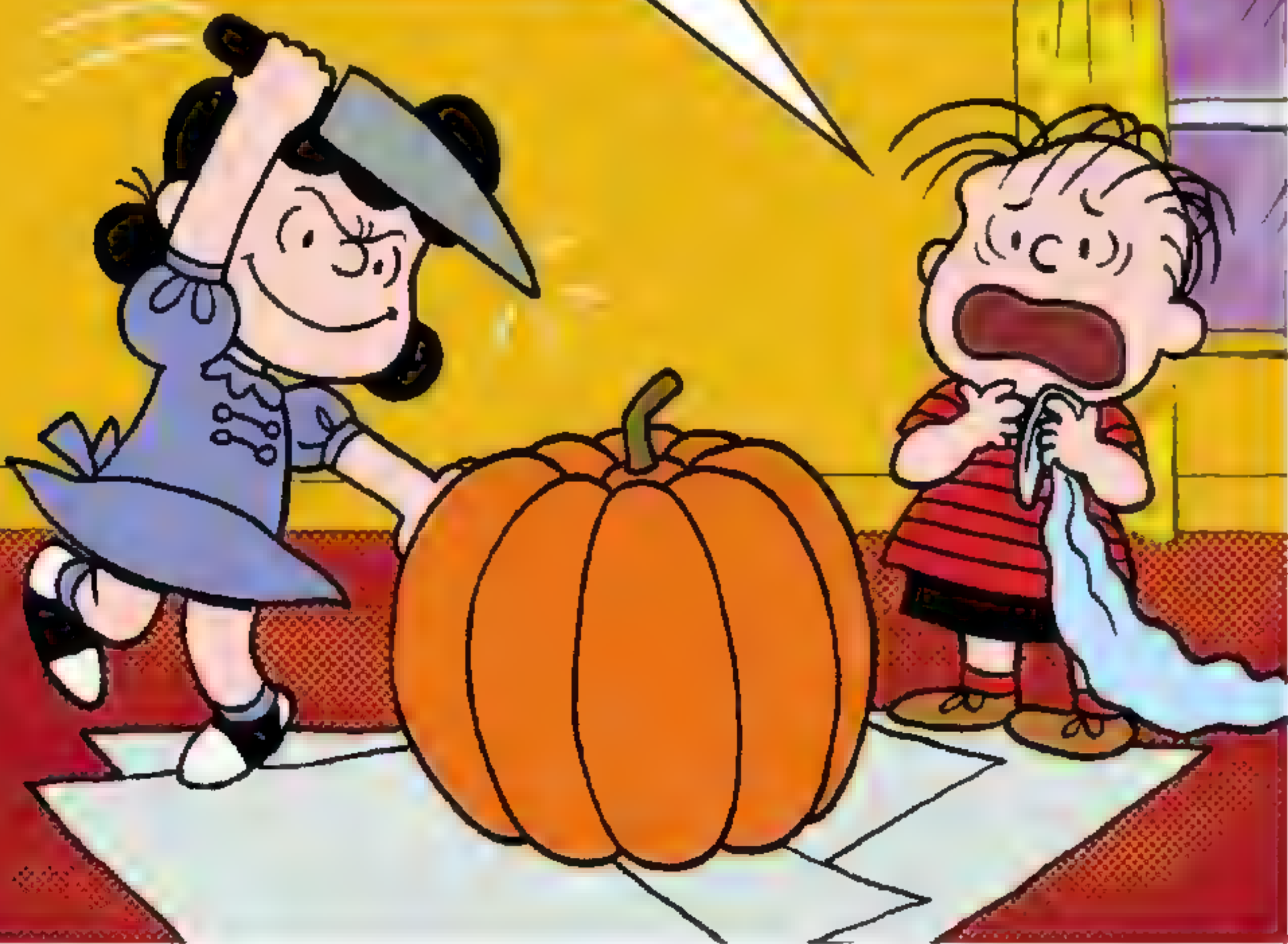


IT'S THE GREAT PUMPKIN CHARLIE BROWN

2017 EDITION

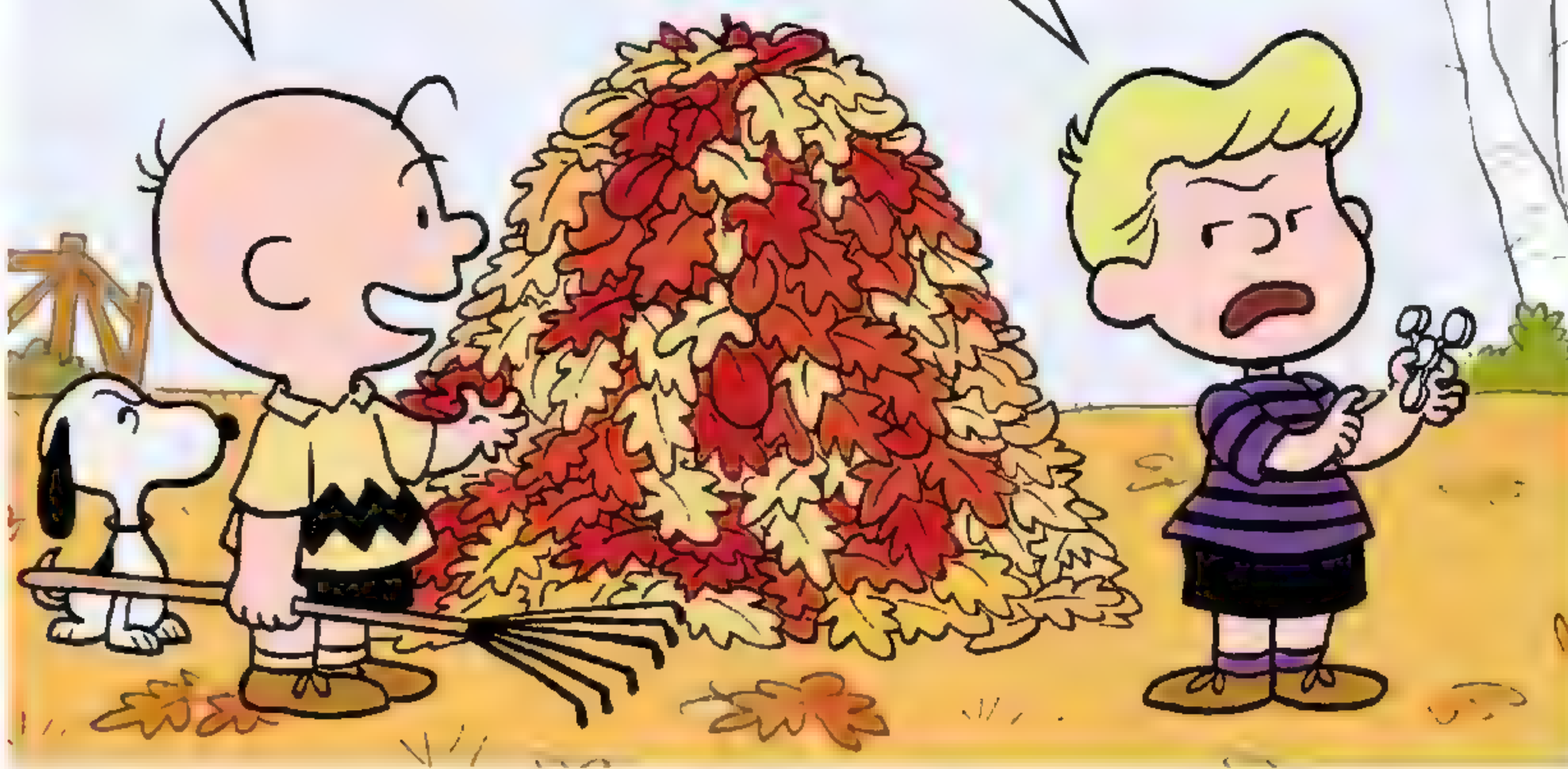


This special's not even a minute old, and we're depicting a seven-year-old with a carving knife? You know, Lucy, you never did tell me what happened to our mom and dad.



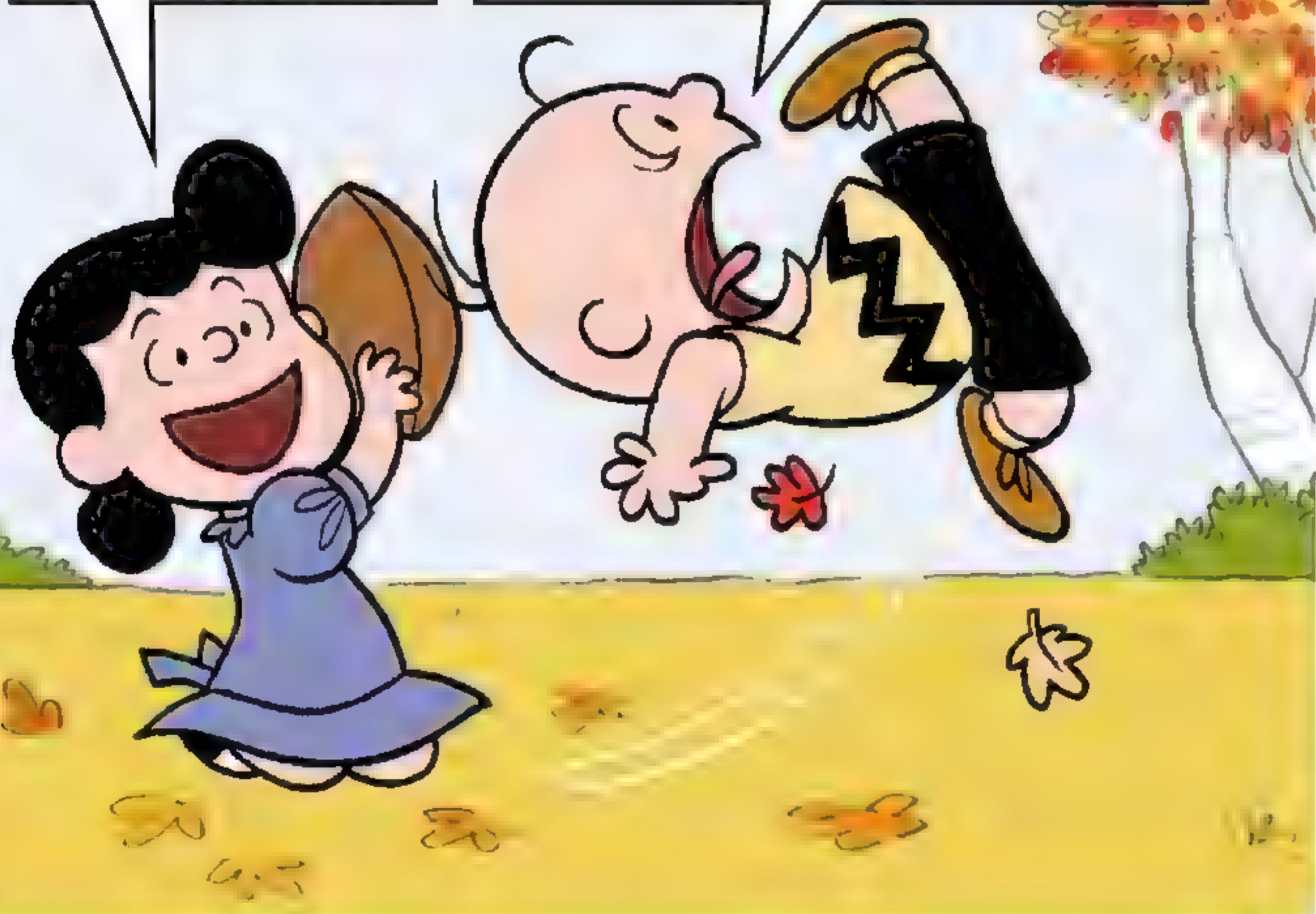
Hey, who wants to jump into my big pile of leaves?

Ooooh, leaf pile jumping! OMG, that sounds like the most fun any latchkey kid could possibly have in 2017. I'll have to take a lifetime pass, Charlie Brown. But be sure and let me know if you have any other exciting suggestions. Like quilting, memorizing state capitals or an extreme game of Duck Duck Goose!



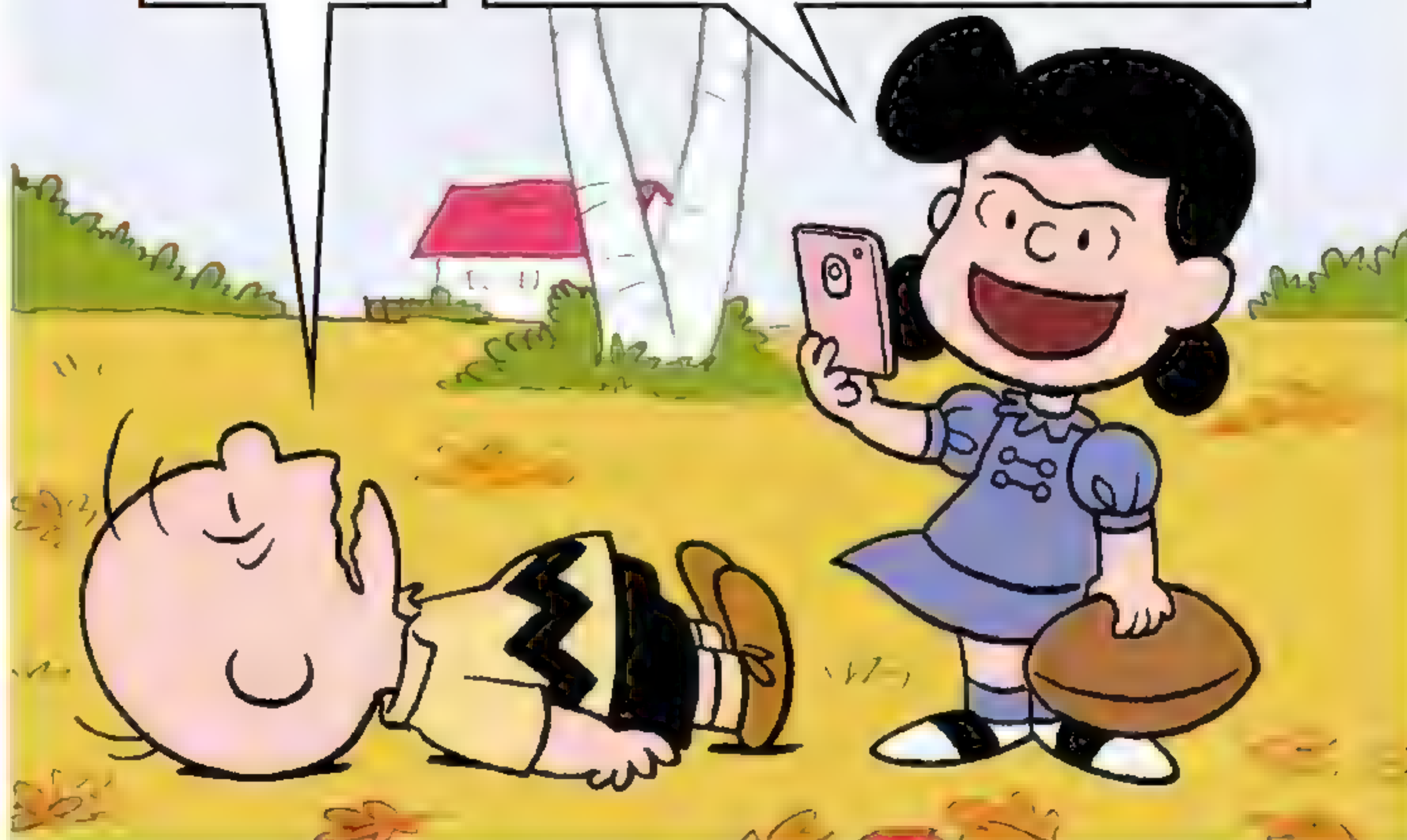
Oh, Charlie Bro-o-owwwn! I'll hold the ball, and you come running up and kick it!

This must be the 30th time she's pulled this trick on me. But I'll do it anyway! Don't judge me, I'm clearly suffering from dozens of undiagnosed concussions!



I guess now you're going to make a mean remark and laugh at me again.

I'm done with that routine, Charlie Brown. This time, I filmed the entire thing on my phone! Uploading your shame online forever is SO much more effective than just abusing you one-on-one! God, I love cyberbullying!



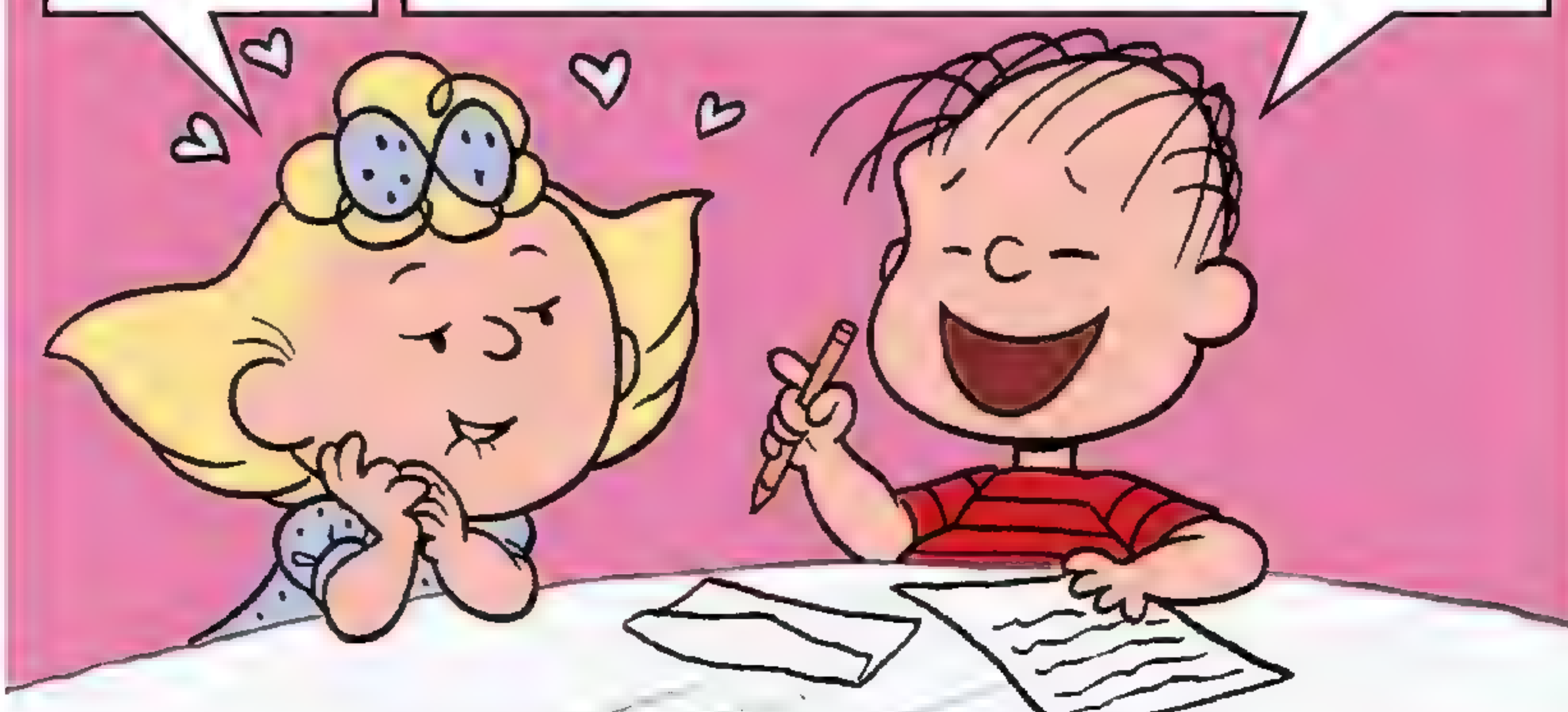
DEAR GREAT PUMPKIN, EVERYONE TELLS ME YOU ARE #FAKE NEWS, BUT I ALONE BELIEVE IN YOU. I WILL BE WAITING FOR YOUR ARRIVAL.

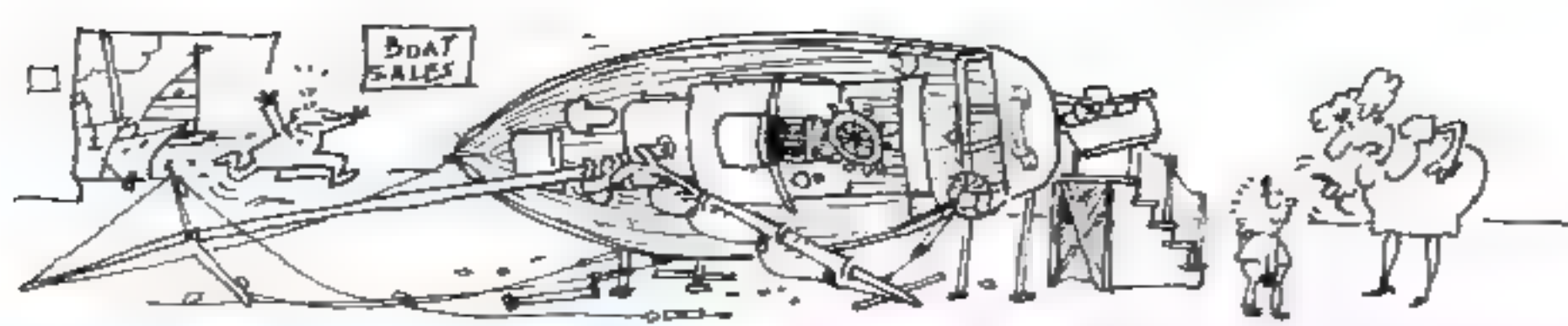
Writing to nobody again? What are you, a blogger? Say, did you know that your handwriting is a perfect match for the Zodiac Killer's?



I'm indecently aroused by your intensity. Tell me more about this Great Pumpkin.

The Great Pumpkin is just one of my many fields of alt-study. Your so-called media won't report this, but after the Deep State replaced Lee Harvey Oswald with a clone, they covered their tracks by "eliminating" the Area 51 scientist who cloned him, Jack Ruby! Clone Oswald then orchestrated the fake moon landing, autism vaccines and the chemtrails from the Pope-mobile. Elvis is alive! Jet fuel can't melt steel beams!





An Evite to the Halloween party? I've never received an invitation, except one to leave my skull to science!

That was a screw-up. Some idiot cc'd "all"! You're only in our Facebook group so we can make fun of you and hack your profile!

Fine, Charlie Brown, you can come. But wear a costume that completely covers you up! If I wanted to stare at a face like yours, I'd watch Chris Matthews!

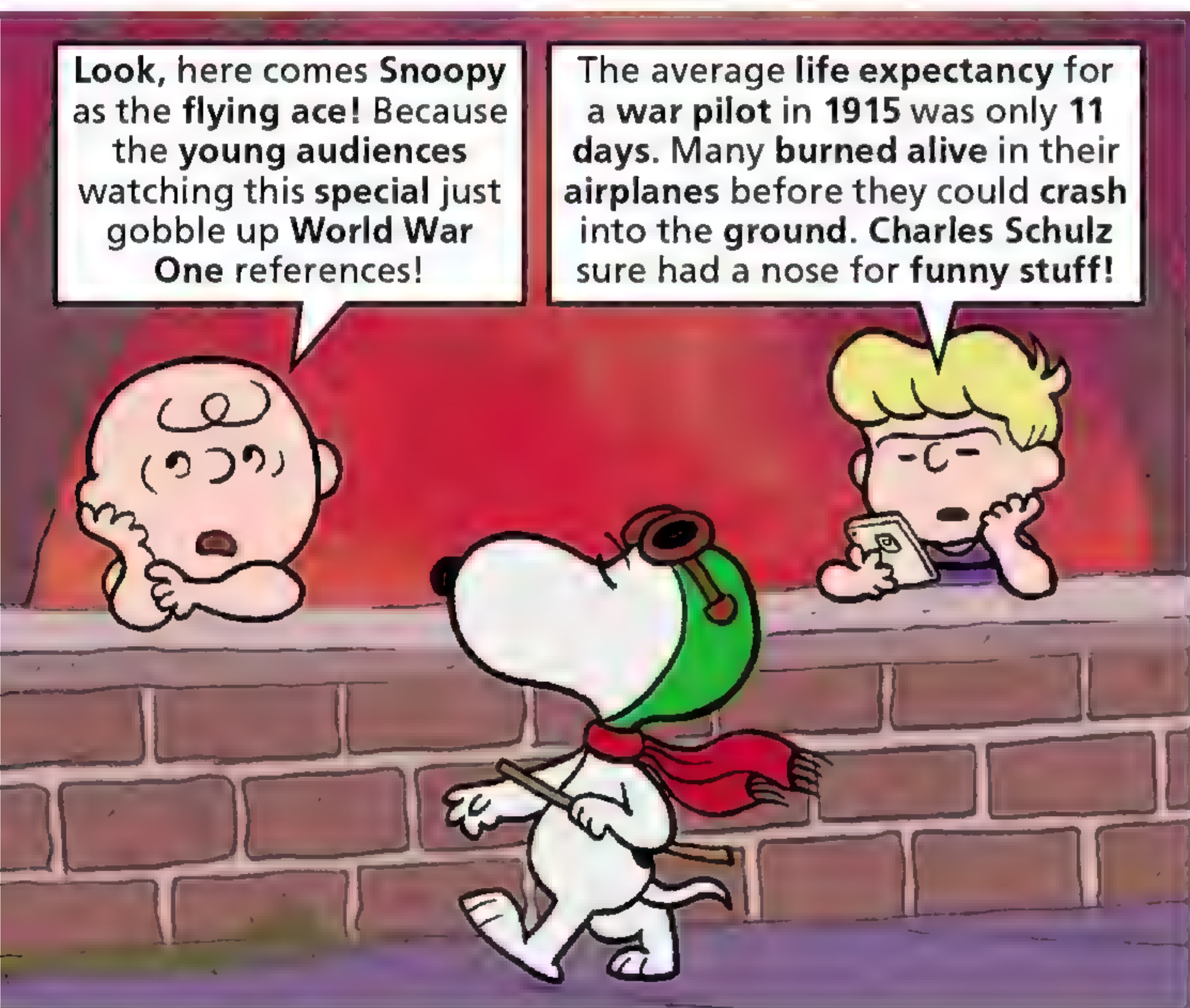


Aaugh! Everyone came as a ghost! This is so stupid!

It's ingenious! Ghosts are ridiculously easy to animate!

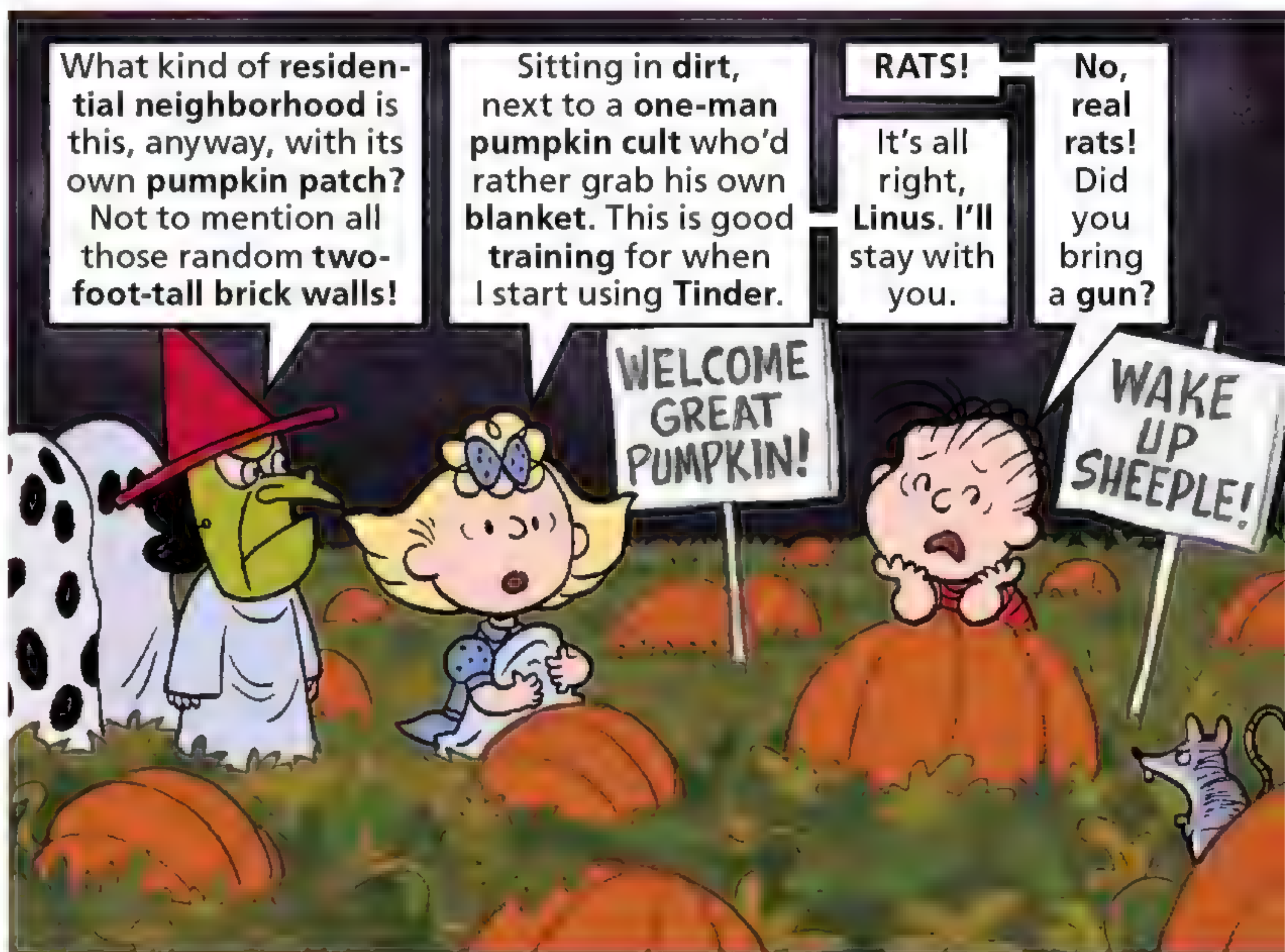
We've been smiling at Pigpen's unwashed antics for 50 years, but he's actually a tragic case of neglect! Where are his parents?

Where are ANY of our parents? This is like a *Twilight Zone* episode! Half of us don't even have last names!



Look, here comes Snoopy as the flying ace! Because the young audiences watching this special just gobble up *World War One* references!

The average life expectancy for a war pilot in 1915 was only 11 days. Many burned alive in their airplanes before they could crash into the ground. Charles Schulz sure had a nose for funny stuff!



What kind of residential neighborhood is this, anyway, with its own pumpkin patch? Not to mention all those random two-foot-tall brick walls!

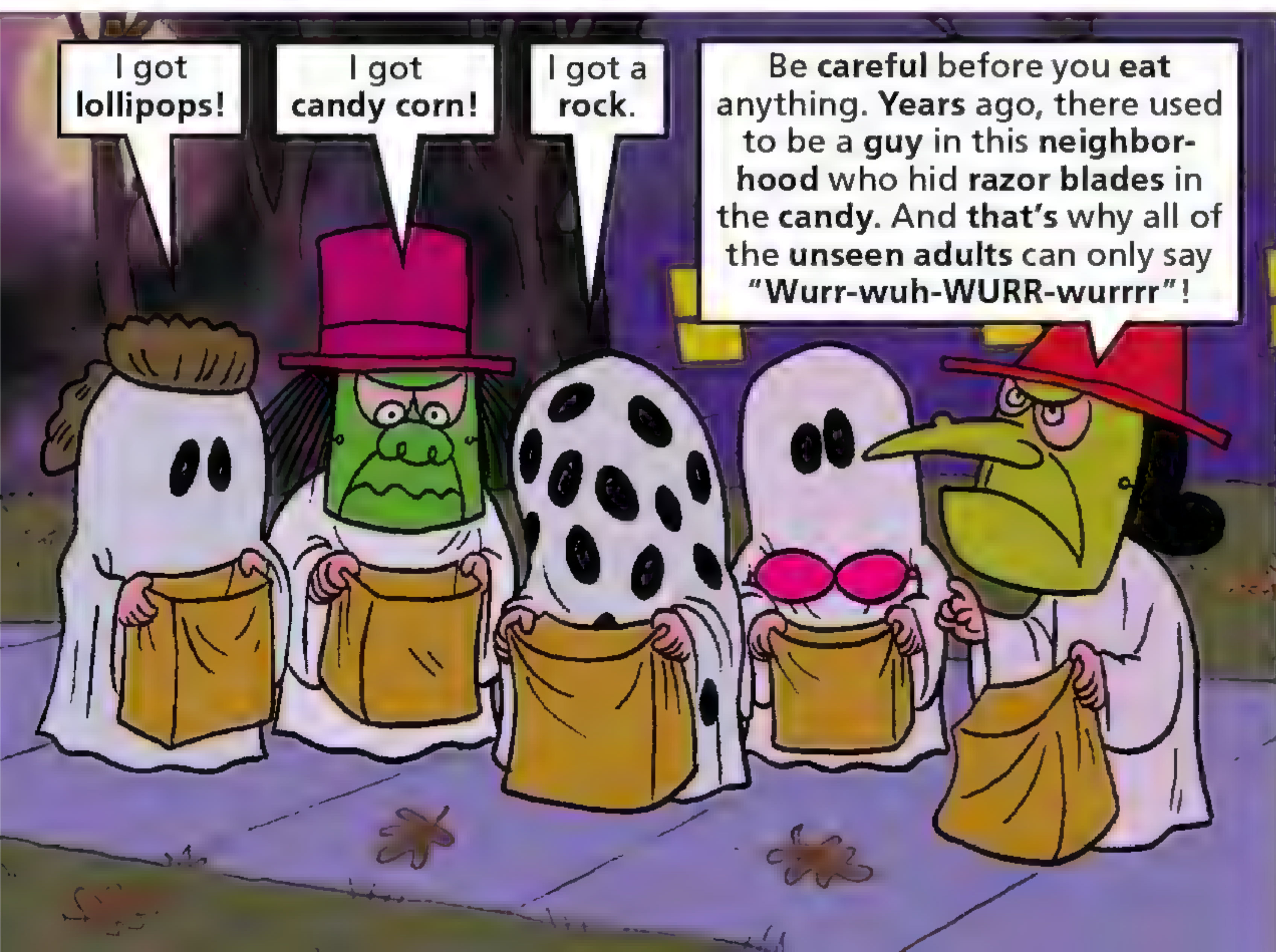
Sitting in dirt, next to a one-man pumpkin cult who'd rather grab his own blanket. This is good training for when I start using Tinder.

RATS! It's all right, Linus. I'll stay with you.

No, real rats! Did you bring a gun?

WELCOME GREAT PUMPKIN!

WAKE UP SHEEPLE!

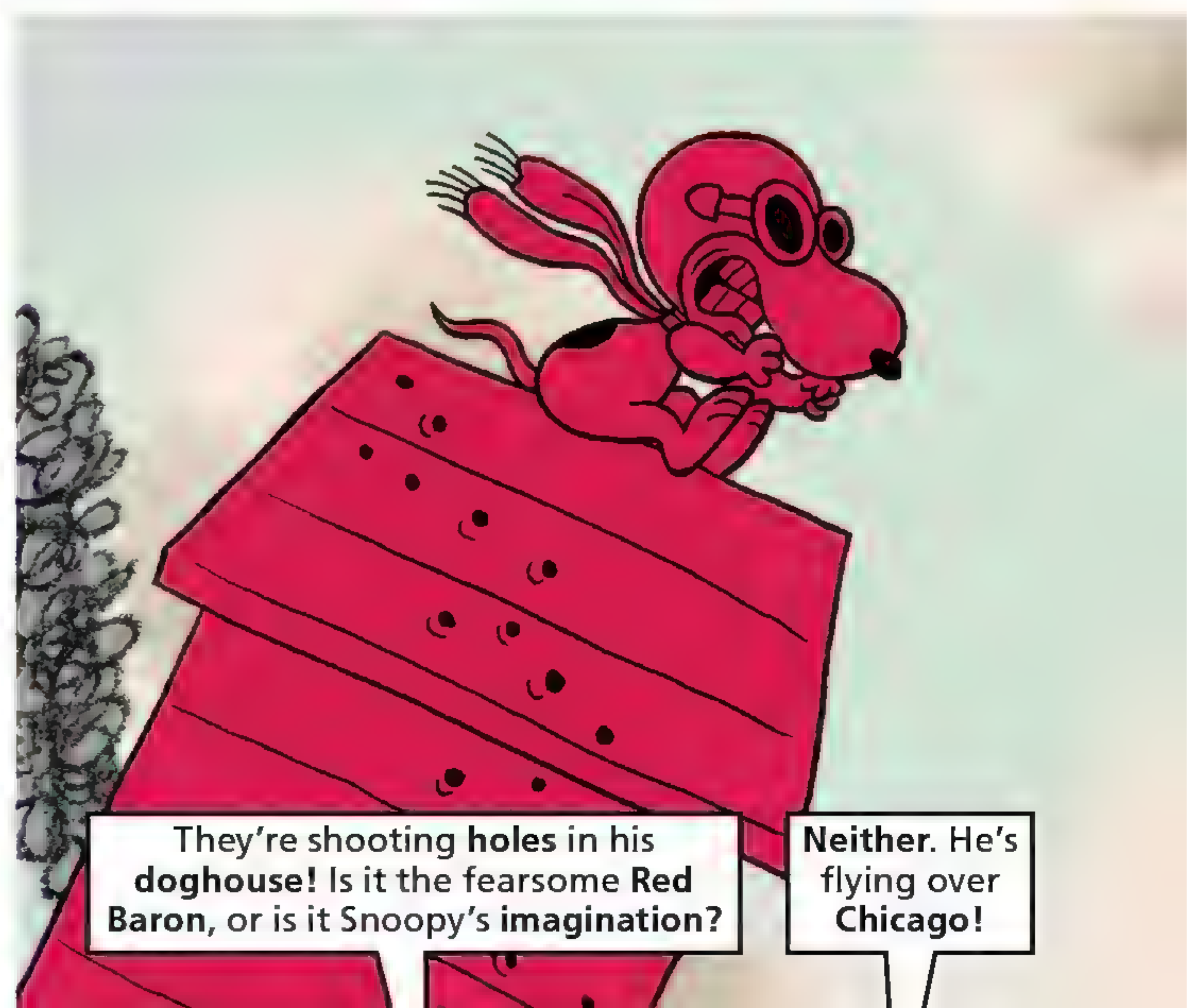


I got lollipops!

I got candy corn!

I got a rock.

Be careful before you eat anything. Years ago, there used to be a guy in this neighborhood who hid razor blades in the candy. And that's why all of the unseen adults can only say "Wurr-wuh-WURR-wurrrr"!



They're shooting holes in his doghouse! Is it the fearsome Red Baron, or is it Snoopy's imagination?

Neither. He's flying over Chicago!



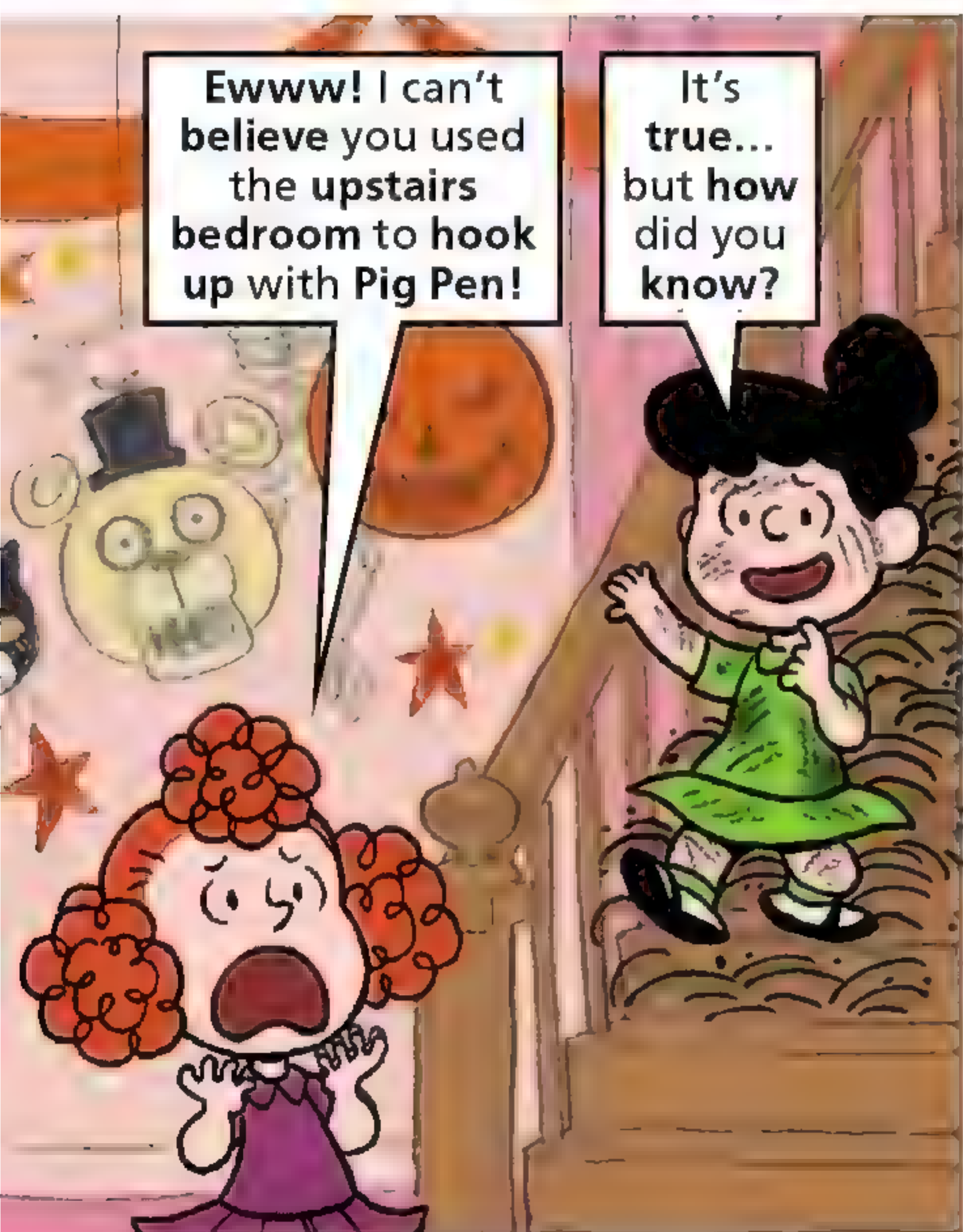
Er, how long does this sequence go on? What happened to Halloween?

Hey, we've got to pad this show out to half an hour. In case you haven't noticed, we ain't exactly overloaded with story here!



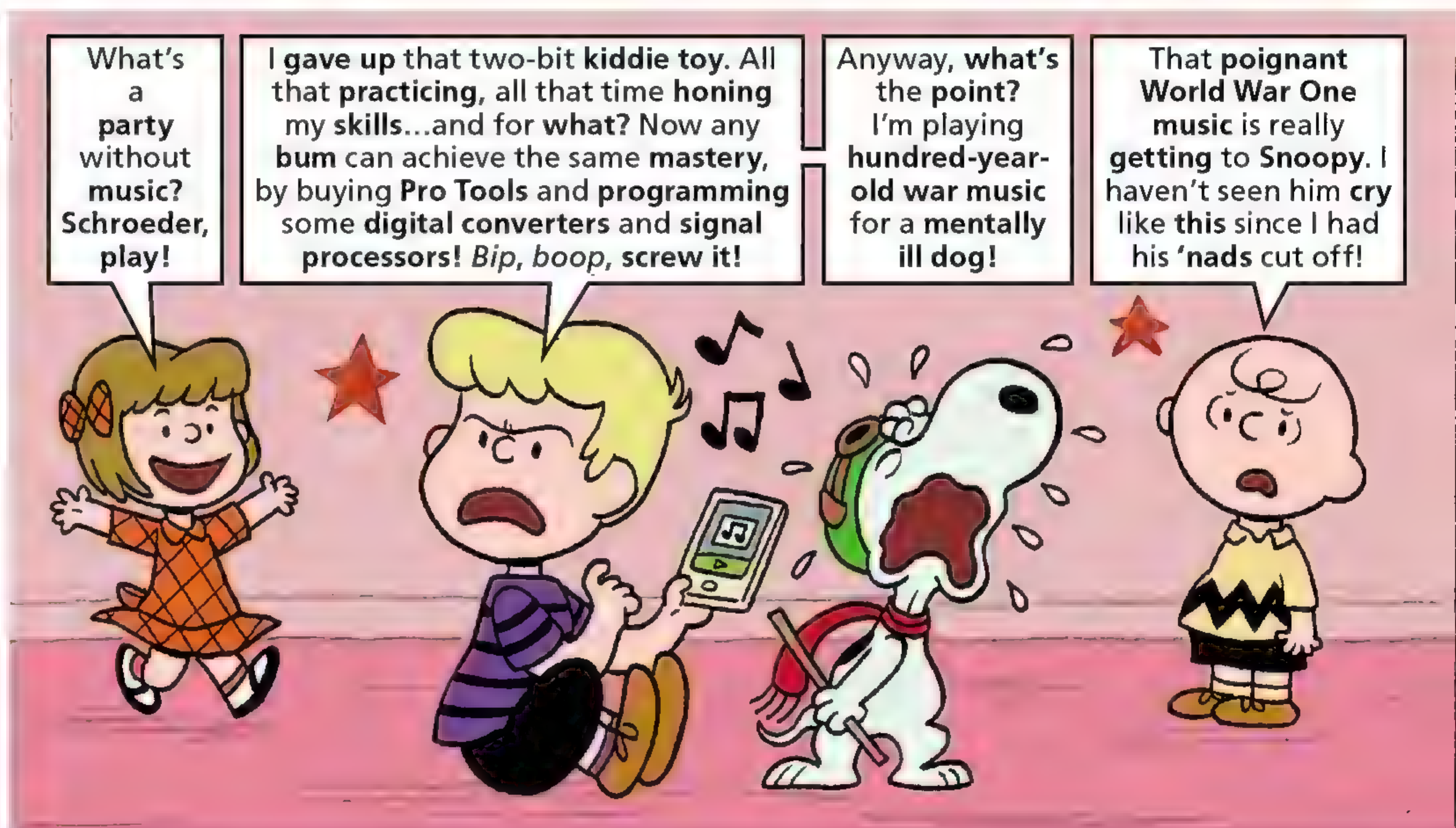
Kids can't relate to the Battle of Verdun. The oldest battle they know is the one between Kim Kardashian and Ray J!

That's why we updated this last scene. Now, Snoopy's fighting ISIS!



Ewww! I can't believe you used the upstairs bedroom to hook up with Pig Pen!

It's true... but how did you know?



What's a party without music? Schroeder, play!

I gave up that two-bit kiddie toy. All that practicing, all that time honing my skills...and for what? Now any bum can achieve the same mastery, by buying Pro Tools and programming some digital converters and signal processors! Bip, boop, screw it!

Anyway, what's the point? I'm playing hundred-year-old war music for a mentally ill dog!

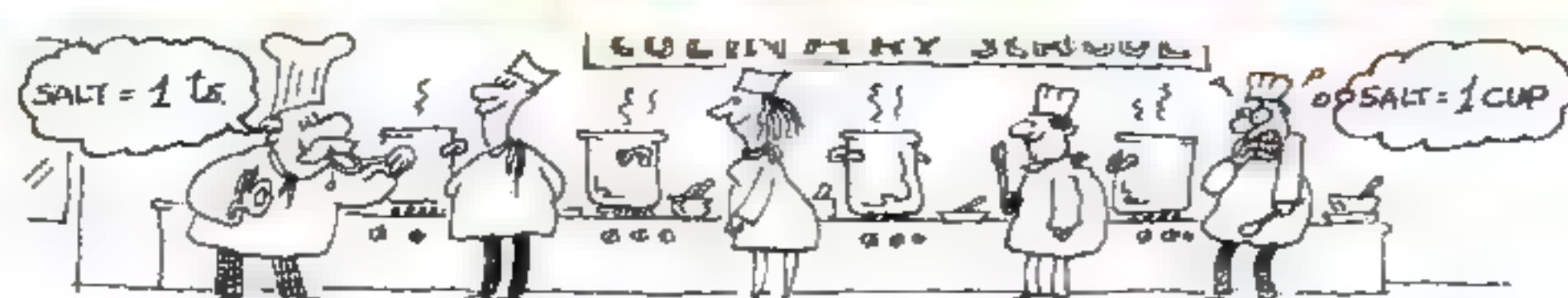
That poignant World War One music is really getting to Snoopy. I haven't seen him cry like this since I had his 'nads cut off!



Linus, you jerk! There's no Great Pumpkin! Now I'm woke! You sold me a pack of lies!

Sold, you say? Sold...now THERE'S a billion-dollar idea! I've stumbled upon a circular belief system in which the eternal failure of the invisible pumpkin savior to arrive can be spun as the disciple's own unworthiness. When I turn my Great Pumpkin scam into a full-fledged religion, it's going to run Scientology out of business!

This modern update has been a disaster! We've forgotten the true meaning of Halloween! Isn't there ANYONE who knows what Halloween is all about?



Sure, Charlie Brown, I can tell you what Halloween is all about. Lights, please.

Straddling the line between harvest and starvation was Samhain, the ancient pagan Celtic festival when livestock were slaughtered for the coming winter. It has its roots in Parentalia, when the Romans appeased their dead. Samhain was celebrated on October 31, the day the door to the Otherworld opened, and the spirits of the cursed dead could travel freely.

Cleansing bonfires were lit to ward off evil treatment. Child sacrifice was not unknown. A man would be chosen to dress as a cow, and circle the village in a sunward direction.



Other costumes were worn to disguise people from the supernatural forces of death, chaos, blight and drought. For if the spirits were angered, the people would die of hunger and the cattle of disease.

Centuries later, these holy rituals were bastardized into OUR Halloween, in which we dress as Sponge-Bob, or sexy nurses.

That's what Halloween is all about, Charlie Brown.

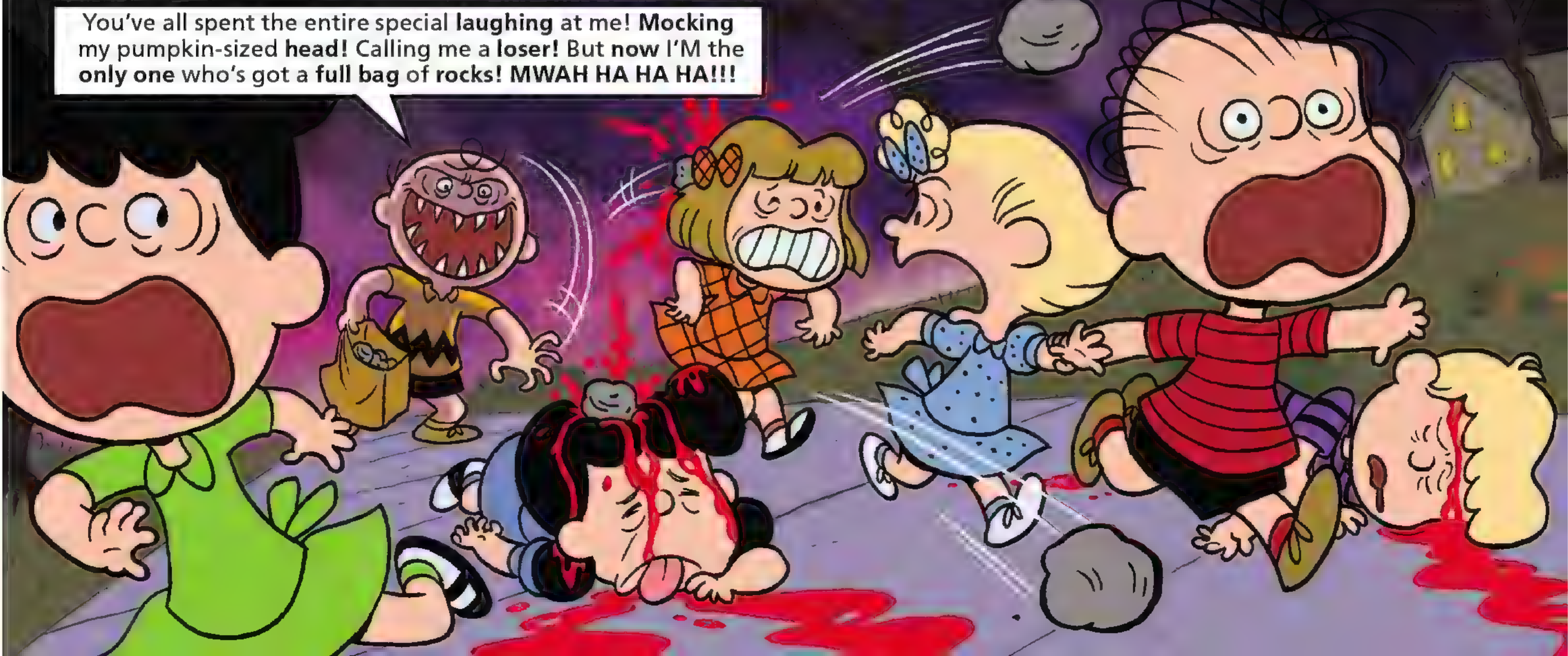


I just wish the Great Pumpkin had shown up...what's so funny, Charlie Brown?

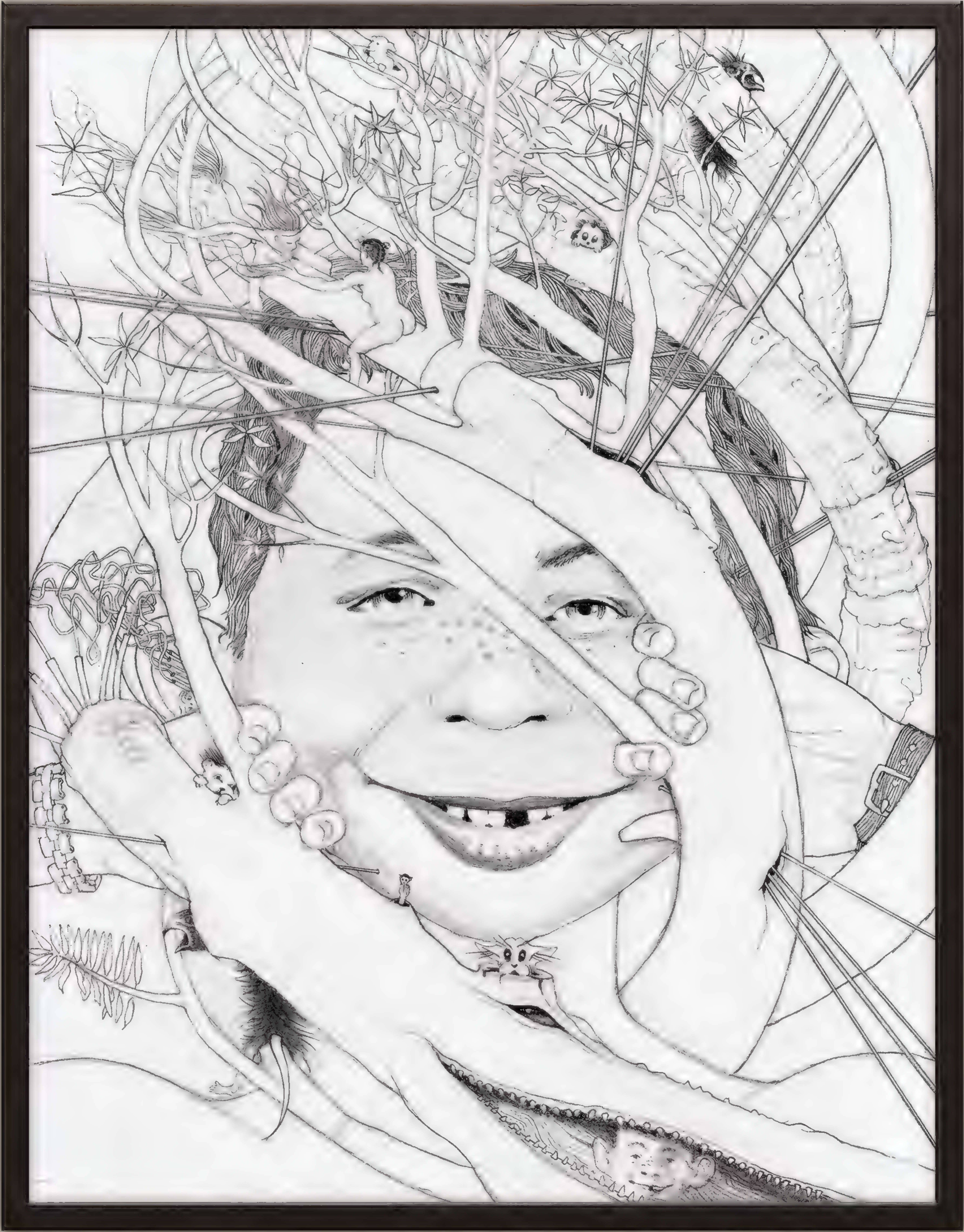
You blind fool! Who most resembles your Great Pumpkin? I was the mastermind the entire time! The title literally reveals the secret: "It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown"!



You've all spent the entire special laughing at me! Mocking my pumpkin-sized head! Calling me a loser! But now I'm the only one who's got a full bag of rocks! MWAH HA HA HA!!!



The Gap-Toothed Gallery



Artist: Klaus Voormann



by **SERGIO ARAGONES**



WARNING:
DO NOT READ THIS!
MOVE ON TO THE NEXT PAGE.



**WHAT ENDLESS WARS
HAS THE TRUMP
ADMINISTRATION
INEXPLICABLY
SUPPORTED?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Many wonder how there can be a just and caring God, when this horrible, nauseating ordeal persists. The screams are deafening and the stories are unbelievable – it's nearly impossible to avoid, yet only a fraction of Americans are disgusted by it. And the White House seems to endorse it! To find out where madness and violent outbursts are the order of the day, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



**ALL WAR IS DISASTROUS. POLITICIANS GIVE COMPLEX
JUSTIFICATIONS FOR IT. BOMBERS, TANKS AND DRONES
INFLECT GREAT DAMAGE TO ENTIRE POPULATIONS. SO
WE MUST END WARMONGERS' CONTROL OF OUR FEARS**

A

WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

B

WHAT ENDLESS WARS
HAS THE TRUMP
ADMINISTRATION
INEXPLICABLY
SUPPORTED?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A **B** FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



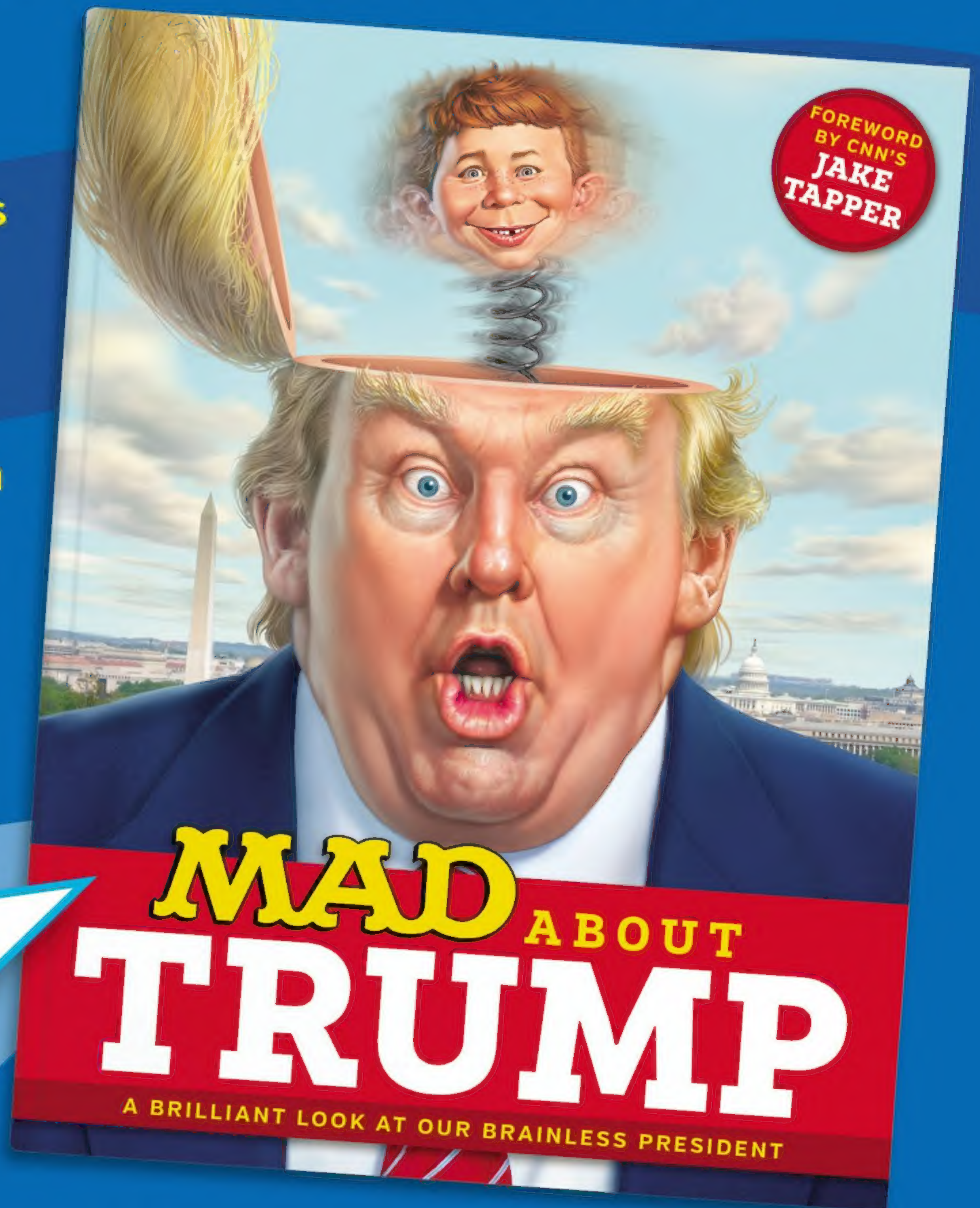
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